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Published as the Act directs, Oct.r 1.st 1808, by B. Crosby & Co.r Stationers Court, London.

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FLOWERS

OF

LITERATURE,

FOR 1807:

OR

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF HUMAN NATURE AND MODERN MANNERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A general View of Literature

DURING THAT PERIOD;

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

Of Eminent, Literary, and Political Characters;

WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

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BY FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON, ESQ.

Author of the imperial folio History of India, Life of Lord Viscount Nelson; PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF THE PHŒNIX WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, &c. &c. &c.

To be continued annually.

" —— *Tibi scriptus, matrona libellus.*
" A book the chastest matron may peruse." MART.

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. Barnard, Skinner Street,

FOR B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS' COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND SOLD BY EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1808.

[*Six Shillings Boards.*]

PREFACE.

THE "FLOWERS OF LITERATURE," which we have so often had the pleasure to lay before the British Public, is a book so generally known, and so highly approved of, that any prefatory remarks in illustration of it, are now no longer necessary. The same extraordinary patronage has been extended to our last volume, as was shewn to those that preceded it, and the numerous enquiries which have been made for the one which we now bring forward, are a proof that the work altogether affords that general amusement and instruction, which have rendered the respective volumes worthy of preservation.

The only difference between the present and our former volumes, consists in an improvement which has been pointed out to us by several subscribers. They have recommended us to give a *general list* of the books which have been published during the year, specifying the prices and inserting the titles at length; but the brief criticisms which we were accustomed to insert under the titles, being deemed *repetitions* of the opinions expressed in our INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, (and which in fact they unavoidably were), we have consented to discontinue them.

In other respects, the features of our volume remain as before. The greatest attention has been paid to procure the most interesting passages from the different books which have fallen under our notice, and we may, therefore, confidently solicit a comparison between the present and any of our former efforts of a similar nature.

By a series of unavoidable delays, the volume for 1807 has been protracted far beyond the usual time of publication; but this circumstance has enabled us to notice several very valuable works, which have appeared in the spring of the present year. The publication of the volume also at a season, when reading begins to form the chief and almost the only amusement of those who are situated at a distance from the metropolis, is a point which cannot fail to render it highly acceptable.

In the present volume will be found, as usual, a few interesting extracts from works which appeared shortly before the publication of our last, and which are spoken of in the Introduction to that volume.

September the 15th, 1808.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

LITERARY CHARACTERS,

WHOSE

PORTRAITS ARE GIVEN WITH THIS VOLUME.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN CARR.

Sir John Carr, whose portrait embellishes our present number, was bred to the law, but great delicacy of health, obliged him to relinquish, at least for some time, that honourable profession, and to travel, which whilst it strengthened his constitution, enabled him to see men and manners in foreign countries, and by a strong natural turn for observation, and a highly elegant and entertaining power of description, at various times gratify the public with the intellectual result of his tours. To such powers of mind, Sir John unites in an eminent degree, the charms of the pencil. Many, and most of the engravings in his works, are as beautiful as any that have appeared in any modern book.

We have at various times given extracts, from the productions of this author, whose merits and success as usual, have not failed to awake the carping malignity of the envious, over which, however, they cannot fail to triumph.

Some extracts from his last Tour in Holland and along the Rhine, will appear in the following pages, as well as from his pleasing Tour in Ireland. His Travels in France, and his Tour through the North of Germany by the Baltic, have already received ample notice from us, and are consequently well known to our readers. In visiting the sublime and beautiful scenes which abound along that magnificent river, our author appears to have experienced great personal peril; he was repeatedly with the French armies, and never out of the reach of French authority. However, Sir John did not abuse his passport, he only wished to see men, manners, and scenery,

and honourably averted his mind from any object connected with politics. All his writings display, in addition to the talents we have before noticed, great vivacity, good nature, liberality, and benevolence. In Ireland he was a great favourite, and we hear a frequent toast, owing to the handsome and faithful manner in which he has delineated the Irish character.

In private life, Sir John Carr is greatly esteemed by a large circle of the highest respectability, for all the qualities that adorn the man and the gentleman.

MRS. OPIE.

Any object from whom we derive amusement or instruction, naturally excites in us an interest for the party, and a desire of becoming more or less acquainted with them, and more particularly so, when that party is a female. To call the following imperfect outline a *life*, might justly excite a smile; but to those, however, who have received pleasure from the pages of its fair subject, it will doubtless prove gratifying.

Mrs. Opie is the second wife of the celebrated painter of that name, to whom she was united about eight years ago, and the daughter of Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician of Norwich.

The *penchant* for composition discovered itself at a very early period of the life of Miss Alderson, when she produced poems, novels, and plays; some of which it is said were published, but anonymously.

Her father, as if to indulge and encourage her dramatic propensity, had a little theatre fitted up for her, in which she moved at once, an *authoress* and an *actress*; her own pieces being generally chosen for representation.

These amusements were conducted under the eye of her parent, who selected for her partners of the scene, several juvenile companions, whom he deemed worthy of his choice.

We do not remember that any of her productions were published in the name of Alderson. In the year 1801, she gave to the world *The Father and Daughter*, consisting of a

single volume. This first production possesses considerable interest, and is justly admired for the artless simplicity of its language.

On the succeeding year, she produced a volume of poems, which greatly raised her reputation as an author. This evinced a great share of taste, and like her former work, were remarked for the tenderness of their sentiment, and the simplicity of their style. *The Dying Daughter to her Mother---The Negro Boy's Tale---and the Address of a Felon to his Child on the Morning of Execution*, will never fail to interest the feeling heart.

Shortly after the above little poetic garland appeared, she submitted to the public, " An Elegy to the Memory of the late Duke of Bedford, written on the evening of his interment." Of this work, the shortness of its execution was its best apology---it was void of interest, and destitute of that peculiar grace, that should characterize this species of poem.

Encouraged by the reception of her former effusions, Mrs. Opie, in the early part of the year 1805, produced a tale in three volumes, entitled, *Adeline Mowbray*; or *the Mother and Daughter*.

The laudable object of this work was to check the progress of the *New Philosophy* which pervaded the world, and to shake the virtue of many individuals. The heroine of the piece is nurtured in the baneful system, and by reducing the vain theories to practice, proves at once, their evil and their fallacy. She falls a sacrifice to her delusive principles, and expiates, by a repentant death, a life of error.

In this admirable work, Mrs. Opie has evinced powers worthy of the sentiments which excited and adorned her labour. It is worthy the perusal of every class of a civilized nation, and is an excellent present for a parent to his child. The work was well received, and soon passed through its first dition.

It is said, that Mrs. Opie possesses a most melodious voice, and that she is esteemed one of the first *private* performers on

the piano-forte and the harp. But, perhaps this report exceeds the *simple truth*, and if so, Mrs. Opie, no doubt, from her ingenuous modesty, would be the first to censure so unwarranted a praise.

In her person, she is rather tall, and withal extremely graceful; her countenance is rather marked for intelligence than beauty, and her manners and conversation are the delight of her friends.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

WHETHER we view this popular character as a poet, a statesman, or a wit, he will excite equal admiration; for on each of those envied foundations he has built himself a lasting monument.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan is the third son of Thomas and of Frances Sheridan. He was born at Dublin, in the parish of St. Mary, in the latter end of October, 1751.

His father was the son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Swift, and highly respectable as a schoolmaster and a divine. He was the compiler of the English Dictionary, besides which, he produced several other works. His mother, who was known in the field of literature, and was the authoress of several comedies and other works, among which were the novel of *Sidney Biddulph*, and *Nourjahad*, a moral tale.

At the age of seven, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with his brother Charles Francis, (the eldest having died in infancy,) was placed under the care of Mr. White, an eminent schoolmaster in their native city, while their parents removed to England, and shortly after settled at Windsor. In the latter end of 1759, the two brothers followed them, and resumed their education under their parents.

Their father had, by this time, attained considerable celebrity as a teacher of elocution, and had embarked in his English Dictionary, in aid of the prosecution of which (in 1762) he was voluntarily honoured with a pension. Being thus

raised in circumstances, it was determined to place the younger son at Harrow school.

At this celebrated academy, Mr. Sheridan was rather fortunately placed, for the learned Dr. Sumner was then at the head, and Mr. (since Dr.) Parr, whose name it is sufficient to mention, was usher. An insuperable indolence had hitherto pervaded the young student, so as almost to exclude the hopes of his progress. Dr. Parr, however prevailed over this, elicited the latent spark of genius, and sent the elegant sluggard into the world full of promise.

In the year 1766, he lost his mother, who had retired for the benefit of her health to the south of France. She died at Blois, on the 17th day of September, and her remains received a compliment but seldom granted, in being permitted private interment in the cemetry of that cathedral.

On leaving Harrow, Mr. Sheridan removed, about 1769, to the Middle Temple; of which he was entered as a student, but like many bright ornaments of English history, he studied every thing but the law. His time, however, was not spent in idleness, and his limited allowance proved a spur to his exertions. He, as the greatest men had done before him, obtained from assisting occasional publications of the day, an honourable auxiliary to his finances. An answer to the heroic epistle to Sir W. Chambers was also attributed to him.

From the habits and connexions of his parents, he had been naturally led to a theatrical acquaintance, and amongst many attractive graces, he soon singled out Miss Linley as the lady most worthy his attention. It was during the oratorios, that he first saw and heard this lady, who so enraptured him and all her audience.

Miss Linley was the eldest daughter of the respectable composer of that name. The beauty of her person and her fascinating powers, drew around her a host of admirers. Mr. Sheridan saw, and heard, and loved!—Mr. Linley, however, did not encourage the assiduities of the lover; influenced, perhaps, by those prudential reasons so common to parents,

he hoped for a more eligible match. The accomplished suitor, however, succeeded over his numerous rivals. He wooed her in the harmony of verse, and defended her character against a rejected admirer.

The following exquisite stanzas, will at once evince the delicacy of his passion, and display the richness of his muse. They were left in a grotto near Bath, where Mr. Sheridan, meeting Miss Linley, had been more free in his advice than behoved even a philosophical lover :—

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree ;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought :
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me thou grotto of moss-covered stone,
And tell me thou willow with leaves dripping dew ;
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone ?
And did she confess her resentment to you.

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel ;
To hint how she frown'd when I dared to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow ;
She frown'd, but no rage in her look could I see :
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow ;
She sigh'd but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe ;
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see :
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so ;
She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain:
But trusted its talk to a faltering tongue
Which end from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed, I've offended the maid—
If Delia my humble monition refuse,
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade
Fan gently her bosom and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow winding stream;
And thou stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'ning long;
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms,
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

An incident occurred that no less established him as a man of spirit, than the above lines did, as one of genius. Mr. Mathews, a man of fashion, had thought proper to asperse the character of Miss Linley, through the medium of a provincial paper. Mr. Sheridan discovered the author, who had fled to London. Thither he pursued him, called him to account at a tavern in Covent Garden, disarmed him, and insisted on his signing a retraction of his calumny. His brother Charles Francis, was his second upon this affair of honour.

Notwithstanding that the calumniator had been compelled

to submit, his enmity and revenge revived on finding his retraction made as public as his paragraph had been, and in the same journal, he therefore endeavoured to recover his fame, by following, in his turn, his enemy to Bath, and demanding satisfaction. This, although the laws of honour did not demand it, was afforded him; again they met at Kingsdown, with swords and pistols, and both were wounded; the conflict was desperate: they fell to the ground together, and continued it in that position till the sword of Mr. Mathews was broken in some part of Mr. Sheridan's body. The apology was renewed; and Miss Linley precluded its further cause by accompanying the conqueror to the continent, where they were married; and, on their return, received the sanction of the lady's father.

Mrs. Sheridan now resigned her professional situation to her younger sister, whose merits were also great, and who is said to have died, like Moliere and our own Palmer, in the most striking duties of her profession—singing, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

Mr. Sheridan now, however, began to feel the cares mingle with the joys of domestic life, and began to consider the means of banishing them in a manner most congenial to his propensities and views. In vain, it is said, his lady desired to be permitted availing herself of her high and well-merited reputation, to render the task more easy; in vain the public, and the proprietors of different musical assemblies, sought the return of those charms which they had lost, at a price in any other case of extraordinary magnitude; but the delicacy of Mr. Sheridan could not submit to the thought.

Mr. Sheridan had already drawn some first sketches, but had renounced his hopes. The celebrity, however, of the lines just given, and some prologues written about the same time, encouraged him to further attempts. The result was the comedy of the Rivals, which he withdrew after the first representation, (January 15, 1775). Its failure was occasioned by the incompetency of Mr. Lee to the character of "Sir Lucius

O'Trigger." Having altered it, however, and changed the performer to Mr. Clinch, it was received with considerable applause. At this period his lady brought him a son whom he named Thomas.

His next effort was St. Patrick's Day; or the Scheming Lieutenant; this was for Mr. Clinch's benefit.

Having now commenced his flight to the pinnacle of fame, he drooped not; but on the ensuing season produced the comic opera of the Duenna, which at once stamped his fame as a dramatist of the first class. This production possessed the highest claims to poetry, which the public sanctioned, by admitting the performance of it seventy-five nights, which was ten more than the Beggar's Opera obtained.

From these effusions of his genius, Mr. Sheridan found his connexions enlarged in the higher circles, and his finances agreeably increased, so that on Mr. Garrick's retirement from the management of Drury Lane Theatre, he was included with Dr. Ford and Mr. Linley, in the purchase of that gentleman's share of the patent.

The next following season he altered the Relapse of Sir John Vanbrugh, into the Trip to Scarborough. He likewise obliged his cotemporary dramatists with various prologues and epilogues, which sometimes, while they procured a patient hearing, served to destroy their effects by comparative merit.

On the 8th of May, 1777, he produced the School for Scandal. This was certainly his *chef d'œuvre*, and completely established his fame in dramatic excellence. It being found to comprise the great essentials in this species of writing, namely, *character* and *plot*, in the most eminent degree. It is, however, unhappily deficient in *moral*.

On the commencement of the following season, appeared a musical piece, entitled, the Camp. This piece has lately been revived, amidst the refinements of Italian science, and will always please, while plaintive melody shall delight, or simplicity find an admirer.

The Critic; or a Tragedy Rehearsed, next followed; a spe-

cies of dramatic entertainment entirely critical, and very little relished or understood by the British public in general. The plan was not original, it being formed upon that of the Rehearsal of the Duke of Buckingham.

On the death of Mr. Garrick, in 1779, Mr. Sheridan furnished a Monody upon that great actor, not unworthy of its author or its subject.

Having thus taken a retrospect of Mr. Sheridan as a dramatist, we must now view him in the more important light of a statesman, in which, however, we shall be extremely brief; for to dwell on his political career particularly, will be but a re-perusal of old newspapers.

Among the connexions which Mr. Sheridan had formed, was the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, than whom, no one was better able to appreciate the value and extent of his genius. To this great man, then at the height of his vast talents, we may most probably attribute the immediate cause of Mr. Sheridan's commencement of senatorial honours.

After a variety of expectations from parliamentary interests, he offered himself a candidate for the independent borough of Stafford, in the general election of 1780, against the gentleman who had for some years represented it, and succeeded.

His connection with Mr. Fox, naturally led him to the support of his party, at that time in opposition. He had, indeed, already employed his talents for him through the press, and at the popular meetings, so prevalent at the time of "The Englishman," a political paper, which hurled its thunders against the obnoxious minister, (Lord North) Mr. Sheridan was a powerful supporter. His first effort in parliament was on the subject of the employment of the military during the riots, arising from the Protestant petition.

On the accession to power of the second administration formed under the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, when Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox were principal secretaries of state, and Burke was paymaster of the forces, Mr. Sheridan became under secretary to his friend, and with him resigned, when the

death of that noble marquis again changed the disposition of power.

Again, Mr. Sheridan returned to his former exertions with new vigour, and in conjunction with the most able hands, set up a periodical paper called, "The Jesuit," which had not been long established, when its authors rendered themselves liable to a prosecution. This was not long delayed, for Mr. Pitt, then just twenty-three years old, was at the head of the administration, Mr. Dundas was the treasurer of the navy, &c. and Lord Shelburne at the head of the treasury board.

The powerful party under Lord North was now in opposition as well as that of Mr. Fox. A coalition was therefore brought about by means of Edmund Burke, the mutual friend of both, for the purpose of creating a majority against administration.—This was that celebrated coalition against which every party joined in mutual recrimination.

On the debate of the preliminary articles of peace (February 17, 1783,) Mr. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Mr. Pitt in answer to him, thought proper to commence his speech with the following exordium.

"No man," he said, "admired more than he did, the abilities of that right honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points: and if they were reserved for the *proper stage*, they would no doubt receive, what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience: and it would be his fortune, '*Sui plausu gaudere theatri.*' But *this* was *not* the proper scene for these elegancies: and he therefore called the attention of the house to the question, &c."

In his reply to this, Mr. Sheridan said, that "On the particular sort of personality which the right honourable gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment; the *propriety*—the *taste*—the *gentlemanly point* of it, must have been obvious to the house. But," continued he,

" let me assure the right honourable gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay I will say more—flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters—that of the *Angry Boy* in the Alchymist."

The coalition triumphed, for a time, and Mr. Sheridan again returned to place, (April 1783) as secretary to the treasury, of which the Duke of Portland was first lord. Mr. Fox, at the same time, was secretary for foreign affairs, and Lord North for the home-department, while Mr. Burke, as before, was paymaster. In defence of the Bill for the government of India, of his friend Mr. Fox, Sheridan evinced powers which appeared to astonish equally his auditors and the public. The time was, however, arrived when the whole, men and measures, of the English Government were to experience a change, and Mr. Sheridan, with his friends, receded into a long exile from power, on Mr. Pitt's more general assumption of it.—The latter gentleman now became first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, with a number of new characters in the highest departments of the state.

This did not, however, interrupt Mr. Sheridan's career to excellence and importance, as a parliamentary orator; for, on the trial of Hastings arising out of the disorders in the government of India, on which he had already distinguished himself —he was appointed a manager.

The great estimation in which he then stood, may be readily conceived by the following eulogium, pronounced of him by Burke, upon his exertions in the above business.

" He has this day surprised the thousands, who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the

highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration.—From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected."

The next great occasion in which the powers of his eloquence were called forth, was the question of regency; in which he supported with great dignity the rights of his royal patron.—Throughout the whole of this important period, the Prince of Wales honoured Mr. Sheridan with his confidence, and which has since remained with such a steady constancy. About the same time he also lost his father, who died at Margate, August 14, 1788.

In all great questions Mr. Sheridan was the undeviating supporter of Mr. Fox; yet upon some occasions he was also to be found without him. The French revolution, however, the period to which we are now arrived, was not one on which these two great men separated. Together they painfully resigned the friendship of Edmund Burke, and the regard of many whose friendship they both highly valued. In conjunction, they maintained those principles founded upon truth, and in which they remained unshaken amidst the mass of error that surrounded them.

The friend of liberty, he also displayed himself as a genuine loyalist. During the melancholy period of the naval mutiny, he said—" Whatever difference in political sentiments might prevail in the country, the moment was come when his Majesty had an undoubted right to call upon all his subjects for their zealous co-operation in maintaining the due execution of the laws, and in giving every possible efficiency to the measures of government." In all questions that regard the liberty of the subject, Mr. Sheridan has ever been prominent and active, and in questions of commerce and finance, as well as military affairs, he has surprised his most intimate friends.

Mr. Sheridan had, previous to his entering into parliament, increased his property in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, by the purchase of Mr. Lacy's share in the patent, in addition to his own; yet the increased expences of an establishment calculated for all that was great and gay, rendered the increase of fortune unequal to their support, and produced embarrassments, of which, however, they may, on some occasions, delight in the recital, we should not feel warranted in the insertion.

In 1792, he lost his lady, who died of a lingering decline, that Wilkes said of her, she was " the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower" he had seen.

Sought by all the lovers of wit and genius, he was a member of the different popular societies, which he enlivened beyond any competitor.

Once more he lent his aid to the interest of Drury Lane Theatre, as well as the drama at large. In the latter end of the season of 1799, appeared the tragedy of Pizzaro, translated from the German of Kotzebue; but translated with such freedom and additional beauties, that it might be said to be his own. It was most happily adopted to the times and to the genius of the British nation, with all the graces and combinations of dramatic interest; hence its success and applause were unbounded.

Notwithstanding the success of the establishment for which Mr. Sheridan's talents were so ably exerted, its finances were in a state that required the frequent interference of the lord chan-

cellor; the decisions of whom were, however, always to the honour of Mr. Sheridan.

It was about this time that he purchased the pleasant villa of Polesden, near Leatherhead, in Surry, formerly the residence of Admiral Geary; and soon after which, he was appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan acted as usual in accordance with Mr. Fox; and on the return of Mr. Pitt to office, he did not fail of his wonted rigour against him.

After this he appeared to have sunk into a state of political apathy, and it was thought the drama was again to receive an acquisition. But in 1805, however, he is to be found at his political duties with as much spirit as ever, opposing the minister.

On the additional force bill (March 6) he made a comparative estimate of the military force of the nation in that and the preceding year, by which he made the whole augmentation of the army to consist only of eleven thousand men; a deficiency of eight hundred and fifty-six being in the infantry. Thus he maintained that "the bill had failed, completely failed;" and that the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) with all his machinery, has been enabled to raise after the rate of four men and a quarter for each county in England.

Where the right honourable gentleman's own influence was particularly directed, eleven men were procured, *all of whom deserted*; and in that very district, where all the people admire him as a general, as much as they venerate him as a politician and a statesman—I mean the Cinque ports—the spot of his own residence—he has continued so far to stimulate martial policy, as to have been able to raise one man: '*Ah ille leo est.*'

"I wish" continued he, "we could get a look at this extraordinary fellow; he must be a very Hercules. He is a wonderful recruit indeed! This reminds me of the story of Lord Donegal's troop of light horse—when a certain general asked after an engagement, where 'Lord Donegal's troop of light horse was?' a man rose up and said, 'I am Lord Donegal's

troop!' So, if you ask where the Dover, Deal, &c. volunteers are, out steps a man from the Cinque Ports, and says, 'Here I am!' This was the last political exertion of any material importance in which Mr. Sheridan was engaged during the administration of Mr. Pitt.

On the lamented death of that great statesman, Mr. Fox, after an absence from power of twenty-three years, was by the unanimous voice of the sovereign and the people, called into office. This, at once shewed his virtue and the exalted estimation in which he was held, and it only appeared to realize the axiom of Shakspeare—that *two stars cannot move in one sphere.*

Mr. Sheridan was called to share the honours of his friend.—He became a member of the privy-council, and treasurer of the navy.

This change produced in the country the most general satisfaction, and Mr. Sheridan's constituents testified their approbation of his appointment to office, by returning him a fifth time as their representative. He applied himself to the important duties of his situation with great diligence. But an event soon took place that checked the apparent serenity of his progress, as well as that of his copartners, and disorganized those plans on which the hopes of the nation were built. This was the death of that great and justly venerated man, Mr. Fox, who had so long excited the wonder of Europe, by his political talents.

Mr. Sheridan who had so long and so faithfully followed the steps of his great friend; was eagerly looked to as his successor for the city of Westminster. His acceptance of this proposed honour was perfectly natural, although by it he must sacrifice the friendship of his old constituents, a consideration very painful to a generous nature. On the proposal, however, of Earl Percy, the heir of the ancient and noble family of Northumberland, and whose sentiments were congenial with the constitution, he declined the honours intended him, and Lord Percy was elected. The success, however, of this young nobleman, excited a jealousy in a great portion of the electors

who thought the influence of so powerful a nobleman as the Duke of Northumberland, an infringement upon their liberty and independence. This jealousy discovered itself in loud and increasing murmurs till the dissolution of parliament, when the dissatisfied sought redress by the proposing of men more agreeable to their choice, while Lord Percy, with a wisdom highly honourable to his youth, declined any further contest.

Mr. Sheridan, unable to resist the pressing importunities of a numerous body of electors, consented to stand in opposition to Mr. Paull, a gentleman but little known, and respected merely as the friend of Sir Francis Burdett.

With him was proposed, on the government interest, Sir Samuel Hood, K. B. &c. a captain in the royal navy, and successful commodore; and the friend of Nelson, who had recently defeated a superior force of the enemy, and whose venerable relative, of the same name, had already represented the city.

The election commenced on the 3d day of November, (1806) when the attention of the public was excited in an extraordinary degree. At the close for the day, the numbers stood thus: for Mr. Paull, 327—Mr. Sheridan, 178—Sir Samuel Hood, 161.

As Mr. Sheridan and his friends were retiring to the Shakspeare-tavern, the crowd completely impeded their passage, and Mr. Sheridan was so much hurt, as to prevent his attendance on the *second-day*, when he was left at the bottom of the poll.

The numbers at the close of the third day were, for Mr. Sheridan, 789—Sir Samuel Hood, 1281—Mr. Paull, 1516.

On the *Fourth Day* Mr. Paull's party was very numerous.—In Mr. Sheridan's procession was to be seen an ape with cabbage on horseback, Buonaparte on horseback; liberty before and tyranny in chains behind. The riot was terrible, stones were thrown, and a man taken into custody. The numbers stood, for Mr. Sheridan, 1330—Sir Samuel Hood, 1927—Mr. Paull, 2143.

Reciprocal civilities having naturally passed between the committees (for election) of Mr. Sheridan and Sir Samuel Hood, the interchange became greater as the tumult against both in-

creased, and on this day the colours were united, and voters in the interest of either party were invited to include them both to the more certain exclusion of Mr. Paull. The effects of this conjunction discovered itself at the close of the election by the triumph of Mr. Sheridan.

On the fifteenth and last day, while the numbers were casting up, he addressed the gentlemen on the inside of the hustings, and said, though he had received much personal insult and much ill-manners, it was not in his nature to entertain animosity against any man, and he would forget and forgive.

On the final casting up of the poll, the numbers were declared to be, for Sir Samuel Hood, 5478—Mr. Sheridan, 4481—Mr. Paull, 4458.

At the conclusion of the poll, Mr. Paull and the high-bailiff, and several other gentlemen, while the hustings were pulling down, retired into the vestry-room. Mr. Paull stated that he had the greatest number of *legal* votes and plumpers. He took a retrospective view of the election, and said, that the votes of his adversaries were procured by fraud, intimidation, and corruption, and therefore he demanded a scrutiny.

The high-bailiff said, he wished to consult legal advice, and on his return said it was his object to act with the utmost impartiality; but on the grounds stated by Mr. Paull he did not think that he was authorized to grant a scrutiny. Mr. Paull said he would appeal to a higher power. Sir Samuel Hood and Mr. Sheridan were consequently returned *.

The triumphant candidates were carried in procession round Covent Garden; through King-street, Brydges-street, Catherine-street, the Strand, Pall-Mall, and St. James's-street, to Willis's Rooms, where they dined together with their friends.

The pleasing prospects which honour, popularity, and power,

* The displeasure of Mr. Sheridan's old friends at Stafford, manifested itself in their rejection of his son. There had been a party gathering in strength against him, which now, that the opposition to them was less powerful, easily succeeded

might have given to the view of Mr. Sheridan, soon faded before him. On the subject of the Roman Catholic question a difference in the cabinet took place, which occasioned a sudden dissolution of parliament, in consequence of which Mr. Sheridan again was found in opposition.

He again became a candidate for Westminster; but his fortune was reversed, and he was completely unsuccessful, being the lowest in number of four candidates.

At the conclusion of the contest, the poll stood as follows:—Sir F. Burdett, 5134—Lord Cochrane, 3708—Mr. Sheridan, 2545—and Mr. Elliot, 3137. Mr. Sheridan and Lord Cochrane were the principal speakers from the hustings *. Among the notable things of the former—one was, that, instead of gaining by the place he held under government, during the late administration, as alluded to by his opponent, he was 1200l. *minus*—Another, that his son might have kept his place in Ireland, if he (his father) would have consented to a little forbearance with the present ministry: at this proposal he declared he spurned with contempt, and his son consequently lost his place.

Though Mr. Sheridan intimated his hopes of displacing Lord Cochrane upon the Treating Act, he soon waved that intention and procured a seat in the present parliament for the borough of Ilchester.

Mr. Sheridan is now in his fifty-sixth year, still possesses his natural, wit and vivacity, and continues to be the life of his company. A great congeniality of tempers and manners exists between himself and his eldest son (for he has also one by his present lady) and, in consequence, they live in the greatest harmony and in the most familiar friendship.

A large volume might be filled with the events of a life so replete with incident and popularity, and many stories might be recorded of him that would highly excite the interest of the

* Sir F. Burdett was unable to attend the hustings, in consequence of the wound he received in a duel with Mr. Paull.

reader. We are aware, that were *all* to be related of him that is uttered abroad, the mind would be divided between censure and praise, but we do not feel ourselves at liberty to record those *hearsay* tales that prove of serious injury to the person of whom they are spoken.

We therefore, conclude with this old and good advice to the reader——*Audi alteram partem.*

THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

The life of a clergyman, in general, furnishes but little interest to the biographic page. His path is confined, and unproductive of those events that so strongly excite, and keep alive the attention of the reader. Our present subject possesses perhaps a greater paucity of incident than most of his profession. The celebrity, however, that he has obtained by his Denominations of the Christian World, and other works, will we trust, render the following short sketch acceptable.

The Rev. John Evans was born at Usk, in Monmouthshire, in the year 1767, and is descended from a long line of dissenting ministers. With the more juvenile years of his life, we are unacquainted; but, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to the Dissenting academy at Bristol, where he remained about seven years, when he removed to King's College, Aberdeen, at which place he continued to prosecute his studies with considerable perseverence till the year 1790, in the course of which time he took up his degree. He next passed to Edinburgh, where, in April, 1791, he completed his education. In the following November, he removed to London, that great field for the display of genius and learning, since when he has continued to officiate as morning preacher at the Baptist meeting in Worship-street.

Mr. Evans's *Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World*, is a work so well known, that to dwell upon it would be superfluous. It was a lucky thought of the author, and consists of an abridgement of several established works, of the

doctrines of what is called the Christian world. It presents to the reflecting reader, a truly melancholy picture of human error, and of its proneness to deviate from the most important of all truths. The avidity with which it has been sought is amazing. In the course of a few years, it has passed through nine editions, amounting to not less than twenty-five thousand impressions *. In addition to this, it has been reprinted in America, and has been translated into the French and German languages on the continent.

There runs through the work an undeviating spirit of impartiality, and of charity.—"Believing those, who differ from us," says Mr. Evans, "to be the disciples of error, they have a claim to our compassion. And, as a farther incentive to our lenient conduct, it should be remembered, that *we differ from them, just as much as they do from us.*" This sentiment is worthy of the most generous and exalted mind.

The great success of the above work, induced our author to write a *sequel* to the *sketch*, in which he has brought into a focus the testimony of divines of the church of England, of the kirk of Scotland, and of various classes of dissenters, in behalf of candour and charity.

Mr. Evans has sought to distinguish himself for loyalty and patriotism. In October 1803, the day appointed for a general fast, he delivered a sermon adapted to the occasion, which he afterwards published, very appropriately subjoining to it an Account of the Defeat of the Spanish armada.

Previous to this he had reprinted a loyal tract, "*An address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain*, founded on the advice of Nehemiah to the Jews. This drew upon him the animadversions of a quaker, who reprobated his interference with politics and war.

Among the other publications of Mr. Evans, that of his *Juvenile Tourist*, or *Excursions through England and Wales*

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* The tenth edition has just been published.

stand very conspicuous. It has been very favourably received, and is used as a class book in many of the most respectable seminaries in England. That the reader may form some judgment of its plan, we here quote the words of its author.

"To relieve the anxieties of a laborious profession,* the author has been in the habit of spending his *summer vacations* in the country. Hence arose the following excursions, when he took an opportunity of visiting some pleasant parts of this highly-favoured island. Upon his return, he committed to paper, in the form of *letters*, an account of what he had seen, together with the observations which occurred to his mind. The whole was inserted in a series of the numbers of the *Monthly Visitor*. Their flattering reception among his friends, induced the writer to amuse himself during this *last* summer vacation, which he passed at home, by revising the several letters, and publishing them in the present separate form, with considerable alterations and improvements. The volume, therefore, might have been denominated *Vacation*, or *Midsummer Fruits*; but the quaintness of such a title forbade its adoption."

This work has passed its first edition, and a second has for some time been published, prefixed to which, is the following statement:

"The sale of near *two thousand* copies of the "Juvenile Tourist," in the course of little more than *twelve* months, is a proof of its favourable reception with the public. Nor can the author refrain from gratefully acknowledging the candour and attention with which it has been honoured. He has now carefully revised every page of the work, and hopes, that the *additions* and *improvements*, may render it still further subservient to the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation."

Mr. Evans entered into the marriage state in the year 1795.

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* Certainly nothing can be more so than that of a schoolmaster.

He kept an academy formerly at Hoxton, but he afterward removed to Islington, where he still continues it.

The other publications of Mr. Evans are as follow:

*An Attempt to Account for the Infidelity of Edward Gibbon, Esq.**

An Address to the General Baptists.

An Address to Young People on the Importance of Religion.

Reflections on a View of London from off the Monument.

An Essay on the Education of Youth.

An Epitome of Geography for the Use of Schools,

He also published some neat editions of *Paradise Lost*, with Bishop Newton's notes judiciously abridged; the *Beauties* of Young's *Night Thoughts*, *Goldsmith's Poems*, *Thomson's Seasons*, and a variety of sermons upon different occasions.

JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ.

This gentleman, who is rapidly rising to eminence by his talents as a barrister, is a native of the metropolis, and received the rudiments of classical learning from an eminent and successful schoolmaster near town. At an early period of life he entered upon an official situation in the island of Saint Christopher, in the West-Indies, where he resided a year; but finding the climate did not agree with his health, he returned to his native land.

In pursuance of the will of a near relation, who died during his absence and left a handsome legacy for that purpose, Mr. Adolphus, as soon as his health was re-established, articled himself to a very eminent solicitor in the temple, and, in the intervals of business, still pursued those studies which he had never intermitted, and for which he felt the warmest attachment.

In 1790, he was admitted an attorney and solicitor; but as he could never bring himself to adopt the mode of conduct

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* Were any believer asked to *account* for it, we presume he would simply say, it was *from want of faith.*

which so many have found beneficial, he did not succeed in what is called *making a business*. He never was very extensively employed, though always well known and respected in the courts.

In 1793, Mr. Adolphus formed a matrimonal alliance with a young lady named Leycester, whose parents resided at a beautiful seat, called White Place, in Berkshire. Her father's family is of the highest respectability in Cheshire, and her mother is of the house of Hanmer, well known in the annals of politics and literature.—In consequence of this connexion, Mr. Adolphus soon began to think of turning his literary acquirements to advantage, and for some time continued publishing his writings anonymously, nor could the success of several of his early works, ever induce him to avow them, except to a few friends.

In 1797, he became acquainted with the Rev. Wm. Coxe, the celebrated traveller and historian, a gentleman whose rare literary endowments are too well known to need eulogium.—Mr. Adolphus assisted him in preparing for the press the valuable memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and was highly gratified by a polite acknowledgement in the preface of the benefits derived from his care and industry. Aided by Mr. Coxe's experience, and receiving continual advantages from his friendship, Mr. Adolphus ventured, in 1799, to publish, with his name prefixed, a work which he had long been preparing, under the title of "Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution."—This book was dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable William Windham, who at that time, and even for some years afterwards, was looked up to as one of the first of British statesmen. Its success and general estimation were highly beneficial to the reputation of the author. He was next employed by Messrs. Cadell and Davies, who had printed several of his works, in preparing a history of the reign of his present Majesty, and completed the narrative to the peace of 1783, in about three years, publishing it in the summer of 1802.

In 1803, he prepared a History of France, from the year 1790, to the peace of Amiens in 1802, being a continuation of one published by Kearsley.

We believe there is no other avowed production of Mr. Adolphus, except a slight work called the "British Cabinet," which contains a few heads published by an engraver, and for whom Mr. Adolphus wrote the biographical memoirs, without selecting the subjects, or seeking for any documents beyond those which the most ordinary resources could supply.

The grand object of his literary ambition, which remains to be executed, we understand to be the publication of a History of his own Country, from the Revolution in 1688 to the present time, a project which he often mentions with great enthusiasm.

At Michaelmas, 1807, Mr. Adolphus received the reward of his forensic application, by being called to the bar.

INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING A GENERAL AND RAPID VIEW

OF THE

STATE AND PROGRESS OF

British Literature,

FROM THE END OF 1805, TILL MIDSUMMER, 1808.

" ——Now all the youth of England are in arms,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now strive the armourers, and warrior's thought,
Reigns solely in the breast of every man."

SHAKSPEARE.

How often are the dearest wishes of mankind frustrated, their projects damped, their hopes destroyed! How often have we enjoyed the flattering prospect that each succeeding volume of our literary collections would be the harbinger of peace; yet every year, while we offer a bouquet of flowers, selected without the intermixture of a thorn, it becomes our duty to give a melancholy glance at that lamentable, that horrid system, which continues with unabated fury to involve the world in blood and devastation. The astonishing events which have occurred since the appearance of our last volume, have contributed to make a politician of every human being who pretends to the capability of reflection. And indeed, in such times as these, who would incur the presumptive charge of ignorance, rather than be acquainted with, and take an interest in the causes which have overthrown the most powerful states in the world?---Hence, every person, male or female, having become peculiarly interested in the affairs

of nations, books of amusement are in a degree neglected for the dreadful recitals contained in the columns of a newspaper.

Nevertheless, the cause of Literature does not appear to be deserted; though happy should we be, if we could declare, that it had of late experienced that most liberal patronage to which we, with peculiar exultation, alluded in our last. A sudden change, however, occurred during the last year, in the encouragement given to literary productions, insomuch, that, if we except the general circulation of periodical publications, British literature may be described as having for some time undergone a sort of revolution.

But though there has been a paucity in the *number* of publications, it is only by *comparison* that we are concerned at the deficiency. It will be seen by our *general list*, that the last eighteen months have produced a rather interesting variety of works of History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, besides a great number of those pleasing efforts of the imagination which come under the denomination of Novels and Romances. And with respect to the merits of the works in general, there are many amongst them which would do credit to the augustan period of British Literature, when those eminent writers flourished, on whose like it has been feared "we ne'er shall look again."

Retaining that arrangement which we thought proper to adopt in our last Introduction, we shall dispense with farther preliminaries, and proceed to give a rapid sketch of the last works of British

HISTORIANS.

The late efforts of these writers have been attended with considerable labour and research, and their materials have been arranged with much literary skill and acumen. The learned Dr. Gillies claims pre-eminent notice, both from his talents,

and the length of time, during which he has exercised them to the advantage of society. It is upwards of 20 years since he published a History of Ancient Greece. In his present History of the World, from the reign of Augustus to that of Alexander, the Doctor has bestowed much pains in his description of those countries which constituted the Macedonian empire, under the successors of Alexander, and has taken a preliminary view of the conquests of that great character, the object of which is geographically to describe the countries which he subdued. It may be naturally supposed that much entertaining matter is comprised in the parts which relate to the principal nations, whose conquests were extended in Asia before the period of Alexander; such as the civilized Egyptians and Assyrians; and the Medes, Persians, and Scythians, which last the doctor classes amongst barbarous conquerors. Yet the matter of such a work would be less entertaining to our readers than that which we are in the habit of inserting as extracts; but as a book which is highly amusing to peruse from beginning to end, we have no hesitation in recommending it. The doctor's account of the celebrated city of Babylon is very interesting. Its form is stated to have been that of a regular square, each side of which measured twelve miles, including a surface eight times as big as that of London and its suburbs: but its population was very inadequate to its extent, most of the palaces being environed with fields and parks. On the whole, however, we do not think a work of this kind to be in any degree so useful and important as the histories of modern nations: such an one is,

Mr. Coxe's *History of the House of Austria*.---This work must excite an unsual interest, were it only from the degraded state into which that once powerful house has fallen, through the imbecility of its government, and the treachery of those in whom

their sovereign's confidence was misplaced. This history is an elaborate production; and contains, as may be supposed, the events of a long and important period. It is enriched with numerous documents, many of which are printed, for the first time, from scarce original manuscripts. With respect to style, and manner of composition, the learned author seems emulous to imitate the celebrated Gibbon; and he has written no less than twenty-six chapters, before his history is identified with that of Robertson, to whom, in point of research, we must give him the palm of superiority. His characters are well drawn, and his facts judiciously connected.

Mr. Turner, whose name appears in a very respectable light, in one or more of our earlier volumes, has published a new and much enlarged edition of his *History of the Anglo Saxons*, (already noticed by us) in which he has paid particular attention to the reigns of our Anglo Saxon sovereigns. Highly meritorious, however, as this work undoubtedly is, we cannot but deprecate the manner which many authors of notoriety have got into, of increasing the bulk of their works, when they pass through more than one edition, by which the public who may have purchased the first edition, must be convinced, that either the edition that they have already purchased, was very deficient, or that the *enlarged* one is only intended to benefit the author by taxing the pockets of subsequent subscribers.--- With respect to Mr. Turner's book, however, we must, in justice say, that the present edition is much more valuable than the former one.

Mr. Johnes, the member, who has long so liberally employed a part of his fortune in restoring, by new translations, those historical records of the middle ages which, in their former style could not be comprehended by readers of our day, has succeeded Froissart's Chronicles by Joinville's account of the lamentable *Crusade of St. Louis*, against the

Egyptian Saracens, and the work is also enriched by the contributions of Baron Maseres, who has published several scarce and important documents relative to the affairs of England, about the middle of the eleventh century.

Mr. Belsham has enlarged his English History, by two volumes in the way of appendix. The matter of which seems to have been collected with more impartiality than those of the preceding volumes.

Mr. Card in his *History of the Reign of Charlemagne*, has composed a volume of interesting facts, though interspersed with errors. He has shewn what all ages have been witness to, even to the present day, that for a sovereign to be successful in war, and enjoy the confidence of his people, he needs not to be *learned!* The powerful Charlemagne, though an Alexander of his time, could never write his name, otherwise than by a *cross*, which his sycophants surrounded by the letters which composed it. Our author, nevertheless, avowedly pays more attention to the legislature than the military abilities of this monarch.

These are the principal efforts of historical writers, during the period since our last publication: they are altogether creditable to their authors, and we have little doubt that they will be placed on the shelves of our opulent book-collectors, along with their departed superiors, Gibbon, Hume, &c. More entertaining, however, in a volume like our own, will be the productions of

BIOGRAPHERS AND WRITERS OF MEMOIRS.

Departed merit has throughout the year met with several able eulogists. Mrs. Eliz. Carter, and Mrs. Chapone, have each received that posthumous celebrity which is generally conferred by the biographer; and who may be said to possess

the most ample and certain means of keeping his subject in the remembrance of posterity. The collective works of a writer become scattered and delapidated by time; but the interest excited by the perusal of that writer's life, often induces one to search after, and preserve them. For example, we will venture to say, that not one-tenth of the generation now arrived at manhood ever heard of Mrs. Carter, as a literary character, till informed that she was *dead*. Her life was singularly barren of incident; nor were her works of that kind which, by a general circulation, were calculated to extend her celebrity. She began to write as early as 1728, and she was perhaps the best female linguist since the time of Madame Dacier. She was perfectly mistress of Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian and German: besides possessing a knowledge of Hebrew and Arabic. Still, if we except her commentaries on Epictetus, we shall find but few events in her life which posterity will thank the biographer for preserving. The present volume, therefore, is, on the whole, a dull performance, and its being printed in quarto is an obstacle which will prevent its circulation.

The *Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone* are not liable to the objection we have just inserted. The account of this excellent and unfortunate lady is interspersed with much pleasing, though elaborate correspondence between her, Mr. Richardson, Mrs. Carter, and other cotemporary characters of eminence in her time. The volumes, also, are cheap and portable, two very great recommendations, in these peculiar times.

The *Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair* affords scarcely any new matter relative to the admired object of them. Possessing a mind perfectly unambitious, and operated upon by no ruling passion, except a love for retirement and obscurity, his private life contained few circumstances of general importance; besides which, it is known, that he

destroyed all the memorials of his correspondence with eminent literary characters. Hence the present memoirs are barren of that sort of incident which, in such publications, is the great point of attraction.

RITCHIE's *Account of the Life of David Hume* is a work liable to exactly the same objections. It is composed principally from Hume's account of himself, with a few occasional digressions; but some *omissions* which Hume thought proper to make in his own life, are here supplied. Some essays not inserted in Hume's Miscellanies, form the only novelty of the book before us.

The *Memoirs of Henry Home, Lord Kames*, form two heavy quartos, rendered prolix by the intermixture of much insipid correspondence. This work, however, has the recommendation of an excellent style, and the gradual rise of the subject of the work, from obscurity to eminence is traced in a manner that will not fail to please every mind that is animated by ambition.

The Rev. Mr. Collinson's *Life of Thuanus* is a work which will give great satisfaction to the lovers of the biography of those whom we may call the *modern* ancients. He was one of the last historians who wrote in Latin; and Dr. Johnson once intended to translate him, but was afraid of the labour of the undertaking. Mr. Collinson has very judiciously, and with much simplicity, incorporated a narrative of the great political events of the time of *Thuanus*, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Mr. WEBER has published a second volume of his interesting Memoirs of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and we now find that the remaining matter will make a third volume.

The two circumstances that will always render this work peculiarly affecting, are, that the author was attached to the family, and partook of their misfortunes; while the calamities which befel them

will be remembered with poignancy as long as the present generation shall exist.

The *Memoirs of Earl Macartney*, by John Barrow, Esq. we do not hesitate to declare to be the very best and most interesting of the biographies of the period under our description. In tracing the great variety of events in his lordship's most active life, he enables the public to appreciate his character as a statesman and a diplomatist in a highly favourable view. His disinterestedness while in India, which is proved upon the most indubitable authority, may afford an important lesson to many of our *modern* statesmen, whose principal object seems to be to make as much *money* as they can. His lordship proved upon oath, that he had *never* accepted even the value of a shawl, beyond his salary!—The biography of such a character could not have been confided to better hands than those of Mr. Barrow, who accompanied his lordship to China, and whose talents as a writer, we have often demonstrated.

We shall conclude an account of the works in this department of literature, with recommending a biography of Morland the painter, by Mr. George Dawe. Those who like to peruse a collection of anecdotes of eccentric characters, will be greatly amused with the work in question; for it is replete with the most ludricous details, all of which we have no doubt whatever, are *facts*. The connection between Morland and the author's father, made the biographer acquainted with all his peculiarities, and indeed with every remarkable circumstance of his life; and his singular and miserable career, is described and illustrated in such a way as none but a person who knew him well, could delineate. Exclusive, however, of the mere biographical anecdotes, the work is enriched with a criticism on his principal pictures, which is written in a masterly manner, and shews that the author has an excellent knowledge of his pro-

fession.* There are a portrait and some engravings attached to the volume, exhibiting the manner of Morland's sketches.

There have been various biographical *compilations* brought forwards within the last year; such as the lives of *Pitt*, of *Fox*, of *Nelson*, of *British Statesmen*, &c. &c. They are not, however, worthy of particular notice. A work which we thought was prepared in a superior manner, and which we have mentioned in our former volumes, "The *Modern Plutarch*, or *Universal Biography*," has been *completed* in *four* volumes!—We rather think that its *completion* means, that it did not answer, and therefore, was stopped.---If so we regret the circumstance; for certainly whatever extent it might have been carried to, it would have proved more useful to the public than such ponderous, long-protracted, expensive and insipid publications as *Aikin and Co's General Biography*, which has been in the press *seven years* without the *whole partnership* producing as many volumes. However, this is a matter to be settled between the public and the company of authors. "*Chacun à son goût*," as the French say!

The *Life of Washington*, which we have more than once spoken of, has been completed by a fifth octavo volume.

TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

"How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new and yet the same."

If the reader will refer to our last volume, it will be perceived that several works of Travels which were published early in 1807, have received proper notice in our introduction; particularly Janson's "*Stranger in America*." The period which has since elapsed may be said to have been peculiarly barren in such publications, though we cannot but consider them as more useful to society

* He is a young artist, who has received the gold medal of the Royal Academy, for historical painting.

than any other class of books which come under the general compass of Literature. We consequently find but few under the above head that may be deemed worthy of attention.

If *prolixity* be a recommendation, we should have no hesitation in placing the first in our list, Buchanan's "Journey through the countries of Mysore, &c." We can, however, only consider it as a heavy journal, which, though it may be well enough to increase the *bulk* of the India Company's Library, in which, we learn it is placed, will not afford any great portion of information, to what the public have acquired from the oriental travels already before them.

Waring's *Tour to Sheraz*, on the contrary, is a plain, simple, and highly curious volume, and may be regarded as the best modern account of the manners, customs, and actual state of Persia, of any which we possess.

Heriot's *Travels through the Canadas* is a very entertaining volume, and in the descriptive part, which is accompanied by numerous picturesque views, the author seems peculiarly *at home**. Besides every particular incident that has resulted from his own observation, there is much interesting matter in the volume, condensed from works with which the public are but superficially acquainted.

Sir John Carr has again presented the public with a quarto volume, entitled, *A Tour through Holland, and along the Banks of the Rhine*, in which he gives a pleasing account of the present state of those countries, which have of late years been so dreadfully subjected to all the horrors of war. The appearance of our author being very much like that of an American, (i. e. of slender make, and a sallow complexion), he obtained false passports, and was conceived to be a native of the United States. He ran many hair-breadth escapes of detection, but

* He is the deputy Post-Master-General of British America.

luckily succeeded in his object, and returned safe to Old England, with his drawings and memoranda.—The most important fact which we collect from this volume is, that the people of the countries conquered by Buonaparte, do not seem to feel the degree of political slavery, in which they are placed, to such an extent, as we have been led to suppose they do; but are at least as happy, under the French influence, though in the most dreadful state of poverty, as they were under their former system of tyranny.

Semple's *Journey through Spain and Italy* was made too rapidly to possess much interest, though from the *present* state of those countries, it will doubtlessly be sought after. It has many interesting anecdotes of the military despotism, under which those subjugated countries now labour; but we do not conceive that it will altogether be deemed to rank above a tour of a secondary nature.

Williams's *State of France, during the years from* 1802 *to* 1806 *inclusive*, is a familiar series of letters, written during the author's captivity, by that detestable order of the continental tyrant which made all British travellers his prisoners. His letters contain an abundance of particulars which none but a person resident in the country, which is described, could possibly procure.

Ashe's *Travels in America* afford some candid information relative to the United States, which, like most other works that have appeared of late years concerning that country, will have the effect of preventing emigration.

The object of Mr. Ashe's tour differs greatly from those of his numerous predecessors, and we believe he is the first who ever in those regions, travelled in search of antiquities. He has not, however, proved unsuccessful; but has brought to light many curiosities, both natural and artificial, hitherto unknown.

Several of his adventures, incidents, and disco-

veries, are extremely interesting; although, we must confess, they, at times, so nearly approximate to the marvellous, that we quite lose sight of America, and suspect ourselves transported to the regions of romance. The author merits much praise in his attempts to rescue the character of the aboriginal Americans from many illiberal and unfounded aspersions. Heappears to possess a good heart, and has a competent share of taste and learning. His faults are, a too eager desire to display his knowledge, a too great redundancy of language (in which by the bye, he is far from correct,) and a floridness of style, quite inappropriate to the simplicity of narration.

It is needless to say, that the "*Modern and Cotemporary Voyages and Travels,*" still holds its rank as an important periodical work, and is in fact the only medium which the public now have of obtaining *translations* of Voyages and Travels from the European languages. Nay, some of the works which have appeared in this collection three years ago, have lately been re-translated or re-printed for the London booksellers, and sold as separate publications. Such in particular, are Depons's *Travels in the Carraccas,* and *Johnson's Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

By a reference to our Table of Contents, the names of a considerable number of foreign travellers will be perceived; whose works are not to be found *in English,* except in the publication alluded to. They have supplied us with some of the most interesting of our extracts.

A voyage to Demerary, by Henry Bolingbroke, Esq. Deputy Vendue Master at Surinam, affords an important view of the present state and commercial advantages of that colony. It is extremely well written, and abounds in interesting information.

Thornton's *State of Turkey,* and Cordiner's *Account of Ceylon,* are topographical and statistical works,

of no great interest, though executed with much labour and research. We may say the same of the Rev. Mr. Hall's *Travels in Scotland*. In fact we cannot but be of opinion with a cotemporary journalist, that, an author who rides through a country, and relates all he sees and hears on his way, will, nine times out of ten, make a more interesting and probably a less erroneous journal, than he who stops to ask two hundred and twelve questions at every town he comes to.

POETS.

If we cannot congratulate our readers on an increase amongst the votaries of the muses, we can at least assert, that there has been no defalcation on the score of merit amongst those whose works are now before us. The poems of the unfortunate Dermody have afforded us many beautiful excepts, and every sympathising reader will deeply lament the wretched end of this second Chatterton.

To find a nobleman a votary of the muses, and that nobleman a *minor*, is a singularity of no trivial nature; yet Lord Byron has put in a claim as a poet, and has ranked himself, by his *Hours of Idleness*, amongst the most pleasing and correct versifiers of the year. It will be seen by his pieces that he is attached to the late ministry.

The Rev. G. Crabbe's poems are also entitled to much praise, particularly from their correctness and originality. Some pieces which the author published nearly twenty-five years ago, are reprinted in this collection, and are very appropriate to the times.

Mr. Wordsworth is also a poet of great taste and originality. His pieces are remarkable for their extreme simplicity, yet smoothness of language.

Sotheby's *Saul* is a heavy, affected thing, like all this author's former productions.

A small volume of poems has appeared, the

posthumous legacy of Mrs. Charlotte Smith. We have already paid a proper tribute to her amiable character and genuine abilities, and we must in justice recommend this little collection, as well worthy of a place amongst her former numerous productions.

Doctor Johnson once took much pains to shew that scriptural subjects were less than any others, fit for political purposes, but without entering at all into the merits of such a question, we can only say, that a quarto volume entitled the Exodiad, from the joint pens of Sir James Bland Burgess and Mr. Cumberland, the well-known dramatist, is a prolix performance, though the execution is by no means liable to censure; the poetry being smooth, flowing, and in some instances grand. The singularity of two authors joining to compose a poem, will doubtlessly strike our readers, as a sort of *partnership* of rather a ludicrous nature; but as the pilgrim, in his progress, advanced more cheerfully on his road when he met with a companion, so these poetical amateurs seem to have journeyed through mosaical grounds, with pleasure together, while separately, each might have floundered on so dreary and unprolific a route.

Conversation, a Didactic Poem by W. Cooke, Esq. is by no means a plagiarism on the elegant piece under the same title, by the late W. Cowper, Esq. It is a re-publication, but the former edition appears to have been long out of print. We can recommend it as an instructive little work, the language chaste, and the verse easy and natural, but possessing little vigour or brilliancy, and at times wanting clearness.

Some "*self-taught poets*," imitative of Bloomfield, have sprung up since our last, viz. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and a Moorland Weaver, of Staffordshire. They have met with no Capel Lofft to add *his* self-consequence to their talents, and consequently they are not likely to follow the suc-

cessful track of the "Farmer's Boy." Hogg is by no means a *swinish* sort of a poet, but neither he nor the weaver can be said to soar above mediocrity.

The elegant author of Indian Antiquities, Mr. MAURICE, in his poetical description of Richmond Hill, has delineated the beautiful and magnificent scenery of that charming spot, with great taste; and in poetry that will bear comparison with any that the year has produced. If it have defects, they are those of extreme adulation upon objects in the neighbourhood of the hill; so extreme, indeed, that in some parts the author may be suspected of labouring to turn them into ridicule.

DRAMATISTS.

"We'll take a peep behind the scenes,
"And lecture forth on *Ways* and *Means*!"

We are sorry to say that dramatic literature is at a very low ebb indeed, and we fear that it will continue so, as long as that miserable preference towards those who are called established playwriters, is shewn by the managers of our London theatres, which excludes all merit that is not forced upon them by interested recommendation.

At the commencement of the last season, an execrable piece by Godwin, called "*Faulkener*," was brought forward at Drury Lane, and met with deserved damnation. *The Wanderer*, by Charles Kemble, was considered as a good stage piece, but too much of the *spectacle* kind. The Curfew, by the late J. Tobin, Esq. possesses much beautiful language, and is, in fact, better than his Honey-Moon. It had a tolerable run. As the theatrical season extends from September till June, we should of necessity comprise under this head, an account of the pieces that have been brought out since last Christmas. The following summary of their merits shall therefore be presented, as it appeared in the PHŒNIX at the last close of the theatres. It is drawn

up without the smallest prejudice or partiality, and from the actual observation of the writer.

"The first visit that we made to the theatres subjected our patience to a severe trial. It was to witness the representation of one of the most miserable of modern dramas; Mr. Reynolds's *thing* entitled *Begone Dull Care*. We censured this insipid farce with severity; and the oblivion into which it almost immediately sunk was a sufficient proof of the justness of our censures.

"Most writers insert their wit—if they possess any---in the body of their works: but Mr. Reynolds, for the sake of novelty we suppose, reserved *his* modicum for his preface to his play, when he published it. This gentleman, disclaiming all idea of writing for fame, boldly asserts, that he writes "for more substantial food. "*Beef* and *Mutton*," he adds, "are the objects of my ambition, and perhaps I would as soon gain them by *bad jokes*, as by good jokes; because, if *by accident* I were to write one *sterling* comedy, I know *to a certainty* I could never write *another*, and therefore I should be *damned*, by comparison!"---Whatever may be said respecting the *impudence* of this passage, it cannot be said to be deficient in *candour*. But it is high time for the public to assert their rights, and to drive these *beef and mutton* authors from the stage.

"The next farrago of nonsense to which we were called to attend, was Mr. Brandon's opera of *Kais, or Love in the Deserts*. Its admirable music and scenery, as we predicted, obtained for it a tolerable run; but, as Mr. Brandon is quite a different sort of a gentleman from Mr. Reynolds, we fear that he must have been most woefully disappointed in *his* object. "Critics!" says he, in his preface, "if you dislike my *labours*, go and do better yourselves. To the public I appeal.---I WRITE NOT FOR PROFIT; these *labours* are my enjoyment! your attacks do not disturb as it were even the *down of my happy feelings!*---But, *hungry* critics! as ye know the want of a crust and a pair of breeches, have

mercy on the authors who are obliged to rack their fancy for them." Mr. Brandon certainly flatters himself that he treats the poor hungry critics with the *calmest* indifference, and the most *philosophical* contempt. However, as, thank heaven, we are neither in want of a crust nor a pair of breeches, we do not *writhe beneath his lash.*

"At Covent Garden, the piece which succeeded *Begone dull Care,* was Allingham's musical farce of *Who Wins, or the Widow's Choice*; and at Drury Lane, *Kais* was succeeded by another wretched bundle of nonsense, called *In and Out of Tune.* With the repetition of this piece, to the disgrace of the managers, the town was insulted either two or three times. It then departed for ever; and we shall not defile ourselves by raking up its ashes.

"Drury Lane was subsequently more fortunate in its production of *The World,* from the pen of Mr. Kenny. Upon this piece, certainly the best of the season, we have only to remark, that, as far as its nature would permit, every alteration that we suggested received due attention. Kenny, unlike either Reynolds or Brandon, must have acquired both fame and profit from this effusion of his pen.

"Mr. T. Dibdin, who has contributed so greatly to the entertainment of the public, was unsuccessful in his *Bonafacio and Bridgetina,* which was performed only a very few nights.

"*Caractacus,* like most of the other new pieces which have been brought out this season, underwent several alterations agreeably to our suggestion. It was impossible however to cure it of its radical defects; and as the same objections which we made against *Caractacus* applied to *Bonduca,* a revived play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, that piece, not having an equal display of scenery and dancing to support it as the former, was tolerated only two nights. A conquered Briton is a most unfit spectacle for an English audience; and it was

justly remarked, that *Caractacus* and *Bonduca* were precisely such pieces as Buonaparte might be expected to order should he ever find himself master of London. "If we must have politics on the stage," says a writer in a respectable cotemporary work, let them encourage our national ardour, and not endeavour to depress and make us familiar with degradation, so as to become a prey to imbecility and despair, like the rest of contemptible Europe, the gallant king of Sweden excepted. Such exhibitions at this time might not perhaps be *outrée* at the OPERA, supported by *French* dancers, and *Italian* singers, pensioners of Buonaparte; but at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, "tis most horrible."

"Cumberland's opera, *The Jew of Mogadore*, though it had but little of novelty to recommend it, ought to have been played more frequently than it was, on account of the excellence of its poetry, and the unaffected stile of its music. The late period of the season at which it was brought forward, and the rapid succession of benefits, were considerable drawbacks on its success.

Amongst theatrical critics it has seldom been customary to pay much attention to such pieces as are produced for the benefits of the actors. Whether this may be considered as lenity or as neglect, we know not, but viewing it in either light, we think the custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Of these pieces, however, the late season has not presented us with many. *Match Making*, an amusing bagatelle, exhibited on Mrs. C. Kemble's night, we shall not be sorry to again see in the winter. Skeffington's *Mysterious Bride*, though less entitled to public favour, will probably be performed again for a few nights.

NOVELLISTS.

In this department of literature we have had, as usual, a most abundant harvest, and we may justly say, that the crop is altogether more favourable than that of many a preceding season. We have

always been of opinion, that none but an author of *talents* can write a good novel; and however affected cynics, of the modern stamp, may pretend to *despise* such productions, we will contend, as we always have contended, that well-written novels and romances, do more to improve the taste, and correct the aberrations of heart, than all the other species of writings in congregation! If such impassioned females as *Rosa Matilda*, and such immoral and *delicately-obscene* scribblers as Messrs *Monk*-Lewis and *Anacreon*-Moore, have disgraced the English press by their *prosaic* and *poetical* masses of corruption, issued as they are year after year, shall it be said that they have affixed a stigma to all *works of fancy?* The genius of elegant literature forbids the prevelance of such an opinion; and while our country can produce such novels as Lathom's *Fatal Vow*, no reader, whether male or female, need be ashamed to place it in their library. Those novels in which *history* is judiciously blended with *fiction*, are of all others best calculated to please the mind of sensibility; and if in the one just mentioned, we have any thing to object to, it is, that the quantity of historical matter is too great, and also too highly coloured to accord with facts. Nothing, however, can be more interesting than many of the scenes in this work, though it only consists of two volumes. The manner in which Christabel discovers her mother, is a masterpiece of delineation, and when we consider the great versatility of this author's genius, we shall readily look over such anachronisms as the production of *pistols*, before the period at which they were invented!

Madame de Stael, a veteran in this kind of literature, has produced another novel, called *Corinna*. She fixes the scene in Italy; and her principal aim seems to be to describe the remains of art in Rome, by the introduction of fictious characters as visitors. The most prominent of these cha-

racters, are a Scotch nobleman and an Italian heroine; but as the story is evidently subordinate to the object of describing the antiquities, it is needless to expatiate upon it. We need merely say, that this novel displays a correct knowledge of human nature, and that it is not so exceptionable on the score of morality, as the former productions of the same author.

The most *voluminous* novel of the last year, and by no means the least interesting, is *The Soldier's Family*, by an anonymous author, but who we can venture to assert, is a female. The scenes which fill its four closely-printed volumes, are chiefly of a low domestic nature, and are described with much affecting simplicity.

That *favourite* writer (with those who do not *reflect*), Kotzebue has produced two works, one entitled *Novellettes*, and the other *Anecdotes*. A third translation has also appeared, entitled his *Romances*; but the fact is, that the Novellettes and the Romances are merely two different translations of the same original, and as some preference must be given, the *translation* of the Novellettes is by far the best. The Anecdotes are evidently *compiled*, by this most ingenious writer; but they are interspersed with such striking observations of his own, that they altogether have the appearance of originality.---Although, however, we are not ashamed to confess that *we* are admirers of that sweet-soothing *sensibility* so prevalent in the writings of Kotzebue, we shall never be found to palliate his insidious immorality, which is but too frequently evident. To deny that this author is a man of genius---that he touches the passions with a masterly hand---that he is a deep reader of the heart, would be a folly and a want of candour. But, that the story of the Pastor's Daughter, exhibits so foul a picture of depravity and lust, as none but a most corrupt imagination could work upon, and afterwards publish to the world, is an *equal* truth. It reminds one of

those beings whom we sometimes see on the public roads; who, in order to excite attention, expose their putrid sores and horrid deformities to the revolting sight of the passengers.

The author plainly manifests his hatred of religion, and, consequently, of God, (for there is no difference,) but, let it be observed, that a heart, influenced by religion, could never have been acted upon as Charlotte's was.

He has drawn her in her first career, as a highly finished *moralist;* and *morality,* he seems to think a most stable foundation for temporal and eternal happiness; yet, *vanity,* the pigmy vice *vanity,* has overthrown his beautiful superstructure, and laid it in *ruins. Morality,* then he must confess, is an unstable foundation.

The first grand effect of religion, is to humble the creature in the sight of the CREATOR :---it holds up the glory of God, and the glittering pride of man fades before it, as the taper is extinguished by the sun. *Vanity,* therefore, is destroyed, and *Morality* on its firmest basis, stands secure from its most insidious and fatal enemy.

All the misery of Charlotte and Fernaw, and of all such as may resemble them, arises from their ignorance of the glory of God, which leads them to seek a glory in men, whereby they become unstable---contemptible---ignominious---they have no *God* but the *world,* and when that deceives them---when they find their prospects vanished and their pleasures blasted, they remain a prey to despair, or take refuge in suicide.----Ye lovers of Kotzebue, this is *truth*---if you deny it, you are as ignorant of God, and as corrupt in heart as he is.

Christina, or *Memoirs of a German Princess,* is an extremely interesting work. Its incidents are few, but well conceived and finished.

The gradual developement of the heroine's love, is managed with peculiar delicacy. It, however, greatly partakes of that general fault of novels, an

idolizing and sentimental language, towards the female, which so intoxicates and corrupts the minds of the sex.---The heroine also sending her history, (which is a most important secret to her,) by *letters* to her friend, renders the story highly improbable: ---with a *thinking* reader it quite destroys the effect.

Tales of Former Times, by A. St. John, are properly romantic, and with scarcely one exception, are truly interesting.----In a moral view we see nothing exceptionable in them, from beginning to end.

Mr. Melville's *Benevolent Monk*, is a novel of considerable merit. It is very interesting, and the plot ingeniously managed. Some of the incidents, however, are extremely improbable and extravagant, nor does the author seem, at all, to understand what dramatists call *character*, as he makes the same person, at one time, speak in a low and vulgar dialect, and, at another, with refinement and eloquence. The language is in general smooth and easy, but too redundant, and frequently ungramatical: the author not seeming to understand the different tenses of the verbs.

The *Sorrows of Gustavus* is a work containing much beauty of language and richness of thought, but very uninstructive in its plan, and imperfect in its moral, if indeed, it possess any. Its barrenness of incident, and sameness of sentiment, also, render it very uninteresting; as far, however, as language, and the *generality* of its sentiment goes, this novel is superior to most of its cotemporaries. The character, however, of its hero, is by no means entitled to that sympathy which the author doubtless hopes to excite for him in the breast of the reader. He falls in love with the wife of his guardian---a man of a noble and generous nature---instead of taking the most effective method of checking his criminal and ungrateful passion, by flying from the presence of its object, he still lives under the same roof with her, and nurses it till, like a love-forsaken *girl*---he sickens from its

influence---sickens---and dies!---His conduct certainly must excite a far different sentiment in a generous and manly breast, than that of *pity*.

Mrs. Pilkington's *Ellen Heiress of the Castle* is of a cast with her other attempts at novel writing.---There is much pleasing matter, blended with many improbable situations and events drawn in without necessity or connexion. A smooth and *conversation-like* language pervades all Mrs. P's works, but we cannot pass over without expressing our strong disapprobation of it, a sort of *semi-blasphemy*, or the introduction of *profane oaths*, as at p. 192, of volume I.

Madame de Genlis's indefatigable pen has produced *another* historical romance, entitled *The Duke of Lauzun*. It is a very ably-drawn picture of the profligacy of a French court, and is superabundant in incidents of French intrigue. The author has certainly mistaken the character of a *great man*; for the Duke of Lauzun has nothing great about him. As to the work, considered altogether, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that it ever came from the pen of so accomplished and *moral* an author as Genlis. It is the most indecent mass of profligacy and corruption which the year has given rise to, and although there are a few good reflections interspersed amongst the depravity, they are not worth the seeking for. The translation of this wretched novel is, however, executed in a very masterly manner.

The Infidel Mother, Julian, or my Father's House, and *The Fatal Revenge*, by D. J. Murphy, all display considerable talent. The one last mentioned, in particular, is of all others which the year has furnished, most replete with incidents of a *horrific* and *mysterious* nature, introduced in a grand and poetical, though frequently pompous mode of expression---the usual attempt of a vivid fancy---and (as Mr. M. describes himself) a very young man.

MISCELLANIES.

We have proceeded so far with our remarks on the works that come under specific classes of writing, that we can do little more than *enumerate* the *non-descripts*. If however, we ought to select any one work from this portion of our list, as more deserving than another of approbation, it is *Parkes's Chemical Catechism*.—The slightest perusal of this work, will evince its usefulness to any one whose desire of knowledge surpasses that of an *animal*. It is written and arranged in a plain and perspicuous manner, and most ingenuously adapted to the juvenile reader, or to any one ignorant of its subject. A few pages will demonstrate, that chemistry, instead of being a dry and heavy study, is at once, interesting and instructive:---it displays, to the attentive mind the wonders of Nature, and furnishes entertainment from her simplest operations.

Molleson's *Miscellaneous Productions* discover considerable classical taste. A spirit of benevolence also breathes in many of them, that renders the author very amiable. The principal piece is his "Melody the Soul of Music, an Essay," which evinces great knowledge of the captivating science of music, and which will afford many a useful hint to the professor and the amateur.---His dialogue between the author and the critic, is very ingenious and amusing; yet though, as before observed, considerable classical taste is discovered in his writings, we cannot say much in praise of the *melody* of his versification. Many allowances must be made for his northern accent; yet, we think, that however well attuned his ear may be to *music*, it certainly is deficient with respect to *poetry*, and a stiffness both in thought and expression pervades throughout his numbers.

Mr. Henry Siddons has amused himself with giving a very correct definition of *Theatrical Gestures*, in the translation of a work by *M. Engel*. The translation is perfectly free, and the sentiments of M. Engel are retained and ingeniously adapted to

the English drama. The work may be read with interest and instruction to all; but its benefit will be great to the professors of the stage. They may learn from it, that it is as difficult to be a *great* actor as it is to be a great painter; and that *observation on real life*, must be the source of their merits.---The *ladies*, however, of the green-room, to whom it is certainly as important as the gentlemen, will feel themselves justly offended with Mr. Siddons, for leaving his numerous Latin quotations untranslated---this ungallant omission makes it to them, a *sealed book*.

The *Oxoniana*, in four volumes, are a collection of classical anecdotes and stories relative to that ancient seminary of learning, which contain much matter of an *amusing* description.

A *new* translation of *Gil-Blas*, with numerous engravings, in a very good style, is worthy of recommendation.

The *Modern Geographer*, by the Editor of this work, is now on the point of completion; four volumes are before the public, and the fifth, which finishes the whole, will be ready in a few weeks.---The success which this system of Geography has met with is a proof that the labour with which it has been prepared, is properly appreciated. We may venture to say it will not fail to become a standard book of reference and information.

A highly curious work has just made its appearance, which we shall not fail to notice in our next volume. It is *An authentic narrative of the causes which led to the death of Major André*, by J. H. Smith, Esq. The Major resided in the house of the author at the time he came on the secret mission to Arnold, and it was generally supposed that he had been betrayed to Washington by Mr. Smith. This calumny was propagated in our magazines at the time, and after experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune, they happened very lately to meet his eye in this country, on which he wrote the simple and

faithful narrative which forms the subject of the volume. It is evident, from this statement, that if the Major had not been detected on his return to New York, that the American war would have been terminated by the ruin of those who claimed independence!

There have been scarcely any new *monthly* publications since the appearance of our last volume; such speculations having received an alarming check from the high price of paper. The *Literary Recreations*, of which we have spoken more than once, has, we believe, been discontinued. A new Magazine called *The Tradesman*, or *Commercial Magazine*, has appeared within these few months, and if a variety of well arranged mercantile and other *useful information* can ensure it success, it will experience a proper degree of patronage.

From the very cause which we stated in the commencement of this Introduction, the public seems literally to be possessed by a *Newspaper-mania*.---Since Christmas last *no less than nine Weekly Newspapers have been produced in London!!!* They are the *Lady's Gazette*, the *National Register*, the *Examiner*, the *Anticipation*, the *British Guardian*, the *Legal Register*, the *Britannia*, the *Censor*, and the *Phœnix and Patriot!* Each of them has its patrons, though we apprehend that the number, with respect to some of the papers, is very limited indeed!---The *Lady's Gazette* and *Anticipation*, in fact, have already gone to the "tomb of the Capulets," and some of the others are most certainly about to follow them; while the PHŒNIX, under the liberal patronage of the public at large, affords every indication of rising upon their ruins!

Such is the present state of polite literature. If the prospect be not so flattering as on former occasions, we have only to hope that the stagnation of which we have complained, will speedily subside, and that like the events of a political revolution, British literary genius will once again find its level.

FLOWERS

OF

LITERATURE,

FOR 1807.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The following remarks on the mistaken opinion, that the talents of a young person should be estimated by the *quantity* which he has read, were contained in a Letter to me by the late learned Dr. Campbell. I think them peculiarly suited for your Flowers, and if you should be of the same opinion, pray insert them. I am, Sir,

A Subscriber.

ON READING.

"Young people are too apt to imagine that learning and reading are synonymous, and that a man is always the more learned, the more he has read. Nothing can be a more egregious mistake. Food is necessary for the support of the body, and without

a competency of it we could not enjoy either vigour or health; but we should not suspect him to be overstocked with wisdom, who should conclude from this concession, that the more a man eats, the more healthy and vigorous he must be. We know from experience, that when a certain proportion is exceeded, those corporeal endowments, health and strength, are impaired by the very means, which, if used in moderation, would have increased them. The same thing exactly holds with reading, which is the food of the mind. The memory may be loaded and encumbered in the one case, as the stomach is in the other; and in either case, if we take more than we can digest, it can never turn to good account. There have been instances of such *belluones librorum*, such *book gluttons*, as very much resembled the lean kine in Pharaoh's vision, which, when they had devoured the fat and well-favoured kine, were themselves as lean and ill-favoured as before. It is indeed necessary that we accustom ourselves to read; but it is likewise necessary and much more difficult, that we accustom ourselves to *reflect*. There ought to be stated times for both exercises; but to the last particularly, our best endeavours ought frequently to be directed: and for this purpose, I know no better helps than to be obliged, sometimes by conversation, sometimes by composing, to express our sentiments on the subjects of which we read."

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT NELSON, AND THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

"Oh happy pair! If verse like mine can give
Eternal fame, for ever shall ye live."

Now mourn indeed, thou insulated land,
Where freedom makes her firmest, final stand:
Lost, lost for ever, are thy spear and shield,
Light of the council, glory of the field,
Nelson and Pitt! the glory of the age---
The boldest warrior, and the wisest sage---
The wide world's wonder, polish's Europe's pride,
The state's sheet anchor, and the helm's sure guide.

But mourn not void of hope, for why despair?
Britannia still is Heaven's peculiar care.
Yet many a Pitt with patriot zeal shall spring,
To council his belov'd, his gracious king;
Yet many a Nelson on th' ensanguin'd main
Shall fix the destinies of France and Spain;
Contending parties cordially unite,
T' illume the senate, or conduct the fight.
While Albion shall exchange her tears for smiles,
And reign, unrivall'd, empress of the isles.

To late posterity shall hist'ry tell
How Nelson fought, how gloriously he fell:

What honours Britain to her champion paid,
What fun'ral pomp attends his mighty shade.
Shall not like honours to the grave attend
The dear remains of his departed friend?
For what he well perform'd, his patron plann'd,
This the keen head, and that th' effective hand,
No---on his tomb this simple truth be writ,
"Here lies the mortal part of WILLIAM PITT."
Fancy's bright talisman, while millions gaze,
Shall make each letter like a sun-beam blaze.
Nor shall the lustre of that name expire,
Till tombs are bursting, and the world's on fire.

ACCOUNT OF THE POLICE AT MOSCOW IN RUSSIA; WITH SOME CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF THE RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

THE Police here is pretty active, though not so much so as at Petersburgh. Under Catharine it was sunk too low; under Paul it was too terrible; but under Alexander it seems confined to its proper limits. That a police officer, even one of the highest, should be kicked down stairs; obliged to submit to the most humiliating treatment from high and low; concerned in the very plots which disturbed public tranquillity; or that there should be any meanness too great for him to consent to, was nothing uncommon in the reign of Catharine. Under Paul, even the grandees trembled before the omnipotent lords

of the Police; its whole system was a system of arbitrary power and oppression. Every one of its officers was a spy whom nothing could free from being suspected, or whose promotion nothing could insure, but the frequency of his reports about what was passing in the interior of families. Many were tempted to have recourse to invention when reality failed. Thus fell numberless victims over whom the fatal sword was suspended, whilst in the intimacy of their family they could not harbour the most distant suspicion of their impending fate. A gentleman, who had been one of the Staff of the Police at that critical period, told me with a noble indignation, that he had been ordered to introduce himself at family banquets in livery clothes, and to take his station near the door of the dining-room, in order to catch the word which might unguardedly escape from the lip of him whose tongue should be let loose by wine and conviviality. "I was obliged," said he, "to obey, but I listened not, and whatever I chanced to hear, I endeavoured quickly to forget. If of course I had only very indifferent things to report, the cruel and inhuman *Acharow*, (at that time the universally detested military Governor of Moscow) overwhelmed me with his anger, called me a traitor towards the Emperor, a fellow unacquainted with his duty. How happy was I when I found an opportunity to leave that odious service, and to engage in another department. Yet," added he with emotion, "it cost me many an inward struggle when I reflected that I might be

succeeded by a less conscientious person, who might cause the misery of thousands to whom I had been a guardian angel unknown to themselves: for often the long-suppressed discontent would break out, so that I had enough to do to keep at a distance those who were less inclined to forget what they heard." He who thus feelingly spoke to me was a German: but you may easily suppose that there were not many Police officers so noble-minded. Alas! my friend, those were times of terror indeed!

Beware however of sinning against the manes of the deluded Monarch by fancying that such despotical measures were the dictates of his heart. They mostly proceeded from the ambitious exertions of the principal officers to manifest their zeal for the Emperor's service, and from the fear of incurring his disgrace by openly representing matters in their true light, particularly when they themselves were conscious of being in fault. One frightful occurrence of that period may serve as an instance.

To stop a practice which had grown very common, the Monarch issued the humane command that no carriage should drive full speed through the streets, under the penalty that, without any regard to the owners, horses and carriage should be forfeited, an extra fine paid by the master according to the circumstances of the case, the coachman forced to serve as a common soldier, without the plea of having merely obeyed orders being of any avail, and, if any person be hurt, to undergo the punishment of the knoot. A coach and four having

trespassed against this law, coachman, postilion, footmen, carriage and horses were immediately seized. The Emperor heard of this seizure before he could have received the report from the Police. When the officer, whose business it was to make this report, came to Gatschina, the Monarch asked whether the attendants of the carriage had undergone the punishment of the knoot, and the officer in the hurry of the moment answered in the affirmative. Hardly had he returned to Petersburgh, when he took the necessary steps to have the punishment inflicted. Notwithstanding it happened to be holiday time, the court was obliged to hold an extraordinary sitting. Its sentence was that the coachman should be lashed with the knoot, the postillion, a boy of ten, whipped with rods, and the footman discharged; for the latter having stood behind the carriage, he could not possibly have had any share in the guilt. But this did not agree with what the officer had reported to the Emperor; he therefore insisted upon the knoot being dealt out to all three. In vain did the court remonstrate; in vain did it represent the injustice of punishing the innocent; nothing could move the man with the steeled breast; the court was forced to pronounce an unjust decree. When it was announced to the unfortunate footman he fell senseless on the floor, and awoke to ineffable misery. He was flogged with the knoot, his nostrils were torn open, and in that state he was sent to the mines of Siberia! All the court could obtain was that the boy should be whipped only with rods,

as no minor can be castigated with the knoot by law.

You may easily judge how much it was the interest of the Police to watch over the execution of the imperial prohibition of driving full speed through the streets, since both carriage and horses were forfeited to the Police.

An interesting anecdote of the English Ambassador at Petersburgh at that period, affords a pleasing contrast. He was walking on the banks of the Neva, his carriage slowly following at a distance. When he wanted to reascend, his coachman briskly drove up; but a Police officer stepped forwards, stopped the carriage, and declared that he was under the necessity of taking coach and horses to the Police office, that he would however allow the Minister to be first drove home. This the British nobleman declined. He quietly saw his elegant English chariot and six beautiful blood horses, led away, and returned to the hotel on foot. The Emperor no sooner heard of the circumstance than he ordered the carriage and horses to be immediately restored with a proper apology. The Ambassador however refused taking his equipage back. "I cannot," said he, "ride in an equipage which has been at the Police. I beg it may be sold and the money given to the Foundling Hospital."

At Moscow the Police was, if possible, still more severe than at Petersburgh, but not so arbitrary. The inhabitants of Moscow felt the pressure of despotism less, because of their distance from the impe-

rial court. They were unacquainted with the obligation of stepping out of one's carriage, or of standing still whenever any person of the reigning family was passing by; they therefore escaped the danger to which thousands in the metropolis were exposed, of being ill-treated and reduced to misery for the least want of attention, or any mistake that could be construed into disrespect. It is true the English coat, waistcoat, round hat, and thick cravat, heads *à la Titus* without powder, and strings in the shoes, were forced to disappear; but even in this regard there was much more indulgence shown here.---That the gentlemen of the Police were rather overbearing in the use of their power may easily be imagined. Under the present Emperor Alexander, it is their province to watch over the public security, the tranquillity and cleanliness of the streets, to superintend fire-engines, prisons, &c. They cannot so frequently indulge in stretches of power, but on the other hand they are safe against bad treatment. Yet most of the individuals of the Police are rude, ignorant, and ill-bred, consequently incapable of conciliating esteem.

The present regulations in cases of fire at Petersburgh are excellent; even at Moscow less conflagrations take place than in former times, which may partly arise from the number of wooden houses being considerably diminished. Convicts are employed in cleaning streets, repairing highways, canals, dikes, &c. Thus their involuntary inactivity is turned to public good. Servants are subject

to a more severe superintendance than at Petersburgh. Masters find no difficulty in having them condemned to hard labour for rudeness of behaviour, drunkenness, or any neglect of service.

The prerogatives, which even the inferior nobility arrogate to themselves, are incredible. At Moscow I found the high-road near a dike, encumbered with posts before a wooden house, against which coaches and foot-passengers might easily run in the dark. On expressing my surprise about this circumstance, I was told that the noble owner of the wooden mansion wanted to be relieved from the frequent paving before his door, and that the Police officer of that quarter of the town was his son-in-law. Even the legitimate power of the Police does not reach the great, neither do the superior officers of the Police attempt to conceal this deficiency. Hence the inferior classes are left without protection against the higher ones. The military governor is the only one to whom they can apply for redress, and his authority too is often insufficient.

The quantity of silver coin circulating at Moscow is so much the more surprising, as a rouble here is worth five copecks more than at Petersburgh. The copper coin on the contrary is more rare.

There is no want of provisions. Vegetables, bread and meat, are in plenty, but fish is scarce. Necessaries of life are one-third, and house-rents more than one-half cheaper than at Petersburgh; but fire-wood is two roubles the load dearer, owing to the lack of water-communications, which are

however at present in contemplation. The canals hitherto made in the town are not navigable.---Productions of luxury are at a much higher price, being mostly brought from the sea-port towns by land carriage; this remark applies to broad-cloth, and fashionable articles of every kind. Wine is dear, and not very good. Beer is tolerable. Coach-hire is cheaper than at Petersburgh. A pair of horses, without a coach, cost here forty roubles a month; at Petersburgh from sixty to seventy; a good carriage and four from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy roubles a month.---Considering the extent of the place, much inconvenience is derived in summer from the Droschkas, and in winter from the sledges with one and two horses plying at the corners of the streets, but not in such numbers as at Petersburgh. For the common people there is a sort of carriage, consisting of a plank placed on four wheels. This is extremely cheap, but I do not think the other conveyances very reasonable. I wonder that the Droschkas, which for their convenience are so universally liked by strangers, are not become more general in Germany.---Most of the artists at Moscow, as painters, architects, statuaries, musicians, are foreigners; which is not so frequently the case at Petersburgh.

Apparently there is more regard paid to public worship at Moscow. The churches, notwithstanding their great number, are yet continually crowded; particularly those whose patron happens to be the Saint of the day. On the preceding evening

multitudes flock to that church, and the street on the outside is filled with numbers who cannot get admittance. The eve of a Saint's day is generally devoted to its religious celebration, the festival itself to profane rejoicing. In the suburbs you hit at almost every tenth pace, upon some image adorning the entrance of a small wooden chapel in which wax tapers are burning, and where oblations are received in boxes placed near the tapers for that purpose.

It is not in my power, dear sir, to inform you whether the number of poor at Moscow be great or small. A signification is attached here to the term poverty, very different from that of other countries. The lowest and most numerous class have, it is true, little money, but they are, properly speaking, not in indigence. Their wants are much more limited, and they have many opportunities to acquire the necessaries of life. It is impossible to judge from their outward appearance, whether they gain more or less; neither their dress nor their manners betray the least symptom of a larger or smaller income. A miserable ragged smock-frock, frequently even a mere coarse dirty shirt over linen pantaloons in summer, a filthy stinking sheep's-skin in winter, raw leather boots, or rags about the legs and feet, with red shoes, constitute the appendage of all, even the poorest. There are indeed many infirm, mostly blind people (in consequence, perhaps, of the fine, penetrating chalk-dust), and beggars; but with respect to the latter it is always uncertain whether

begging be a trade or a matter of necessity.---Accustomed to the sight of apparent distress, the higher orders in Russia seldom feel for real misery, of which they form no conception; thus the sentiment of benevolence generally remains unexerted. No doubt they give alms, but I am not alluding to that kind of charity which very improperly, I think, usurps its name. Yet without pretending to strip the better sort of Russians of all and every disposition to a more exalted, true, and rational benevolence, how can this virtue be displayed, if objects seemingly deserving of actual pity, are nearly absolutely wanting? The wretch who here carries his wretchedness about for a show, is commonly sunk so low that he hardly excites any other sensation but that of disgust. To liberate debtors from confinement, or to support those who are shut up between the terrific walls of a dungeon, is nearly the only way in which the great and opulent manifest their charitable disposition in Russia. On certain solemnities considerable sums are bestowed in this manner; but the donors care not to whom their bounty profits, nor do they derive any inward satisfaction from their gifts. It is but very seldom indeed, that a Russian enjoys the delightful sight of distress relieved through his kindness. Indeed he rarely liberates a truly unfortunate sufferer, but commonly a thoughtless spendthrift, or even a wanton prisoner; for it is too often the case that mean profligates, when such beneficent deeds as imperial acts of grace are expected, contrive by bribery to

get arrested for wantonly contracted or fictitious debts, and then divide the booty with their pretended creditors. Many a debauched German has turned such occurrences to advantage.

Pride is generally the first promoter of charitable foundations, they seldom are the offspring of nobler motives. No doubt it may be a virtuous impulse which actuates some charitable persons; but generally speaking, it is hardly ever the case. Even the support of prisoners is a kind of article of creed, which is observed in hopes of a large reward in heaven. Such donations are collected in a sealed box, placed at the entrance of every prison, and properly watched. They are said to be often very considerable, and to be faithfully distributed in equal shares to the prisoners. They are an expiatory offering like the wax taper which is burnt before their saints. Perhaps true beneficence has fled to the hut of the poor. There it manifests itself without pretensions, in mutual assistance and charitable gifts, which no newspaper blazons forth, and no ribbon and star rewards.

The stillness which reigns after ten o'clock in this large and populous town is astonishing. Even on the finest evenings there are but a few solitary walkers in the streets, and scarcely any person sitting at his door; but then commence the nightly adventures chiefly near Smithsbridge, the most noted places for French milliners shops. In these warehouses the owner only, and at most the principal assistant, are natives of France; all the other

women are partly Russian slaves, whom the French milliners purchase in the name of some nobleman, (for none but nobles dare buy slaves in their own name) partly ladies maids confided to their tuition to learn the millinery business. But all of them without exception, and sometimes the lady too, are priestesses of *Venus vulgivaga*. Moscow has few professed *filles de joie*; they cannot thrive, the ladies maids spoil their trade. This is actually the case in the strictest sense of the word. The dissolute conduct of both male and female servants in great houses is not to be credited.

The Russians are very much addicted to sensual love. A kiss is the salute common to both sexes, among the vulgar even in the street. Their eyes glisten, and their lips quiver lusciously, though it be an old woman they embrace. It is the sex which a Russian chiefly values in a female; still he has a thousand delicate attentions for every woman, independent of any nearer connection. He puts up with a great deal from a female. A man in high life is seldom induced to use any severity against his wife, though she should break through all decorum. "She is a woman!" is the only exclamation that will escape him. If any one be unable to accomplish any thing by himself in Russia, he need only commission his wife, or his daughter; and though she should be neither handsome nor young, she will yet infallibly obtain more, and dares to speak less reservedly than himself. There reigns a sort of spirit of chivalry in favour of the ladies.

A Russian mother's affection for her children exceeds all belief, particularly for her eldest son, who soon learns to bend father and mother under his yoke. He enjoys great privileges, and is heir at law; his brothers and sisters are mere legatories. Hence it happens that he generally turns out a good for nought; rarely at least does he prove a good son. From infancy he is regarded, not only by the mother, but by every one in the house, as the future master, and all submit to his will. Hardly has he reached the threshold of manhood when he knows how to make good the pretensions which he has been so liberally allowed, by lording it over all around him. Should his father die, the poor deluded mother is really to be pitied. Regard for his mother is generally a sentiment absolutely foreign to a young Russian's breast. Has she any private fortune, he at most considers her as proper to fill up the chasms which his extravagance may cause in his purse. The history of the times offers shocking examples of attempts against mothers.

In this respect education has yet much to perform; it ought to invest the husband's partner with more consequence, to confirm the sanctity of a mother's rights. But this would shake their ancient constitutions and customs, which are stronger than laws. Yet till this salutary reform takes place, every attempt to civilize and to enlighten Russia in the genuine sense of the word must prove abortive.

Superstition pervades all ranks high as well as low. The Russians believe in their *domovoys* (house-de-

mons) prognostics, prophecies, fortunes told by means of coffee, cards, or the melting of lead on the eve of a Saint's day. This last practice is particularly in high favour with lords and ladies. A little skill in its management, secures to its possessor a very brilliant existence. The chief adepts, however, are ladies, and frequently Cupid confederates with Apollo in these conjuring practices. Many superstitious observances obtain at weddings, christenings, funerals, dropping salt, spilling wine or water, every thing is portentous. He who is the involuntary cause of any bad prognostic often makes the person whom it regards, pass suddenly from the most chearful to the worst of humours.

THE MASQUERADE.

" Quid quisque vitet nunquam homine satis
Cautum est in horas." HORACE.

" Man never takes sufficient and hourly care against that which he ought to shun."

On a serene summer's evening, the old Lady of Birkenhayn was sitting with her daughters on a bank of turf near the high road that leads from Paderborn to Lipstadt.

A few hundred paces from thence glimmered the red roof of her castle amidst a group of trees; the sun darted its last rays on the tower vane. The swallow skimmed about and twittering, the gnats danced, the chafer hummed. Miss Babet sang a

sprightly song---Miss Charlotte plucked blue flowers from between high ears of corn, and the mother cast a serious look upon the ground, and, at the same time, drew figures on the sand with her walking-stick, when, behold, a grey-headed man tottered slowly towards them, leaning on a staff, and doubtfully standing at some distance. His miserable clothing, his silver hair, and difficult forward tottering, feelingly pleaded to every heart for assistance.

Charlotte first observed, and skipped up to call the attention of her mother to his appearance. Still the old man kept standing, and his looks wandered timidly and fearfully around;---an evening breeze, loaded with a sigh, rushed by. Now the shy, intimidated, poor old creature came nearer, and the ladies were able to observe his deep, hollow, sunken eye, in which the near approach of death had already extinguished the feeble flame; a spark only still glimmered, but mildly like a star through a fog. The daughter gently pushed her mother as if she would have said, "Dear mother, assist him:" the eye of her mother answered kindly, "Most willingly."

"Dare a poor sick old man," said the stranger, in broken German, "beg for a night's lodging?"--- The modest prayer was willingly granted. The daughters led him between them, warning him of every stone, helped him over the little wooden bridge, that crossed a rapid running stream, and conducted him into the castle.

There, he related, when he was refreshed by a glass of wine, how " formerly he had been rich and noble; how he had also possessed such a castle as the one he was in at present; but now, through the unhappy revolution, in his native country, he was reduced to beggary. It was true, that he seldom sought assistance from good people in vain; but, in vain he supplicated the greatest favour, *death*.

Lady Birkenhayn listened to him, deeply affected: she inquired, with interest, after the place of his birth, and when he named Franche Compte, her emotions appeared to be doubled. She desired to know his name. He hesitated a moment, then pronounced the name of *Philibert*. A neat chamber was prepared for him, which fronted the east, that he might be refreshed and comforted by the morning sun---the kindest care was taken of him: the young lady Babet, brought him his breakfast, and Charlotte a rose-tree. The evening before, they had spoken German with him; now, he was agreeably surprised, as they addressed him in his native language, and that, with such readiness, and so proper an accent as he had never before heard from German lips. They led him into the garden; half of which was laid out in the English taste. There, on a hill under moss-covered pines, he was surprised at the view of a monument and corn, with the simple inscription: TO MY PHILIP. Near which stood a Genius from the masterly hand of *Doell*. The torch was extinguished; a weeping willow bent over the urn, and let its drops fall from every leaf.

The mourning---the soft splashing of the falling water---the whistling of the winds over the tops of the pines, and the twilight in their shade, attuned every heart to melancholy.

With anxious bosom, the old man asked, "What does this mean?"

"Here our brother-in-law lies buried," answered Charlotte. "He died when a boy of ten years old. Here our good mother often weeps for hours together, and on the anniversary of his death, she never quits the hill from morning till evening."---"Let us go on," said Babet, "it is here too gloomy: we had resolved not to visit this place again before the 17th of August, and even then, only because our mother wishes it."

Old Man. "Why on the 17th of August?"

Charlotte. "That is the anniversary of Phillip's death. She says, we are now grown up, and she conceives it to be her duty to relate to us her history; for which purpose, that day will be the best."

With this conversation, they led him back to the castle, and requested him to remain in a chamber till dinner, where he found a most excellent collection of French books. What he saw and heard, filled him with astonishment: he had traversed every part of Westphalia: he knew that its inhabitants smoked most excellent hams, but French books and such formed people he had never before met with.

At table the conversation was continued by the

daughters in the French language; but the mother, notwithstanding she betrayed, by the interest that she took, that she understood every thing that was said, never spoke, but in German! Philibert, by the cordiality, and tender forbearance with which he was treated, began to be enlivened, and to lay aside the shyness of poverty. He spoke little, but well; he betrayed a knowledge in every science, and more particularly, a knowledge of the world. After dinner the mother led him into her cabinet.

"Sir," said she---"poverty is an unwelcome guest, and the more so in old age. Your destiny has affected me: allow me to ask you: have you any prospect for the future?"

Philibert. "None.

Lady Birkenhayn. "Are you pleased in my house?---Will you remain with me?"

Philibert. "Ah! Madam! I stand on the brink of the grave. I most certainly, rather die here; but I have already lived to be a burthen to so many that I most sincerely wish, at least by my death, to be no longer a trouble to any one."

Lady Birkenhayn. "Rest, tender attentions, kindness and friendship, will prolong your days. You shall even not accept a lingering existence from me as a favour; but you shall richly repay me for it."

Philibert. "Ah! Madam, how can I do that?"

Lady Birkenhayn. "You have seen my daughters:---they are good, amiable young creatures,

but perfectly inexperienced, and wholly ignorant of the world. Brought up in the country, accustomed to hear truth from every mouth, because here, no one has any thing to conceal, they take all for truth. They conceive the whole world to be honourable, their hearts are open to every impression---I tremble for the future. You, Sir, appear to be the man who can remove these cares from my heart. Your conversation---your experience, your venerable age, your manner of expressing yourself, the facility with which you know how to make practical worldly wisdom intuitive, the entertaining anecdotes with which you understand how to season your instructions---all this makes me wish you would assist a careful, apprehensive mother, in laying the last hand on the formation of her beloved daughters.

The pale cheek of Philibert was coloured for a moment with the soft blush of gratitude. He accepted the proposal with emotion, for he conceived it to be merely a cover for forbearing benevolence.

From henceforward, Philibert was the inseparable companion of both the daughters. He selected their lessons, and often interrupted them with instructive remarks. He accompanied them in their walks, he reclined with them on the grass, and sketched on the theatre of nature, true pictures of the great world. Babet and Charlotte became so accustomed to him, that they could not part with him for a single day.

The reader, as yet, has not heard one word of the

Lord of Birkenhayn: he was a valiant hunter, a good judge of horses, eat ham and black bread with pleasure, and troubled himself about nothing else in the world. When Philibert was presented to him, he asked what had become of the royal hounds in the revolution, and as Philibert could not answer the question, he turned his back upon him.

The account, that the stranger had undertaken the perfecting the education of his daughters, was partly indifferent to him and partly ridiculous. Indifferent, because he supposed the education of his girls did not fall in his department; and ridiculous, because Philibert did not understand any thing of household affairs. He was, moreover, seldom visible in his house, and still before day, he went out on the chace.

Six weeks had now passed, since Philibert had found an asylum in this house. The 17th of August arrived: it was a lowering, sultry day: the Lord of Birkenhayn, as was his custom, went out earlier than usual this day into the wood, and returned not again before the sun was set. The weeping mother remained invisible; Philibert dined alone with the daughters, and a heavy silence reigned during the repast.

After dinner, a servant informed them, that his Lady waited to see them upon the hill. Babet and Charlotte obeyed with melancholy expectation; the modest Philibert remained behind; but a second message invited him to join the company, and he went.

On the pedestal of the urn, the mother was seated, with red weeping eyes, and the daughters reclined near on the grass, and silently, with anxious bosoms, here and there gathered a flower.

Sorrowfully, but kindly, the Lady Birkenhayn bade the old man welcome. "Be seated," said she, "your presence here is not superfluous. I have appointed this day to lay open a picture to my daughters of my unfortunate, but innocent life. They are now of an age, when my melancholy experience may be advantageous to them, and if my example will but hover before their eyes, in the choice of a husband, then I have not suffered in vain."

"Not only the death of a beloved son," she continued with a sigh, "do I weep for on this present day: this day is the memorial of all my departed joys.---For friendship and youthful happiness, love, and my native country, also flow these tears! Children! respect my agony, and alleviate it, by the promise of avoiding an early marriage. For you, my sprightly Babet, I am less apprehensive than for thee, my gentle Charlotte. I was also sixteen years old, when I like you, decorated my hair with corn-flowers, mingled unwilling sighs in the song of the nightingale, and had a childish pleasure in my rose-bush.

"A youth courted my hand, who, with spirit and beauty, united carelessness and fickleness in the highest degree. He was the first that paid me homage: nature and vanity spoke for him in my

heart, and I loved him with the romantic ardour of a first passion. My serious father shook his head, was grieved, and warned me in vain. I imagined, I could fetter the fickle minded youth in my charms; by entreaties, prayers, and tears, I bribed paternal tenderness, and, at last, his consent to a union, that alas, was but too rashly concluded.

O delightful honey-moon, how rapidly did you fly away! how soon vanished the sweet error, that I was all to my husband! Scarce was half a year gone by, when I could no longer conceal from myself the striking change in his behaviour, in spite of all the excuses my inventive love knew how to make for him. He was half the day absent, staid often till late at night, and when, sometimes he remained an hour with me, I thought I read a forced kindness in his looks: he was absent, often answered me perversely, replied with cold politeness to my caresses, even with peevish impatience.

" An officious gentleman of the privy chamber, who brought me all kinds of stories, did not leave me long in doubt, that I, from an ardently beloved maiden, had become a coolly respected wife. I must content myself with cool respect, whilst wanton girls coquetted for his tenderness. But what was most strange, in the same degree that his love declined, his jealousy encreased. He probably felt his own injustice, that it was easy for me to revenge myself, and his vanity trembled at my revenge. Often, when he brought his loose companions to our house, and with them banquetted at our table, he watched my looks with an anxiety that betrayed

his guilty thoughts. On such days he was accustomed to be more tender than usual towards me---possibly to smother the budding revenge that might be shooting within me. Ah! I was far distant from thoughts of revenge. I only wept in silence, calmed my countenance when he entered, and thought to move him by generous forbearance.

" I heard one morning, by chance, that he intended in the evening to go to the MASQUERADE. Immediately the wish arose within me, there to meet him unknown. If I should succeed, thought I, in disguise to decoy him somewhere with me; if he, with the impudence of an adventurer, should entreat me to grant him a rendezvous, then would I follow him wherever he would lead me; the presence of my husband would protect me from every misconstruction, even in the most suspicious house. Then, at the moment, when he meditated a gallant adventure, he should behold the mask fall from my face!---When he discovered his wife!---Ha!---what a triumph to my innocence! what a victory to my generosity!

" This picture set on fire, glowed my cheek---violently heaved my heart!* But how was I to learn in what dress my husband would appear at the MASQUERADE, in which I should recognize him? To ask himself, that would awaken suspicion. To gain his valet over to my interest, that was against

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* A critic would object to Kotzebue's figure of a *picture*'s being set *on fire*, and then *glowing* the *cheek* and *heaving* the *heart*.

my principles. I had almost given up my project, when he adventitiously entered my chamber for, as he said, to make me a morning visit, the shortness of which he excused by saying, it was necessary, immediately, to go to a Masquerade warehouse to choose a dress for the evening. He departed:---I heard his carriage drive away, and without further reflecting on what I was about to do, I threw my mantle over me, hurried down the stairs, threw myself, immediately, into a hired carriage that I found at the next corner, and ordered the coachman slowly to follow my husband's chariot, and even to stop where it should stop. In a few minutes, we were even in the *Rue St. Honoré.*"

" How, Madam!" exclaimed Philibert,---" did these scenes happen in Paris?"

" Yes, Sir, I am a Frenchwoman, your unfortunate country-woman, who has taken every pains to forget her native language, and with it, all the sweet, flattering words which once made so deep an impression on her heart. My husband's carriage stopped before a shop---mine remained at a little distance---I held my handkerchief up to my face, pressed my hat deep over my eyes, and looked out of the coach-window. My husband went into the shop, staid there a few minutes, then drove on. As soon as he was out of my sight, I got down, and, under the pretence of choosing myself a masquerade dress, I entered the same shop. A multitude of dresses were heaped upon the counter, and an attendant was laying aside a rich Turkish one. ' Shew me that,' said I, ' it seems to please me

best.' ' It is no longer to be had,' replied the man: ' a gentleman who but this instant drove away, has hired it for this evening.'---' Aye?---that is a pity,' I answered with secret joy; ' yet, let me, at least, look at it.' The man officiously spread open the dress before me. I looked at it with the greatest attention; sufficiently noticed the colour and various marks; and when I was perfectly certain of my business, I drove contentedly home.

" With what restlessness I now waited for the evening:---how often did I look at my watch and believe it went too slow. At last, it became dark:—my situation—(I was then in the fifth month of my pregnancy) allowed me not to choose a dress that would betray my size. I disguised myself as a bat, and appeared one of the first at the ball. It was not long before my Turk entered, whose step I at first only slily followed.

" I must here mention, that I was educated in a convent, that the nuns had learnt me, in their leisure hours, a sort of finger language, which as I, at my entrance into the world, remarked, was better known amongst the young ladies, than I imagined: I had, when a bride, out of a joke, instructed my bridegroom in this finger language, and he then, very industriously, made use of it, to say pretty things to me, in the presence of tiresome witnesses. What a mortification was it now to me, to see my Turk talking this language to a nun who appeared, however, to scoff at him, because he then quickly rushed by, and, as it seemed to me, peevishly to turn from her. I determined to take

an advantage of this moment; I pulled him by the sleeve as he was slipping by me. He cast a hasty glance at me, and I put these words together with my fingers: 'I have attended to your conversation.' He remained doubtful for a moment whether he should join me; for my bat-like form appeared to him to conceal my charms. In the mean time, I took care to raise his vanity in another way: a valuable jewel, I had for this purpose, borrowed of a friend, and which I wore in the mouth, to fasten the mask, rivetted his attention: he took me, as I wished him to do, for a woman of quality who had chosen the simplest dress, to be able to say to him, without being much noticed, that he had made an impression on my heart. He answered gallantly, and scarce had we passed a few minutes in our finger conversation, than he entreated for a private conference, as this language was too poor to express his feelings. With trembling fingers I gave my consent. He offered me his arm,---led me silently out of the hall, put me into the chair, which he accompanied on foot. I trembled like an aspen leaf, an ague shivered through my body. I was obliged to call pride to my assistance, as courage forsook me. The thought, how difficult it was to the faithful wife, to decoy a tender look from him, and on the contrary, how easy was my victory, under the form of a coquet, gave me new powers. I got out of the chair tolerably recovered, when it stopped at an unknown house in the next street, and followed my Turk through a feebly-lighted passage,

to a chamber, the door of which he immediately locked.---Now the decisive moment was come: he took off his mask, and, only imagine my fixed horror!---he was not my husband!---A celebrated voluptuary, whom I had sometimes seen at our house, and whose intercourse with my husband I had often cursed, hurried to me with extended arms.---I uttered a loud scream, and sunk back in a chair.---The jewel dropt out of my mouth that held my mask, and the mask with it, and the young man was even as much astonished at the so-unexpected sight of me, as I was so amazed and affrighted at him.---Alone with a rake---in a suspicious house!---I did not believe, at this unhappy moment, that my shame and confusion could have increased; yet, the measure of my misfortune was not yet full; for ah!---my husband really was in the same house, in the next chamber, in company with a wanton hussy. My lamentable scream caught his attention;---perhaps he knew my voice. He burst open the door with his foot---there he stood suddenly before me:—his lips trembled,—we were all speechless—his eyes rolled dreadfully;—I was half dead---I could scarce pronounce my defence.---My husband first recovered himself---if I could call it recovering---he seized me violently by the arm---dragged me nearer to the light---fixed his eyes on my countenance, with the pale mien of fury, and a cold smile of contempt.---O!---I shall never forget the horrible look---Scarce audibly, he stammered the words---" Madam---you are a bungler at your busi-

nesa---people should not scream so loud in this house."---Upon which he threw my arm from him---made my Turk a scornful bow, begged him to take care of me, and departed.

" When he was gone, I burst into tears.---I attempted to speak, but sobs stifled my words. The young man, who certainly could not believe that I was come there to give a rendezvous to my husband, comprehended therefore, from my confusion, that I must have been mistaken in the person. He pressed my hand, envied the fortunate one to whom the testimonials of my favour were designed, wished that love would permit him to supply the place, which a lucky accident had made known to him, and assured me, he was a man of honour.

" Each of his words was the stab of a dagger---I felt that I had myself, given him a right so to talk to me.---I wished to be angry, but could only lament and moan; the pride of a now suspected virtue deserted; I tore myself away from him, and conjured him to tell me how he came by that dress.---Surprised at the earnest seriousness with which I asked that question, he replied:----' I hired it from a Masquerade warehouse.'---Where?---' In the *Rue de St. Honoré.*'---But that mask was bespoken by another!---' By whom?'---My husband.---' I beg your pardon, madam, I was the first who ordered it. It is true, I learnt, that a dispute afterwards arose about it; for a servant in the shop, in the absence of his master, had, a second time let it out, I knew

not to whom---but I having the first right, it was decided in my favour.'

" I soon discovered what a snare I had laid for myself, into what an abyss I had wantonly thrown myself.---My agony even appeared to move the voluptuary; he stepped back within the bounds of respect, procured me a hired carriage, handed me in, and left me a prey to my wretchedness.

" Ah! a few hours before, I supposed myself unhappy; yet I quitted my house in the joyful expectation of returning to it, accompanied by an ashamed, amended husband, with the dignity of an irreproachable reputation, and again renewed love.---What was I now?---a seemingly convicted criminal, who trembled at the sound of her husband's carriage, trembled when she heard him pass over her into a bed-chamber.

" When all the people in the house were gone to bed, I ventured softly to steal up to his chamber. He was walking backwards and forwards, with hasty and violent steps. I endeavoured to open the door; it was locked.---I entreated, with a low voice, that he would let me in.---I received no answer.---I kneeled upon the threshold, and supplicated, for more than an hour, for only a minute's hearing---but in vain!---he remained mute, and, at last, I heard him go into his closet, to be no longer teased with my prayers.---Inconsolable, I tottered back to my chamber, and there employed the whole of the night in drawing up a letter, in which I related the

whole adventure unadorned and agreeable to the purest truth.---Then, when the morning broke, I sent it him.---It came back with the seal unbroken. I overcame the dislike I had of making confidants of servants, tore the seal myself from the letter, and again sent it to him by my chamber-maid, open. She remained a considerable time.---I was, for half an hour, in the most fearful expectations.---At last she returned, and delivered me a sealed packet, which I hastily and tremblingly opened. I found therein my jewels, which he had in his keeping, an assignment for a weekly allowance of 2000 livres, and a billet to the following effect.

" ' Your tale is well imagined; but I know women* and the world. The last evening has separated us for ever. You will never see me again.---The enclosed assignment will keep you from want. But do not attempt to call the child, which you now carry in your womb, by my name, and thereby dishonour it. I wish you to quit my house to-day. The divorce I will effectuate, and will send you a transcript of all the proceedings.'

" This was too much!---thus spoke the guilty to the innocent, who, at most, could only be upbraided with indiscretion. My pride was roused---the

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* This is a very common sentiment with men of gallantry.—Yet, what do they know of women more than of men?—Do they find them more base, or more depraved than themselves?—Is the corrupted more iniquitous than the corrupter?

feelings of my unspotted honour dried my tears. I sent back the assignment of the yearly settlement, and quitted a house where faithful love suffered such undeserved ignominy. Deserted by all the world, with a reputation totally ruined, I fled to Holland, to a good and noble, but needy uncle, who, being childless, shared his small income with me.---There I brought a sickly boy into the world, whose ashes are covered by this urn.---There I became acquainted with your father, whose favour I won without desiring it.---The great age of my uncle, the wish to give my Philip a protector, determined me to become his wife, as different as our way of thinking even then appeared to me. Heaven also tore from me my darling boy, for whom this maternal sacrifice was not too heavy; but it rewarded me by your birth.---Dearest daughters, your tears please me well! Let my example be a warning to you.---Do not marry too early!---Pause before you make your choice; and if you are then deceived,---suffer in silence."

Here Lady Birkenhayn ceased speaking, and, quite exhausted, she reclined against the urn.

Babet and Charlotte looked down on the earth; tears glistened in their eyes; a dull and heavy silence reigned for some minutes. Babet, at last, turned and pressed her lips on the hand of her mother, then threw a look on Philibert, who had taken his place by the urn, and she screamed aloud!---The old man was lying on the ground in a swoon---his hands had convulsively embraced the urn.

The women jumped up. They supposed the sweltering heat of the day had made him faint, or that he was struck by a fit of apoplexy. Servants were immediately procured; he was carried into the castle, and put to bed, and every means carefully tried to rouse him. He opened his eyes, breathed long and heavily, and when he could again stammer, he begged for rest. He was left alone.

In the evening, Babet brought him some soup. He thanked her with emotion. She perceived that he had been weeping; she would have kept him company; he forbade it. "But in the morning early," she said, "I will be the first to inquire how you find yourself!"---He smiled sorrowfully and bowed.

The next morning, Charlotte stole softly up stairs, and listened for a long time at the door---all was quiet. She supposed he was still asleep; she went and returned again; at last she softly entered the chamber---it was empty.---She cast a look on the bed; there was no one lying in it. The soup stood untouched on the table. She was alarmed, and hurried to her mother.

He was sought for in the garden; he was sought for in the fields; every place was run over, but in vain!---Nobody had seen him---no one knew any thing of him. At last, a boy from a public-house in the same village, appeared with a note for Lady Birkenhayn: she read the following words, written with a trembling hand:

"At the grave of my child, cast off in its mo-

ther's womb, death shook me. Forgive me, Adelaide!---for God has taken powerful vengeance on me.---In this my dying moment, the thought is a consolation to me, that I received my last morsel of bread from thy hand.

"PHILIP, COUNT OF GUICHE."

Lady Birkenhayn let fall the note, hurried out weeping into the road, and arrived breathless at the village. Without asking, she rushed into the chamber---her eyes flew wildly about---the old man was lying in a corner, on the floor---he was already dead.---With a piece of chalk, he had with difficulty traced out near him,---

A GRAVE NEAR MY PHILIP.*

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* The Editor cannot quit this story without making a few observations on *Masquerades*.

That many an incident, equally as fatal in its consequences as the above tale of Kotzebue, and infinitely more iniquitous, results from these vortexes of licentious revelry, there is no doubt. At a *Masquerade* it is, that wavering virtue first learns to parley with vice, and forgets to blush—here, where she first disrobes herself of modesty, and loses sight of shame.—Parents, keep your daughters—Husbands, keep your wives, from *Masquerades*; or, if besotted with *pleasure*, you lead them there yourselves, and because you hold them tenaciously by the arm, think no evil can accrue,—remember—that corruption may enter at the eye, and at the ear, and find its way to the *heart*; and if the future conduct of your charge embitter your days, condemn *yourself*—you led her to a *Masquerade*.

STORY OF A RECLUSE.

" Religious hardships I would learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hour of prayer."

ROWE.

MELISSA, and the melancholy Recluse were visited nightly by the faithful Pedro, who never failed to bring them intelligence of what was going forward, who also contrived to contribute to their comforts. Melissa felt comparatively happy in the society of her pensive friend, who became every day more endeared to her; and she felt it would be impossible for her, even if any opportunity of escaping should present itself, to abandon so amiable a woman in this sepulchre of the living. She, therefore, exerted every effort, and used every argument in her power to prevail upon her to relinquish the melancholy resolution she had taken of ending her days among those dreary walls. One day, while she was particularly urgent on this subject, and endeavouring to extort a promise from her sad companion, to be the partner of her flight, the other, in a pensive style, and with agitated heart, thus addressed her.

" Know then, that in your presence, now appears the wretched, though once happy, O! yes, too happy! Marchioness Olivares, once the cheerful mistress of this now gloomy castle; rich beyond conception, in every blessing which could render life agreeable and felicitous in a princely fortune.

lovely children, and oh! above all, in the inestimable love of the most noble minded, most affectionate, and most generous of husbands. Alas! my brain turns!---my imagination wanders!---I cannot bear the cruel retrospect!"---Here the unfortunate Marchioness relieved her burthened heart with a copious flood of tears, which were mingled with those abundantly flowing from the eyes of the sympathising and loudly sobbing Melissa.

The Marchioness having recovered her pensive composure, thus proceeded:

"It would be tedious to you, and painful to me, to recapitulate all those series of purest pleasures which were once the sources of delight, and are now only remembered with poignant regret, as having fled, alas! never to return!---I shall content myself with saying, that I was a happy wife, a delighted mother, and surrounded with cheerful and affectionate friends, until the evil star which ruled my destiny, introduced into this castle, the perfidious brother of my beloved lord, the bane of my happiness and the persecutor of your youth and innocence. In short, the monster of iniquity, Don Gonzales, the present Marquis and proprietor of this castle. He was received with open arms by a generous and affectionate brother. I exerted all my arts to render his visit as agreeable as possible. We had *fêtes* and entertainments to amuse him. He saw us happy, and like Satan, when he contemplated our first parents in paradise, he envied our felicity, and he plotted to destroy it. Alas! too well has he suc-

ceeded! He departed for his regiment, but soon contrived to renew his visits, when he was received with fresh proofs of regard. He this time brought with him a ruffian, for his servant, who is now one of the chief instruments of his tyranny, and who every day, brings me the wretched morsel which supports my existence. This wretch, under pretence of playing with my sweet boy, a lovely infant, let him drop, as if by accident, into the river, where he was drowned, and his mangled limbs collected some days after, at a considerable distance.---This was the first blow aimed at my happiness. Don Gonzales expressed the utmost rage and grief at this accident, as it was termed. Roderiquez (for that is the villain's name), fled, and I was seized with a fever which for a considerable time deprived me of my senses. On recovering from this, I found some consolation in the caresses and endearing society of my beloved Marquis, and in the dear smiles of our infant daughter; but alas! this was but a transitory calm: my unsuspecting husband having received an order to attend his sovereign at Ildefonso, on his way he was attacked and murdered: his mangled body was brought back to the castle; and while I was still confined to my room, he was privately buried. On receiving this dreadful intelligence, my reason once more forsook me; and how long I remained in that state of insensibility, I know not; but on my recovery, I awoke to fresh affliction; being informed that my infant daughter had expired in a fit, and had been interred during my illness. Unable to

support these repeated and too heavy strokes of affliction, I sunk into a melancholy derangement, which, as I have since been informed, was sometimes interrupted with fits of raving madness. But alas! the strength of an excellent constitution enabled me to surmount all these difficulties, and restored me, to endure the horrors of a loathed existence, only to encounter new calamities in the shapes of persecution and insult.

"Don Gonzales, who had now assumed the title of *Marquis Olivares*, and had, as next heir, possessed himself of our extensive property, treated me, on my recovery, with much apparent politeness. In a few months, the rosy tinge began to revisit my cheek, and I began to feel some pensive composure at the idea of being permitted to spend the remainder of my days in a melancholy retirement, near the remains of my beloved husband and children; for I could never suppose, that he who had spent his life in a gay and military world, could, for a moment, harbour the intention of fixing his residence in the seclusion of Olalla *(the name of the castle)*. I was, however, much mistaken, and received some hints from the female attendant, that she was apprehensive the late melancholy events, which took place in the family, were contrived by the treachery and ambition of Don Gonzales. I could not for a moment believe, that such a monster existed as was capable of committing such crimes, for what appeared to me such inadequate purposes, as the succeeding to an estate and title. Alas! little did I

know of the treachery of man :---little then did I imagine, that such a monster was Don Gonzales. In a very short time, my suspicions began to be awakened by the gradual removal of my most confidential servants, who were dismissed in the most peremptory manner, without the smallest regard to my pleasure or convenience. I ventured to remonstrate with the new Marquis upon this treatment; but mark my surprise, when I was coldly informed, that his pleasure only should be consulted with regard to those who were, or who were not, proper inmates of this castle. I felt the full force of this insulting answer, and retired in silence to my chamber, to give a secret vent to the surcharged sorrows of my bosom.

" I now began to investigate the past; and the more I considered how a happy family was thus so unexpectedly and entirely destroyed in so very short a time, the more did suspicions of guilt attach themselves in my mind to Don Gonzales.

" Much as I wished, therefore, to remain near the ashes of my beloved family; for I had hopes, that the castle, at least, would be granted to me as a place of residence---I wished to retire from the presence of a man, who was never agreeable, but who was now, an object of horror to my eyes. I therefore, resolved to take the earliest opportunity of informing him of my intention, and requesting some mode of conveyance to conduct me to my friends.

" In a short time, an opportunity presented itself, and I made my humble request. He heard me

with evident surprise and embarrassment, and, assuming an air of tenderness, said he could not suffer me to take such a fatiguing journey, in the present unsettled state of my health; he also expressed his concern, that I should be in haste to leave a place where every thing was perfectly at my command, and recommended it to me to reconsider the proposal which both surprised and distressed him. I retired from his presence as if for that purpose; but there was something in his manner which determined me, more than ever, to persevere in my resolution to depart; I, therefore, soon informed him of my determination; but though he apparently acquiesced, yet he found means, under various pretences, to postpone the period of my departure. I knew not how to account for the strangeness of this conduct:---it never occurred to me, that the man whom I had supposed capable of destroying an affectionate brother, and his innocent family, would not hesitate to advance further in his criminal career; in short, I could never imagine, that not content with the title and estates of his unfortunate brother, he meditated no less than the gratification of an abhorred and criminal passion, and for that purpose, intended to despoil his own brother's wretched widow of all that now remained to her worth preserving---her honour. Yet such I ultimately discovered to be the villainous object he had in view. It would be disgusting to your feelings, my dear girl, to hear a detail of all the humiliating insults I was forced to endure, from this abominable wretch who

has assailed me with threats and promises alternately, in order to bend me to a compliance with his execrable wishes; but it pleased the Almighty to endue me with a firmness beyond the nature of my sex, and I resolved upon self destruction as the only means of escaping from the horrid fate which threatened me. I made several efforts to escape; but found myself strictly guarded; in short, I was a prisoner at large within the castle. Tormented with his dreadful importunity, I saw no refuge but in death, and I resolved to fly to it. One day, while I was walking on the ramparts, and while Roderiquez watched my motions at a little distance, I approached a part which overhung the bed of the river, and making a sudden effort, I leaped from the battlements into the stream, resolved to terminate a wretched existence. The river was deep and rapid, and the wide spreading of my garments, supported me in the stream. I was borne away by the current; but the alarm having been immediately given, I was snatched from a watery grave and taken into the castle in a state of insensibility: as I had not been many minutes in the water, I was soon restored to my recollection, and found myself in bed, with an old woman, one of his creatures, sitting beside me, who seemed much affected at my dismal situation; and prevailed upon me to take some wine, which very much refreshed me. She then began to inform me how much afflicted Don Gonzales was at the rashness of my conduct, and advised me to repent of the dreadful crime I had

intended to commit. I treated her observations with silent contempt, though I must acknowledge I have since repented most heartily, and shudder at the idea of the audacity which prompted me to dare the terrors of eternity.

" On recovering a little strength, I was permitted to take the air on the ramparts ; but never without one of his banditti at my heels to watch my motions. I sent him a message by the old woman, entreating, that he might suffer me to depart; but though nothing could be further from his intentions than a compliance with my wishes, yet, he returned me for answer, that I should be gratified as soon as the state of my health permitted. This hope cheered me once more, and reconciled me to life. I also imagined, that I had gained the old woman to my side, and prevailed upon her to convey a letter to Castle Blanco, to have it put in the post-office, directed to my brother, Don Ferdinand de Gusman, of Cordova; but the old hypocrite deceived me, and delivered the letter to my persecutor, who came with all the fury of a tiger to my chamber, asking me how I dared to accuse him of the murder of my husband and children ; and saying, that I had sealed my own fate for ever, by the contents of that letter, as imprisonment for life, should be my portion. Contented should I have remained even with this sentence, were I assured of the riddance of his amorous persecutions ; but I soon found, that I had more than ever, cause to fear the worst effects from his brutal disposition. He now threw off the mask,

spoke of force, and said he would be gratified. He continually indulged himself in wine, until intoxication inflamed all his savage passions. It now occurred to me, that during my fits of temporary insanity, as I was informed, he never attempted to come near me; and I thought it would be an innocent stratagem to effect madness for so desirable a purpose, as the preservation of my honour.--- When the perfidious old woman came next to see me, I gazed wildly at her, spoke incoherently, pretended not to know her, and displayed so many extravagancies, that she hastily quitted the room, apprehensive of mischief and supposing, that I was really mad. The news was immediately communicated to Gonzales, who observed, that I was subject to those fits of late, and that it would soon go off. In this, however, he was mistaken; for I contrived to heighten my symptoms every day, and having refused food for nearly a week, my looks soon became so wild and haggard, as not only to terrify every one who saw me, but even to frighten the brutal passion which possessed it from the bosom of Don Gonzales, who now, I perceived with pleasure, neglected me altogether, and left me to the care and mercy of the treacherous old woman, and the unfeeling Roderiquez.

" In about two or three months time, my unnatural persecutor condescended to visit me, and I perceived him start back with horror and surprise at my altered condition. I affected not to know him,

and appeared perfectly indifferent, but overheard him, as he departed, order Roderiquez to prepare the dark room beneath the western tower, for my reception, as a physician had informed him, that darkness and solitude were often found very successful means of restoring insane people to their senses: besides, he added, that he expected a numerous company to spend a few days with him, that all the apartments would be wanted, and that it would be highly improper to have a crazy person in the way, who may, perhaps, let slip some aukward expressions, calculated to excite the suspicions and curiosity of his visitors.

"Dreary as was the situation to which I was going to be consigned, I hailed it as a happy circumstance, and congratulated myself on having found an asylum, even in a subterraneous chamber of the earth, to shelter and protect me from his pestilential presence.

"Next day, I was removed to the apartment, or rather, dismal vault where we sleep. I am allowed a lamp to shed a melancholy light on the surrounding gloom; and every day, such a wretched morsel as you have seen, is brought to me by Roderiquez, who refreshes my lamp, and then departs. I have long been considered in a state of melancholy madness, and, indeed, I am but very little removed from it. I suffer them to think so, since it insures my quiet, as the utmost wish of my heart is to linger out a miserable existence in this dismal solitude,

until death kindly comes to my relief, and re-unites me in a better world with those whom I have loved, honoured, and cherished in this.

" Thus, my gentle friend, have you heard a brief relation of my misfortunes, and what may be truly called an epitome of my sufferings. You, therefore, may perceive, that I make no sacrifice in relinquishing a world, from which I have been so long estranged, and which no longer contains what once rendered it agreeable."

The sequel proves, that the young lady to whom she relates her story, is her daughter, who had been preserved by stratagem by a faithful servant;---and that her husband and son are both living; the former having been sold to slavery, and the latter saved from drowning by a goatherd. They are all happily united at the conclusion, and Gonzales meets a deserved punishment.

THE CELEBRATED WOLF OF NORMANDY.

" Sire!---There have been various afflictions practised upon mankind by the aid of sorcery, of which I have no doubt the Empress is well informed; and even men by the power of enchantment, have been transformed into beasts; but those who practice these abhorred arts, are more ferocious and de-

structive than the most savage inhabitants of the forest.

"There lived in Normandy a Baron, who was very comely in his person. He was also wise and courteous; was beloved by his neighbours, much favoured by his sovereign, and married to a noble and beautiful lady, for whom he entertained the warmest affection, which she appeared to return with equal sincerity. But she observed that her husband was regularly absent during three days in the week, and supposing that there must be something very extraordinary which could cause this periodical disappearance, for which the Baron appeared very unwilling to account, resolved to penetrate the mystery.

"Finding her questions uniformly evaded, and her curiosity baffled, the artful lady redoubled her expression of tenderness; bitterly lamented her frequent returns of widowed solitude; and affecting to believe that her husband bestowed on a mistress the many hours of his absence from home, persecuted him alternately with the bitter upbraidings of jealousy, and the most earnest entreaties, to remove her apprehension by the disclosure of the truth.

"The Baron made miserable by her remonstrances, earnestly conjured her to desist from an inquiry which might only lead to their permanent separation, and to the annihilation of their mutual happiness, by extinguishing her affection; but she was deaf to the voice of persuasion, and her tears and blandishments at last prevailed, and wrung

from the Knight the fatal secret.---" It had been his misfortune," he told his wife, " many years before, to win the affection of a lady who was deeply skilled in magic lore; that, repugnant to her practices, he had been unable to return her fondness, and had rejected the offer of her love. Her hatred was the consequence of his refusal; and exercising upon him the utmost malice of her diabolical arts, she had subjected him to the power of an enchantment, which transformed him into the shape of a wolf during one half the week!"

The lady, though she felt a secret horror at finding herself the wife of a wolf, dissembled her disgust; thanked him a thousand times for the sincerity of his disclosure, and then pursued her enquiries as to the manner of his transformation, and that of his return to his own shape. She was anxious to learn every minute particular of the extraordinary circumstance, and demanded to know, whether he quitted his clothes at the time of the metamorphosis, and was answered in the affirmative. How then did he dispose of his garments? To this question the Baron declined giving an answer. He assured her it was the utmost importance to his future fate, that this part of his story should never be disclosed, for, were the secret by any chance discovered, the removal of any part, even the smallest article of his attire, from the place of its concealment, would condemn him to wear his brute form through life! He observed, that if she loved him, she would have no wish to learn that of which the

knowledge would be useless to her, whilst its disclosure might be fatal to him.

But a pertinacious and obstinate temper will always find subtleties to counteract rational argument. The lady was even more bent on gaining this point of knowledge, than she had been to learn the former part of the history. "It was," she said, "a trifle compared with what she already knew; and that she certainly entertained no curiosity about it, and was very willing at all times to yield up her opinion to his; but then to be denied so unimportant a request, argued a distrust of her affection that she was unable to endure. If he loved her, he could trust her without reserve; therefore if he continued to deny her his confidence, she should be convinced that she had out-lived his affection, and would pine away the rest of her days in despair and misery."

What heart could withstand such an appeal! The Baron found longer resistance to be impossible, and acknowledged, that on the arrival of the moment, when by the influence of some irresistible power he was compelled to yield to the dominion of the enchantment, he proceeded to the ruins of an old temple, situated in the deep recess of the forest, where, in the excavation of a large stone, which was effectually concealed by an over-hanging bush, he safely deposited his garments until he should quit his four-footed form.

The lady declared herself perfectly satisfied both with the secret, and the proof of her husband's affection; and the happiness of the Baron now appeared

to him to be established in the firmest basis, whilst the heaviest calamity was in fact, preparing to overwhelm him.

The more the lady thought of her husband's story, the more envious she became of a power which, in her estimation, seemed to comprise the gratification of every wish in the ability of inflicting punishment whenever she received offence. The Baron's misfortune, instead of exciting her pity, and increasing, as it ought to have done, her affection, provoked only her contempt, which speedily degenerated into absolute aversion. She thought it a degradation to her charms to be the wife of a man subject to such an infirmity, and as she was now mistress of the Baron's fate, she quickly resolved to free herself from his claims as speedily as possible.

Those who have determined on the execution of a vicious project, are seldom tardy in finding out the means. This lady, therefore, cast her eyes on a gallant, whose love she had formerly rejected on account of his poverty, and sending for him, communicated to him her willingness to reward his passion, and taught him the secret of confirming her husband's metamorphosis. The young Knight had not virtue enough to resist the temptation; and the very next day took his way secretly to the forest, trembling, lest however, the Baron in his wolf's form should scent his purpose, and avenge him accordingly. No such accident however occurred; for the unhappy man usually spent the hours of his penance in a remote cavern; abhorring even that the

light of heaven should shine upon him in his deplorable abasement.

The ruins of the temple, described with such fatal accuracy, were found by the adventurer, and after a long and toilsome search, the excavated stone was also discovered, and within it the whole of the Baron's apparel, which the traitor instantly bore to his mistress, who received it with transports of joy; and when the Baron's friends had tried every means to ascertain what had become of him, and renounced all hopes of his return, and when the lady had affected a due continuance of sorrow for his loss, she married her new favourite, and bestowed on him the whole of the Baron's rich possessions, the fruit of their joint treachery.

About a year afterwards the king went to hunt in the very forest the unfortunate Baron inhabited, and after a chace which lasted the whole day, had nearly run down the enchanted wolf. The persecuted animal, whom hunger had forced from his cavern, perceiving his danger, and knowing his hunters, determined to throw himself on their mercy, and rushing from the thicket, ran straight up to the king, seized his stirrup with his fore paw, began to lick his feet, and with the most piteous cries to implore his protection. The king was at first most dreadfully alarmed by the gaunt size and shaggy appearance of the wolf; but his fears soon gave way to pity and admiration of the moving plaints and intelligent signs which proceeded from the animal. The hunters and the attendants crowded round to witness the

miracle; the dogs were whipped off; the king took the brute under his royal protection, and returned towards the palace, closely followed by his savage attendant, on whom he bestowed the name of *Garron*.

Garron, at first gazed at as a prodigy, soon became a universal favourite. He was fed with the greatest care, slept in the royal apartments, and though indefatigable in his attentions to the king his master, returned with gratitude the caresses of the courtiers; always however distinguishing with particular testimonies of fondness, those who had been the friends of his former condition. His gentleness, affection, docility, and above all, the extraordinary intelligence with which he appeared to be endowed, attracted general admiration, and his Majesty became so much attached to him, that wherever he went he was attended by the faithful and docile Garron.

The animal had resided at Court above three years, when a festival was held which drew together all the Barons and Knights of the king's dominions, and among others the husband of the false lady. Garron, whose gentleness was thought even to be more remarkable than his sagacity, followed the king into the assembly, but no sooner did the treacherous Knight make his appearance, than the animal attacked him with the greatest fury, and would have torn him to pieces but for the interposition of the king himself; at whose command alone would he lose his hold. Garron was now seized, chained,

and led away in disgrace; but all the time this was performing, he continued to turn his eyes, which seemed to sparkle with rage upon the Knight, and to utter the most furious howlings; nor did he cease his clamour, till the Knight, who was too severely wounded to remain a partaker of the festival, was placed in a litter by his attendants, to be conveyed back to his castle. The moment the equipage left the palace, Garron ceased to howl, and lay down in a state of great dejection.

Such conduct, however extraordinary as it was, could scarcely fail to be attributed by the spectators to a capricious and savage temper, and Garron lost all his favour in the sight of the courtiers, and in those of the king's domestics, each one apprehending danger to him from an animal of such uncommon size and strength, and subject to fits of provoked fury. The monarch, even partial as he was to Garron, could not defend him on this occasion, and during some months he was condemned to wear his chains, and lie in an outer court of the palace; till at length his perseverance in his former gentle manners restored him to favour, and he was again admitted to bask in the royal presence.

All things went on in their accustomed train, and the offence committed by Garron was scarcely remembered, when the court prepared to follow the king in a progress he meditated round the extent of the dominions. Visiting in the course of his journey the seats of his nobles, the monarch came at length to the castle of the Baron, where magnificent

preparations had been made for his reception by the wicked wife as lady of the manor.

When his majesty entered the hall of the castle, and the lady advanced to greet her sovereign, Garron, who saw her approach, flew upon her, and instantly tore her nose from her face. This act of cruel discourtesy to a lady excited universal horror and indignation, and the king himself taking part against his favourite, ordered him to be punished with instant death; when an aged counsellor interfered, and entreated that the execution might be deferred a few moments, while he delivered some opinions, which he thought it imported the king to know:—"This lady, sire," said the venerable man, "was formerly the wife of that Baron whom you tenderly loved, and whose unaccountable disappearance caused you so much regret. The Knight whom Garron first assaulted is the lady's present husband, and possesses by that claim the Baron's rich inheritance. This animal, sire, belonging to a species the most ferocious and untractable among brutes, being roused from his sequestred haunt in the forest, flies to you, and solicits, by intelligible signs, your majesty's protection, and having gained it, displays a sagacity approaching to human, and a gentleness of temper from which, in no other instance, has he been known to depart; yet, on the appearance of this lady and her husband, he becomes suddenly ferocious, seems to thirst for blood, yet attacks only them; and we all must remember, that the furious spirit that prompted him to his first

outrage, did not immediately subside, but raged in tremendous howls till the Knight had quitted the palace. These facts, sire, being compared, imply some mystery, which the lady, perhaps, if imprisoned and interrogated, could possibly discover."

This advice was loudly applauded; and in compliance with it, the execution of Garron was suspended, and the lady put into close confinement. The Knight had not courage to abide the result of her examination, but absconded secretly from the castle; while she, learning that her husband had fled, and stung with remorse, revealed the whole guilty transaction!

The suit of clothes which had been stolen from the ruined temple, were immediately produced and laid before the animal, who appeared to survey them with listlessness and inattention, and now seemed indifferent to the caresses of his royal master. The king, therefore, had again recourse to the opinion of the aged courtier, by whose advice the apparel was transferred to the king's bed-chamber, where Garron was left without witnesses to effect, if possible, his metamorphosis. In due time the king attended by two of his nobles, repaired to the chamber, and found the Baron in his natural form, asleep on the royal bed. His master immediately embraced him with the utmost affection, restored all his estates, and added largely to them from his bounty. The wicked wife was punished with death, her paramour condemned to perpetual banishment, and the female magician, who had effected the Ba-

ron's transformation, being condemned to be burnt for her sorceries, undid the spell, on condition of the sentence being changed into perpetual imprisonment.

Thus, sire, great as were the apparent enormities committed by the wolf Garron, had the Norman king persisted in his execution against the advice of his experienced, he would have committed a flagrant act of injustice. It is far better, O sire! that ten criminals should escape punishment, than that majesty should forget to be merciful, or stain the purity of the throne by shedding the blood of innocence."

A loud murmur of approbation ran through the hall at the concluding sentence. It was already an hour beyond mid-day, and the prince must necessarily live till the morrow. The empress darted indignant glances upon the crowd, as the emperor descending from his throne, preceded her from the assembly to the interior of the palace.

"Your majesty," said the empress to Dioclesian, when they were seated on that evening at supper, "may be compared to a large and flourishing vine, that once covered the burgess or citizen, who was in the practice of regaling himself and his friends under its shade. A sucker of uncommon freshness and beauty at length put out from the root, but after growing with peculiar rapidity, suddenly appeared to be contracted and languishing for want of room. The burgess enquired of his gardener how this could

be remedied, and was informed, that being overshadowed by a large branch of the parent tree, it did not obtain its due share of light and moisture. The branch was accordingly cut away, and the burgess and his kindred admiring the swift growth of the sucker, the beauty of its foliage and tendrils, a second and third branch were sacrificed to make room for its expansion; till at length the naked and unsightly appearance of the parent tree so disgusted the burgess, that he ordered it to be removed, and too late discovered that the growth of the younger vine had been too rapid for its strength, and that its fruit was premature, and without flavour.—You, sire, are the parent vine, and Florentin the sucker; which, long fostered under your shade, now grows with luxuriance, and only wants room for more expansion. But your people who at present delight in the freshness and bloom of his youth, will hereafter find, when they have destroyed the vine to make room for the sucker, that the fruit he yields will be unwholesome to the state."

MATERNAL REASONS UPON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

"All wretchedly deplore the present state,
And that advice seems best which comes too late."

DRYDEN.

In the gay capital of the young Prince Caius, or Sempronius, lived Charles Fernaw; a man possessing

a clear head, honest heart, and agreeable person. His mother, who still lived, resided with him; she was the widow of one of the prince's privy councillors, prided herself a little too much upon her rank, and required a great deal, not from necessity, but to shew the world, that she *had a great deal.* Those who require much, merely to consume it for the last reason, would, with the wealth of Crœsus, become beggars. The wish to embrace a daughter-in-law, lay, certainly, at the heart of the councillor's widow; but, if her son once mentioned a maiden, she was never the right one. Therefore, one day, he wrote to his frend, the secretary Welch, at Dresden.

" Your domestic happiness, which you paint in such charming colours, has, with all its pleasure, caused me also a little uneasiness.---Why is it not so with me?---I hear you repeat the word *why*---Ah! my friend! there are a multitude of reasons.---I do not marry, because, in my opinion, (that is, the one I generally adopt as good) I have never yet met with a maiden that promises me happiness.

" About a year and half since, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, whom I was accompanying to a ball. I found her handsomely and very neatly dressed. The desire to dance beamed with sprightly gaiety from her eyes. She was suddenly informed, that her old aunt was seized with a headach, and would be, that day, unable to read to her blind father. She instantly turned towards me, and said with an amiable voice: 'I am sorry to have given

you the trouble. But either myself or my aunt are accustomed to shorten the winter evenings of my blind father by reading to him. But I entreat you not to discover to him my eager desire to dance; for then he would not suffer me to remain at home.'

"I believe, my dear Ferdinand, that I looked very tenderly at the maiden, and took my leave in confusion.--- *This girl, I may certainly venture to marry*, said I to my mother, when I returned home.

"'Ah child!' she replied, '*she is by far too poor.*'

"Four months previous, in a morning walk, I met with a gardener's lovely daughter, who was learning her younger brother to read, and at the same time making nosegays with her pretty fingers, and rocking the cradle of her little sister with her foot. I looked at her unobserved, and beheld how alertly and amiable she performed every thing.--- After some time, she stood up; a basket was filled with the nosegays; her rustic father counted the flowers to her, and named the price. She went out. I followed her at a distance. She sold her flowers rapidly. Was the purchaser a youth, she remained serious, and uttered only monosyllables; but to women and aged men, she was cheerful and talkative. An old officer, who was much pleased with her, gave her some groschens* more than she asked.

* A groschen is about the value of an halfpenny.

She thanked him with a courtesy, and was highly pleased; but scarce was he out of sight, than she gave to a poor cripple who lay near her, the overplus, which she was not under the necessity of giving an account of to her father. On her return home, she met an old countrywoman who was resting awhile, and for that purpose, had placed her heavy-loaded basket by her side. To replace it on her head again, tortured the stiff old woman in vain. My little gardener's maiden assisted her, then went singing merrily on.

"*She I may certainly marry*---said I to my mother, when I returned home. 'Ah, child!' she replied, '*she is of much too low birth.*'---If I brought a *but* into the field, immediately my mother had three *buts* to oppose against it.

"As I was not absolutely in love with either the one or the other, I was complaisant enough to do her the favour, to let every thing remain as it was.

"On her side she had already proposed many to me; for example, the privy-councillor's daughter, who had passed a winter in Berlin, and attended Schlegel's lectures. Moreover, a rich merchant's daughter, who could even play on the harpsichord, and was sullen and peevish in every company if there was not an harpsichord in the room, or if she was not absolutely stunned with entreaties to play. Was that absolutely done, she complained bitterly of the compulsions, seated herself at last, and never again ceased thrumming. Again, a pretty miss of

quality, with a charming pug nose, who was always interrupting her mother, and entreating her to be quiet and silent, because she did not know what the conversation was about. Then have I said: *Dear mother, the one is too wise for me---the other too vain---the third, too pert and sawcy,*---and so, my mother allowed the matter to stand as it was. 'Never mind,' said she, in the mean time, '*there are girls enough.*'---Formerly, I myself thought so---but now, I am daily more and more convinced, that there are very few maidens---I mean good ones; more particularly in town, where their only wish is to please young men---outshine actresses---glitter by their talents; who decoy by scarce-concealed charms; where every maiden no longer conceals the experienced look of a young wife: conceives bashfulness to be stupidity---the blush of chastity to be the effect of the rouge-pot, and might learn modesty from any Naiad.* No, from the capital will I not choose a maiden. What would gaily and flourishingly bloom in the garden, must grow in the garden: the transplanted hot-house plant I will have nothing to do with. Willingly would I take a botanical tour round the country, and view the field-flowers, which, if they do not possess the form, yet

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* One would really suppose, that Kotzebue was depicting the females of London, among whom those domestic accomplishments which once characterized the English women, are quite extinguished by the blaze of vanity.

in rich fragrance, leave the auricula and the tulip far behind them; yet, alas! they bloom and fade unknown, between the dew-sprinkled grass.* But my mother is old and ailing; I must not leave her alone, neither will she leave me alone, as I am young and sickly.

"There are still many small impediments that extinguish every spark within me, at which Hymen might light his torch. My house is not large; the only good chamber that might be occupied by my future wife, is, at present, inhabited by my mother. Must I turn her out of it? Rather let me remain unmarried."

So thought and felt Charles Fernaw; and as he thought and felt, so he ever acted;---therefore, he remained single, till some years after, the child nursed mother died in his arms.

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* This reminds us of Gray's beautiful Elegy—

"And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desart air."

WRITTEN IN A BURIAL PLACE.

Ah me! and must I, like the tenant lie,
Of this dark cell, all hush'd the 'witching song,
And will not feeling bend his streaming eye
On my green sod, as slow he winds along;
And, smiting his rapt bosom, softly sigh,
"His genius soar'd above the vulgar throng!"

Will he not fence my weedless turf around,
Sacred from dull-ey'd folly's vagrant feet,
And there, soft-swelling in aerial sound,
Will he not list, at eve, to voices sweet,
Strew with the spring's first flow'rs the little mound,
And often muse within the lone retreat!

Yes;—though I not affect th' immortal lay;
Nor bold effusions of the learned quill,
Nor often have I wound my tedious way
Up the steep summit of the Muse's hill,
Yet sometimes have I pour'd th' incondite lay,
And sometimes have I felt the rapt'rous thrill.

Him, therefore, whom ev'n once, the sacred Muse
Has blest, shall be to feeling ever dear,
And soft as sweet sad April's gleamy dews,
On my cold clay shall fall the genial tear,
While pensive as the springing herb he views,
He cries, "Though mute, there is a poet here!"

THE GENEROUS LIEUTENANT.

"——— All that life can rate,
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate."

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. THOMPSON had not long been seated on the top of the coach before he perceived that his next neighbour was either very ill, or in great trouble, by several deep sighs which seemed reluctantly to force their way from an overcharged bosom.

His heart beat responsive to the sound; it was too dark to distinguish faces, nor did he recollect to have observed, on his getting up, whether it was a male or female next to him, nor was that a consideration: he chewed his quid some time in silence, till a sudden violent jolt of the coach drew forth a faint shriek from a female voice, and threw her in contact with the Lieutenant's shoulder.

"Avast," cried he, "take care how you steer, or we may roll over, d'ye see;---besides here seems to be one alongside not able to stem the upsetting.---Take courage, my good lass, lean against me and welcome, we shall soon come into some port, and you shall have a good swill of grog to cheer your heart."

"You are very kind, good sir," answered a feeble voice; "I am indeed, but little able to bear the rapid motion of the carriage, much less the sudden shakes; but I shall be better by and by."

"I hope so, I hope so," rejoined the Lieutenant,

" we shall get into smooth water presently, when we are off the stones."

No answer was returned, and a dead silence ensued until they came to their first stage for changing horses.

Thompson, on the appearance of a light, turned to look at his neighbour, and beheld the pale skeleton of a young woman, who seemed sinking fast into the grave, and scarce able to sit upright.---" Odd's my life, poor soul," said he, " you seem to want ballast; it will never do to steer this course. Why didn't you heave into the cabin ?"

" Because, because," replied she tremulously, " it was not convenient.---I have more air here."

" Yes, yes, but a few such squalls as we had some time ago, may turn you overboard;---you are not steady enough, my good lass, to keep your course here.'

He then called for some grog and biscuits, and jumped off to look in at the window of the coach;---" Aye, aye, here's plenty of room, here, you steersman, open the coach-door, and let us help that poor young woman into this birth."

" Why I have no objection, master," answered the coachman, " but you knows, outside and inside passengers are different things;---who's to pay the difference of the fare ?"

" Why *I will*," cried Thompson.

" No, no," exclaimed the invalid, " no, I entreat you, sir, I am very well here, indeed I am, I will not get inside,---pray leave me as I am."

" Lookye, young woman," returned the Lieutenant, " you are upon a slippery forecastle, you may be overship in the dark, and founder before help come to ye. So no more words, my conscience won't let me see you in danger, nor I sha'n't sit easy with you at my stern; so do, my good soul, let me put you safe under hatches, out of the way of squalls and foul weather."

The poor young woman saw it was in vain to contend with her humane neighbour, and however repulsive to her feelings to accept of the obligation, she was as little calculated to support the fatigue of her situation, as unable to pay the additional expence. She therefore, with tears dropping on her cheeks, silently permitted herself to be placed in the coach,---nor did she reject the biscuit, though she declined the grog.

" Mayhap," said he, " a gill of warm wine will do you more good," and without waiting a reply, he dashed off, and presently returned with it, entreating her to drink it. Not to disappoint him, she sipped a small quantity, and pressing his hand, said, " God bless you!"

The manner and the words shot through the heart of the poor lieutenant; but a summons from the coachman to resume his place, cut short all further conversation, and he jumped up to his birth, after tossing off his glass of grog, which he found very necessary to recruit his spirits.

When they stopped at the inn to dine, Thompson handed out his sick friend, with equal respect and

tenderness; nor did he neglect offering his hand to three other females in the coach, *one* of which only accepted it; the other two threw up their heads and coldly declined his assistance.

Thompson was not a man of observation; he knew nothing of the world, or of the secret springs of the human heart; he had no idea that he could have given offence by shewing humanity to a fellow creature, or committed an unpardonable insult, by "stowing a sick outside passenger into the cabin."

He gave his arm to the young woman, and conveyed her into a good room, where she was scarcely seated, before, to his great dismay, she fainted, and he loudly vociferated for assistance.

By the endeavours of the landlady, and the smelling-bottle of the lady who had deigned to accept Thompson's offered hand, the poor invalid soon recovered, and he left her to their care, "while he examined into the state of the locker,"—A fine piece of roast beef and a giblet pie were just going smoaking hot to the table; but though the scent was perfectly agreeable to him, he had consideration enough to think it might be too powerful for a sick stomach. He, therefore, asked if they had any new laid eggs, with a tart or two, for the poor young woman in the other room.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady, "we can give her a couple of eggs, and a nice custard, in a trice; but---a---as these things are not provided for the coach passengers, we shall expect them to be paid extra for."

" Very well," returned he, " carry them in, and *I will* pay for them."

He went back and told the invalid she would have an egg brought to her, and as soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls of beef, he would come to her again. Tears were only her answer, and he darted away followed by the lady.

" I admire your humanity, sir," said she, " for I find you are an entire stranger to this young woman."

" I don't know who she may be," answered he, stopping and bowing to the speaker, " but what of that, you see she is very sick, poor soul, and it is our duty to help forward a fellow-creature. She is bad enough, and I fear, will soon be in that port from whence there is no return."

" I fear so too, rejoined the lady, and it is from thence I feel much to admire in your kindness. Young men in this age rarely bestow favours on females without a view to self-gratification of some kind or other."

Before he could reply, they were summoned to dinner. Thompson, much pleased with the lady's kindness to the sick girl, and attention to himself, was particularly assiduous for her accommodation, without intending any slight to the other, or observing their haughty and indignant looks.

And here it is impossible to refrain from observing how much our own comforts in life depend upon our attention to those of others. The two ladies,

whose humanity was not proof against the affront of having an outside passenger, whose dress was as humble as her pretensions, obtruded upon them so unceremoniously by the lieutenant, whose wrapping great coat demonstrated, that "*he* was no great things, and equally low bred and impertinent;" sat in a disdainful silence until they arrived at the inn, when their anger burst forth in scornful observations, and a reprimand to the coachman, for admitting such low creatures into their society, who had taken outside places.

"As to low, or high," answered the man, "so they pay me the full fare, it's one and the same thing to me. Besides, the poor young woman was mortal bad, and he was a good-hearted fellow that offered to pay the fare, and all passengers are alike to me."

"Then you ought never to have persons of consequence in your coach, fellow, if you don't know how to behave yourself."

"I knows very well how to behave myself. I don't want to affront nobody," turned coachey, "the young woman was a clean, decent body, and as good as others, for the matter of that, seeing her fare will be paid."

"Don't be impertinent, fellow, 'tis plain you don't care how you insult ladies, so *you can be paid*. You would not have taken her into the coach without being sure of your money, though you presumed to force her upon us."

"That's another sort of a thing. I pity's the poor thing, and would sarve her with all my heart, but the coach is measter's property, and I musn't chouse him of his fare. But what signifies words about it, she is an inside passenger now, an he's an honest lad that lent her a hand."

The insulted ladies found it was in vain to contend: they encouraged each other in the idea of affronted consequence, and displeased that their companion had followed the two low creatures, they determined to send *her to Coventry*, and to preserve an indignant silence in the coach.

This wise resolution accompanied them to the dinner table, when to their extreme surprise, they beheld the lieutenant's uniform, and a figure, now disencumbered of an old wrapping coat, that he did not blush to exhibit in the most fashionable circles in the kingdom, though it wanted the polish of high life. He had a fine open, manly countenance, an easy air, and a heart that diffused the irresistible charm of good humour over a very tolerably set of features, setting at defiance both ill-temper and ill-breeding.

ON ENGLISH POETRY.

FROM BLAGDON'S PHŒNIX.

" I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound I rove from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made."

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

THE progress of a people in intellectual refinement, is clearly defined by their various literary productions; and perhaps no nation, ancient or modern, can exhibit more incontrovertible claims to the meed of poetical fame than the English. From Chaucer down to Cowper, a variety of poems in every species of metrical composition, display the merit of original excellence, and the flights of fancy in this happy island of liberty, fully justify the assertion, that " souls are ripen'd in our northern sky."

But, with all their genius, our early Poets evince a censurable remissness of morals; the Muse, whose proper office it was to instruct as well as to please mankind, incited by a desire of temporary popularity, rather ministered to the passions and appetites of the public, than endeavoured to effect a reformation of manners. This truth is but too fully corroborated by the humorous and obscene Tales of Chaucer, and many passages in the Plays of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Otway. As for the grovelling

herd of libertine writers, such as Wilmot Earl of Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, and their profane coadjutors, they flourished during a short season of fashionable depravity, like vermin invigorated by a summer's sun, and were then consigned by time to oblivion.

Shakspeare, indeed, though not altogether free from the censure of obscenity and profaneness, is nevertheless entitled to our admiration, if not our gratitude. He enriched our language, and contributed to the exaltation of moral sentiment by a peculiar cogency of expression: there is a certain characteristic manliness in his mode of thinking, which has doubtless contributed to the formation of that dignity of character never denied to Britons even by their enemies; yet every admirer of his transcendant genius must regret, that no judicious Critic has had the courage to expunge from his Plays those pernicious passages which communicate the contagion of levity and vice to an audience. The foibles and vices pourtrayed by the Poet are indeed natural; but to exhibit them so strongly is an error, not more defensible on the principles of taste, than it would be for a painter to present a view of a dunghill, or a wilderness overgrown with thorns and thistles, in a landscape.

The splendour of Spencer's imagination is to us obscured by obsolete diction. He is a Poet seldom mentioned and seldom quoted, for the imaginary characters of his Fairy Queen excite neither curiosity nor sympathy. His descriptions are indeed

beautiful, and his figures strongly drawn; but allegorical fiction soon wearies the attention, and the mind, naturally fond of truth, turns from the scenery of fairy land, to the regions of common sense and nature.

Cowley stands pre-eminent among the Pindaric or metaphysical Poets; but his extravagant flights have long since ceased to please. Such writers may be compared to brilliant meteors, which gleamed on the summit of Parnassus with momentary and perishable splendour.

Roscommon, Waller, and Denham, contributed to the harmony and correctness which English Poetry has since attained; but they added little of originality, and still less of moral vigour, to our national stock of poetic ideas. Denham has, indeed, the merit of having first taught our versifiers to combine moral sentiment with just description; but a more elevated genius had previously established British ethics.

It was the privilege of the immortal genius of Milton to ascend "*Into the heaven of heavens, an earthly guest,*" and to revisit earth fraught with celestial instruction, delivered in sublime Poetry, which might indeed be denominated the language of the Gods.

Dryden, that elegant high priest of licentiousness, has many claims to our approbation as a poet, but few as a moralist. In that licentious age when the worthless Charles turned the palace into a bagnio, and when panders alone were royal favour-

ites, the Muse was degraded by engaging in the service of vice; "*and giddy with delight profan'd the sacred Vines.*" Had Dryden flourished at a period more congenial to virtue, he would doubtlessly have left excellent and imperishable memorials of his genius; for, with all his incidental disadvantages, a certain sunny splendour of imagination illumines his pages, and many passages might be adduced demonstrative of poetic excellence. Pope, his admirer and imitator, has beautifully described his peculiar claims to critical approbation,

> ——————— Dryden taught to join,
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

C.

THE INVALID STRANGER.

> ——————I might call him
> A thing divine; for nothing natural
> I ever saw so noble.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"On arriving at the cottage, I found him for whom my assistance had been entreated, in bed. It is needless for me to describe to you his person, for you have already beheld it; suffice it to remark, that to have judged from his countenance at that time, you would scarcely have supposed him to have

lived a third of those years with the appearance of which corroding grief has now m[illegible]
I approached the bed, and as I s[illegible]
him, I beheld the wildness of ph[illegible]
and on taking his hand, which was e[illegible]
outside of the bed, into mine, the heat of a burning fever met my touch.

"Another brother of our monastery, named Austin, who was skilled in the art of physic, had accompanied me; he examined the symptoms of the sick man, and declared to me, that his patient was more ill in mind than in body. After a time he fixed his eyes upon us, and sent forth a groan of the most afflicting nature. 'Where is your pain?' asked Austin. 'In my heart, and in my head,' replied the stranger; by which answer he confirmed the opinion that father Austin had formed of his case.

"I knelt by the side of his bed at the request of the female who had summoned us to the cottage, and began to pray; he heard me with attention through one prayer, and then said, 'I have not offended heaven; I have no forgiveness to pray for; I am nevertheless ever ready to pay it my devotion. —Go on, go on, if you please,' he added, after a pause.

"I continued reading to him for nearly half an hour; he appeared to gain composure from my words, and, as I rose from my knees, with a second groan he sunk back upon his pillow, and closed his eyes.

" ' Oh mercy, mercy, holy Jesus!' cried the old dame, ' he is expiring!'

" Father Austin explained to her, that no evil of that nature was to be apprehended; that his malady was upon his mind; and that sorrow was a disorder, which although it wear the spirit of life to its extremity, is still slow in the progress of the devastation which it makes.

" ' His griefs are of a mighty, of an unparallele nature,' she returned.

" Who is the gentleman? I asked.

" ' His name,' she replied, ' is Glencowell.'

" A Welsh name, I returned.

" ' I believe it is,' she said.

" ' And his history?' rejoined father Austin.

" ' That you will never know from me,' she answered, ' nor from him, I dare venture to affirm; however from me, I am certain you never will: he has sworn me to secrecy; he need not have done that to ensure him the fidelity of old dame Frances; but I have lived to see that men may be driven by the weight of calamity, to distrust their firmest friends.'

" I understood you that your friend had an only child with him," said I, " but I suppose I was mistaken.

" ' No, you were not,' she replied, ' sweet babe! in yonder crib sleeps a little angel, who has never yet seen a Christmas morn.'

" Glencowell had overheard our conversation, and exclaimed, ' Protect, protect her heaven; shield

her from vice; remove her from the evil of temptation!'

"'Amen, amen,' sighed out dame Frances, and went and placed herself upon a stool by the side of the crib.

"Having passed nearly two hours at the cottage, and finding that repose was the only beneficial medicine which could be administered to him whom we had been called to visit; father Austin promised to provide him with some drops, for the purpose of composing his mind; and learning that he did not wish us to prolong our stay, we departed, taking with us the fisherman to bring back the medicine to his lodger.

"In our way to the monastery, he related to us such particulars as he was acquainted with concerning his guests; he said, That having been on the preceding day to a market town in the neighbourhood, to sell some fish, as he was returning home towards evening, along a solitary road which led away from the hamlet of St. Michael, to a sequestered spot where his cottage stood at some distance from the margin of the cliffs, he overtook a man who was leading a horse, upon which sat a woman, supporting in her arms an infant.

"The light was just sufficient for him to distinguish objects, but not features: and he would have passed by them without speaking, had not the man called out to him inquiring, Whether there were any house near at hand, where he could procure refreshment, and a lodging?

" 'I replied to this inquiry in the negative,' continued the fisherman. 'Great God! what will become of us?' exclaimed the man, on receiving this information. 'I am myself too ill to be able to proceed further to-night; my aged companion is sinking under fatigue, and my poor babe' —— his utterance became suddenly checked, as it appeared, by his tears.

" 'The wind was blowing sharply from the north, the rain and sleet were falling mingled from the sky, and driving in large sheets along the air; the infant was shrieking with the smart which it experienced from the cold; it was a scene that went to my very heart; and explaining to the man that my dwelling was one of the humblest of lowly roofs, I added, that if it would be any relief to him to pass the night in such shelter as it was capable of affording him, he should receive at it a humane reception.'

" 'What are the great,' he exclaimed, 'in comparison to thee? How much nearer art thou allied to heaven in that feeling which thou displayest for my wretched situation?'

" 'I conducted them to my cot, and no sooner had they entered it, than it appeared as if the strength of the man had been measured to the journey he had been destined to perform, for he sunk upon a bed, and lay gasping for breath, while the tears rolled down his quivering cheeks.

" 'They had with them no change of garments, and whilst my wife furnished the old woman and

child with a change of apparel from her coarse wardrobe, I bestowed the gentleman's steed in a hut adjoining to my cottage, and immediately returned to administer to the relief of its master.

" ' As comfortable a meal as it was in our power to provide, we served up to them; but repose was the refreshment of which they stood most in need; and having insisted on their occupying the only two beds of which we were possessed, we made up a straw pallet for ourselves in the outer room of our dwelling.

" ' This morning we found the gentleman by far the least amended of the three, by the repose of the night; the whole day he has refused all substantial nourishment; and towards the evening, his fever ran so high, that dame Frances judged it necessary to entreat from the brotherhood of your monastery, assistance both for his body and his soul; on which errand to your holy mansion she insisted on accompanying me; fearful as it seemed, of her request not being attended to, if she did not make it in person.'

" This was all that the benevolent fisherman knew of his guests. Father Austin detained him but a few minutes at the monastery, and dispatched him back with the medicine, and instructions in what manner to administer it to the patient.

" In the course of the following day, father Austin and myself again visited the stranger; we found him sitting up in bed, and contemplating his infant daughter, whom he held in his arms. He did not

appear to notice us on our first entrance, and we heard him say, ' For thy sake, sweet bud of innocence, I have made a vow to heaven to live out the portion of life which it hath allotted to me; my vow is therefore incomplete if I do not exert myself to fight against this destroying grief which swells my heart.'

" He paused, and we addressed him, inquiring after his health.

" ' It is as well as it probably ever will be,' he replied. ' I am glad you are come, fathers—I thank you for your attendance last night; for I think I recognise in your persons the same holy men who then visited me; I beseech you, let me have your prayers for the endowment of my mind with patient suffering.'

" We immediately complied with his request, and dame Frances joined fervently in our devotions.

" We continued regularly to visit him twice every day, and perceived that he struggled effectually, according to the promise which we had overheard him make to his unconscious child, to subdue that poignancy of sorrow, which, if indulged, must have led to a hasty termination of his existence.

" On the sixth day we found him risen from his bed, and his countenance less distorted by the writhings of affliction than we had yet beheld it; having conversed with him, he requested us to join with him in a prayer which he had been composing;

we complied with his petition, and the lines on which he laid the greatest stress, contained these words, and were thrice repeated in the course of the prayer :—' Lead the guilty to repentance, and preserve the innocent from temptation.'

" Those very words I heard him last night pronounce at the altar," said Reginald, interrupting father Benedict in his narrative, " have you ever discovered to whom they refer ?"

" Never," replied the father, " he has so closely concealed from every one his history, just as dame Frances informed us that he would do, that I have not been able to form any idea, who are the guilty for whose repentance he never omits to pray ; it appears most likely that it is for the preservation of his daughter from temptation, that he petitions heaven ; indeed I have little doubt of it, from the tender regard with which he viewed her the first time I ever heard him repeat the prayer of which these words form a part."

" I beg your pardon for having interrupted you in your relation," said Reginald, " pray proceed."

" It is nearly concluded," returned the abbot. " On the seventh day after Glencowell's arrival at the fisherman's cot, he requested to walk with us near the sea for the refreshment of the air; and in the course of our stroll, he informed us, that having experienced a misfortune of a very severe and domestic nature, it had once been his intention to quit England for ever; and for this purpose he had

been approaching towards the coast, when encountered by the poor fisherman, to whose humanity he considered his child to owe the preservation of her existence; but that judging it possible for him to live as much retired from observation on the spot where he now was, as he could do in any foreign country, he had changed his intention, and wished to procure some small, but comfortable dwelling in the vicinity of our monastery. 'My wish,' said he, 'of being able to settle my residence at a short distance from your holy mansion, arises, not from any desire of maintaining an intercourse with your brotherhood; for my powers of companionship are all dead within me, and I am but as a vegetable in the society of men; but because I shall derive a satisfaction from attending divine service in your chapel; for which indulgence I shall crave permission of your abbot; and it is almost the only request of which a refusal could give me pain.'

"Before we parted from him, he commissioned us to make application for him to this effect to our abbot; who judged it becoming in him to grant his request; and from that time he has been a constant attendant upon the morning and evening service of our house. Some difficulty for a length of time attended the procuring him a habitation of the nature he wished to find; but at last we placed him in the one before which you yesterday evening beheld him, and his daughter sitting. He rewarded the humanity of the fisherman in the most liberal manner; and he appears possessed of the means of pro-

curing for himself and his child every comfort; although it is equally a secret whence these means proceed, as is the cause which drove him from the world to the retirement he now lives in. I have however been able to gather one most satisfactory conclusion from the general tenor of his conduct, which is, that the pangs of grief with which he is even now not unfrequently racked almost to phrensy, proceed not from the remorse of any guilty action which he has himself committed; but from the recollection of some cruel injustice which he has received at the hands of others. Who they are, heaven and himself alone know. I have accidentally heard him drop expressions which have appeared to hint that his wrongs have flowed from those either high in power or affluence; for with the possessors of these qualities, with the severity natural to those who have been sufferers at their hands, he constantly couples the epithets of tyrants and oppressors."

"O, why will not the great display themselves truly pre-eminent in their pursuit of virtue!" exclaimed Reginald; "but we need not an afflicted Glencowell to tell us that they use their power to shield their vicious inclinations from punishment; and to lash those actions as crimes in their inferiors, which it is an offence against their dignity for others to consider even as errors in themselves."

"Cease, cease my son, revert not to that which you must for your own happiness endeavour to obliterate from your memory; for the wounds which

injustice inflicts, heaven has always a balm in store; no more, no more of this; you feed discontent by dwelling on the causes from whence it arises," answered Father Benedict.

"Had I endured my wrongs from any man but a father!"—said Reginald—the signal for dinner was now sounded, which constrained them to break off their conversation and enter the refectory.

THE CAPTIVE NUNS.

"Think thou a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?"

"She has now been some days in your possession," observed Randolf; "have you made any progress with the fair Nun?"—

"Not I!" replied Gero; "she is a miracle of beauty it's true; but her obstinacy equals her charms. Since the day that I captured her on the road to Zurich, I have been able to obtain nothing from her but tears and entreaties for her liberty; and as to proceeding to violence, I am too much afraid of the resentment of holy mother church, or I should put an end to her resistance before to-morrow morning."

During this conversation Ida remained silent, and abandoned herself to the melancholy reflections excited by the increased consciousness of the excera-

ble society of which she was so unfortunately become a member. But know, when she found that she had a companion in misfortune, and that a person of her own sex (a virtuous and persecuted Nun) was so near her, a sentiment of secret satisfaction and hope infused itself into her bosom.

" Oh! sir knight," she exclaimed, addressing herself to Randolf, " how happy would you make me, would you but procure for me the company of sir Gero's captive! it is disgraceful, it is dreadful, for a young maiden to be alone in a society entirely composed of men and strangers; and I feel that the presence of a person of my own sex, would be to me a source of the greatest consolation! it would conduce beyond all else, to make me endure my confinement with resignation! Oh! good sir Randolf, plead for me with your friend, and persuade him to allow me this unexpected pleasure."

The smile, with which she accompanied this request, ('twas the first which played upon her lips since she became a captive) was irresistible. As she pronounced the last word, she extended her hand towards him, and he kissed it with rapture. A wish, exprest in a manner so fascinating and so unlooked for, was a law to the enamoured robber, and addressing himself immediately to his companion, he enforced her request with so much energy, that Gero, with a sorry grace, found himself compelled to grant it.

" Now then," said Randolf, as he left the tent with Gero, " now then you can judge for yourself,

which of our modes of treating our captives, is most likely to succeed at the long run. When did your Nun ever speak to you with such gentleness, or favour you with so sweet a smile? when did she ever extend her hand towards you of her own accord, and suffer you to press your lips upon it? credit me, Gero; send her to my mistress, and I will bet my head upon it, that before long, half her obstinacy and aversion will have disappeared. You see, how complaisant I have made the lady Ida; and it only requires a little kindness and flattery well applied, to make our religious ladies just as tame and as obliging, as their sisters of the wicked world."

In the course of the day Randolph returned to inform Ida that she must not expect the visit of the captive Nun till after midnight.

"My friend," said he, "is obliged to keep it a profound secret from the greatest part of our companions, that such a prisoner is in his possession. That he has a mistress, indeed they are aware; but it would make a terrible uproar in our community, were it known that Gero had carried off a Nun; and many among our associates, who would think nothing of half a dozen murders, would expect the rock to fall and crush us the very next moment, for daring to lay sacrilegious hands upon a damsel dedicated to heaven. To be sure, we violated no sanctuary to get at her, for we found her trotting along the high road, when she ought to have been quiet within the walls of her convent; but still the very sight of a veil has such influence over the com-

mon rabble, that Gero does not think it prudent to bring her to your tent except under the protecting shadow of night. He also implores you by me to reward him for this compliance with your wishes, by persuading her to lend a more favourable ear to his passion: he is also desirous of learning her name, which hitherto she has obstinately concealed; and above all he is anxious that she should lay aside her religious habit, which hourly exposes him to danger from his superstitious associates. I know what you are going to observe: you believe, that it is nothing but respect for this habit, which preserves her from Gero's violence; but I swear to you by every thing that is most sacred and solemn, that neither she nor yourself have any thing to fear from the men whom adore you. Our intentions towards you are the most honourable: we have great designs in hand, whose nature I am not as yet permitted to disclose to you; but be assured, that should they succeed, the countess of Werdenberg and the fair Nuns will have reason to bless the day when they fell into our hands, and thus escaped being immured for life within the gloomy walls of a convent; a fate from which *she* has been rescued, and to which you were doomed."

The prudent Ida (who saw that favours, which had cost her so little, were so well rewarded by her grateful admirer) took good care not to contradict the robber. She answered him by a thousand thanks for his intercession with Gero, and for his assurance of regard for her welfare; and she then

dismissed him with a smile so gracious and so sweet, as riveted his chains for ever. When beauty and sense are united in the same woman, alas! what puppets in her hands are the mighty lords of the creation!

Midnight arrived—the breasts of both the captives throbbed with impatience for the moment of meeting, though they knew not what made them so impatient. Never seemed time to move so slowly with Ida, as while she waited for the stranger's arrival; and on her side the lovely Nun quite trembled with joy, while she followed her conductors to the tent, in which (so Gero had informed her) she should find a companion in captivity, whose heart was prepared to sympathize in her misfortunes.---The robbers conducted her to the door of the tent; but thinking it would be most agreeable to the ladies, that their first interview should pass without intruders, they suffered her to enter alone.

It was well for both the captives that this meeting took place without witnesses.---Ida was sitting in a melancholy posture, when she heard an approaching footstep.---She started up, and beheld by the pale gleams of her lamp, a tall light figure, whose face was covered with a thick veil, advancing from the entrance of the tent. She hastened to meet her, but uttering a loud cry, she started back again. The religious habit worn by the stranger, was but too well known to her.---It was the long grey garment decorated with a golden cross upon the breast, in which she had so often seen the Nuns gliding

through the cloisters of Engelberg; and the white veil, edged with black, and falling to the very ground, was of that particular form appropriated to the Order of the Zurich Sisters. The veil was now hastily thrown back: Ida gazed eagerly upon the stranger's features, and astonishment, joy, and tenderness, was carried to the highest pitch.

"Constantia!" exclaimed Ida.---

"Oh! Heaven! it is my Constantia!"---

"Ida! my Ida!" shrieked the Nun: and clasped her almost fainting sister to her bosom.

And now the sisters wept for joy to think, that they were once more united; and now they wept for grief at reflecting, that this union had only made each a partner in the other's captivity. At length, having sufficiently collected their scattered thoughts, they made mutual enquiries as to the events which had produced a meeting so unexpected. Ida related the long and fearful tale of adventures which had so rapidly crouded upon her since Elizabeth's wedding; on the other hand, Constantia briefly stated, that on her way back to her convent at Zurich, her party had been encountered by a band of robbers: the cloister-vassals, whom the abbess had sent to protect her, were soon put to flight; and thus was she brought into the hands of Gero, whom she had the misfortune to inspire with so violent a passion, that he purchased her from his companions with his share of the booty arising from the whole produce of their excursion.

The night past away in mutual congratulations

on this meeting so unexpected; and when morning broke, they recollected that their plans for the future were still unarranged. They had now only time to settle, that as the knowledge of Ida's rank had only served to make the robbers consider her possession as of double value, it would be most prudent to conceal Constantia's real title; and accordingly she resolved to resume her former appellation of Mary Tell, an appellation under which she had past the only happy part of her existence.

When Randolf the next morning inquired of Ida what she thought of the fair Nun, she replied, that her society was extremely pleasing, and would be much more so, were it not for a certain coldness and reserve, which probably would wear off upon further acquaintance. In a few days she informed Gero, that she had discovered the name of his mistress to be Mary Tell: and thus did Constantia avoid the dangerous importance attached to the title of a countess of Werdenberg. By her sister's advice, she abated somewhat of the haughty coldness with which she had hitherto represt the addresses of her ferocious lover; though they both judged it unwise for her to comply with his request, that she should lay aside her religious habit. This had hitherto been the means of protecting her against more violent means of enforcing his passion; and they were of opinion, that too many restraints could not be well imposed upon an affection so ill-regulated as the sentiment which Gero dignified with the name of love. However, gentle looks and

expressions of gratitude for his attentions, were not occasionally refused by Constantia: Gero had been so little accustomed to be thus mildly treated by her, that even these trifling condescensions appeared to him of inestimable value; and when in return for his assurances of future respect, she one day deigned to extend towards him her alabaster hand, the robber was so transported, that he took the first opportunity of thanking Ida upon his knees for a change which he attributed entirely to her powerful influence, and which he implored her to exert still further in his behalf.

"Noble lady," said he, "you have often heard Randolf hint, that we have great plans in agitation, whose chief object is the promotion of your interests; nor are they unconnected with the happiness of myself and my adorable Nun. A dreadful oath forbids my saying more on this subject at present; but rest assured, when the time for explanation will be such, as must perforce content you. In the mean while suffer me to make to you one request. It is necessary for the success of our undertaking, that yourself and the lovely Mary (together with our jewels, gold, and all things which we possess of value) should be removed from this valley, to a retreat, at some distance. During the journey, and your residence at this new abode, promise me, that you will keep a watchful eye over your companion, on whose attachment I can by no means rely with the same confidence which Randolph places on your's. In this respect he is far more fortunate

than his friend; since the kind reception, which he never fails to meet from you, in spite of the awe with which your modest air and dignified demeanour inspire him, leaves but little doubt, that you are sensible of his worth, and will in time be disposed to reward so steady an attachment. Besides this, I am convinced, that you have too much solid understanding to think of escaping from a place, whose very nature will convince you, on your arrival, that any such attempt must be unsuccessful; but no one can say, what dangerous impossibilities a nun may not be induced to undertake, animated by religious enthusiasm, and confident in the supposed protection of the saint, to whom her service is dedicated. These illusions may heat her brain, till she desperately braves every peril, overlooks every difficulty, and will draw down inevitable on her own existence, while she leaves me to lament over my baffled hopes. Then mark me, lady!---watch over Mary's steps with unceasing assiduity: when we again meet, restore her to me safe and lovely, as I now leave her; or never hope to see yourself reinstated in your claims by the valour of my arms, and those of my companions, nor restored to society by the acknowledged title of Countess of Werdenberg, and heiress of the wide domains of Torrenburg, Carlsheim, and Sargans."---

VESPER HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

O THOU! that thro' the veil of night,
The way-worn wand'rer's steps canst chear,
And dart fair hope's reviving light,
O'er prospects desolate and drear!
O! let our sighs ascend above,
Sweet mother of celestial love!

To burst sin's adamantine chain,
Thy glorious son forsook the sky;
And paid man's forfeiture of pain,
By guilty man condemn'd to die;
From thee have sprung our hopes above,
Sweet mother of celestial love!

As placed on his eternal throne,
Thy radiant Son's blest cares incline;
O make sweet saint! our suff'rings known,
Be thou our mediatrix divine!
O! let our sighs ascend above,
Sweet mother of celestial love.

THE PROTECTING SPIRIT *.

———" When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye."

SHAKSPEARE.

FATIGUED, like a day-labourer on a Saturday evening, Jean Renard, a merchant of Brest, threw himself on his bed on the Sunday, to slumber over to a better life. He already stood at that gate which has nothing terrible about it but the dreadful porter; the angel of death had already beckoned him in. Then he turned round once more to his two children, and the last tear glistened in his eyes.

" Brave Philip," said he, " my sweet Babet! I can bequeath you nothing but an honourable name and this little cottage, in which you were born. You, my son, think on the industry and integrity of your father!—You, my daughter, reflect on the patience and virtue of your mother! To both, let the affections and unanimity of your parents be ever present.---Philip, be to your sister, the manly protector!---Babet, be to your brother, the gentle assistant. Lay your hand in my cold hand, and promise me piety and virtue, and the indissoluble union of brotherly love.!"

* Of this story, Kotzebue, (who is the author) says:— " Excepting some insignificant embellishments, this story is a fact, and happened in the years 1760—1766."

They laid their hands in his cold hand: their tears blended with the chilly sweat of death on their father's forehead, and as they still stammered, the glorified had already passed through the gate, and as it closed after him, behold then, the countenance of the porter became friendly and kind; he stretched forth his extinguishing torch, and lighted it again at the eternal lamp.

The deserted orphans firmly embraced each other in the darkness of life. Babet hung to her brother as a child to the petticoat of its nurse. Philip reflected on the last parental words, and that elevated courage, flamed through his bosom, which often bursts out on our own necessities, yet rises into action when the hurried eye of a dearly beloved female calls for our assistance.

As familiar and contented, as calm and confined, they lived for almost a year. The little confined house, the scanty inheritance of the brother and sister, adjoined a large store magazine, which, one stormy night, burst into flames. Before it was possible to rouse Philip and Babet out of their first sleep, their cottage was already on fire. Scarce covered by her night clothes, the lovely young maiden ran out into the street and cried for help; but in the greater misfortune, the lesser was forgotten. Every hand was occupied in the preservation of the magazine: no one concerned himself about the cottage. Yet Philip tarried beneath its burning roof, at least, to secure his papers, till, at last, the cracking of the bursting rafters drove him out. He

sought and found his mourning sister who was weeping aloud, and wringing her hands, whilst he, silent and torpid, looked on his little burning property.

A stranger in a white cloak, passed several times by the brother and sister; he heard Philip's first words, that were spoken with gloomy coldness---"*Be calm, sister---it is the heavy hand of Providence.*"---He asked, with the gentle tone of compassion---"Have you also lost by this fire?" "*Every thing!*" said Philip, cutting him short, and looking before him, with fixed eyes.---"*Every thing!*" repeated Babet, in a trembling voice, while she raised her hands and eyes to heaven. Terror had chased the blood from her cheeks, but the flames reddened her countenance, and her scarce concealed virgin bosom. She was as handsome as a bride, on whose couch the rays of the morning sun steals through the red silk curtains. The stranger raised his hat a little from his eyes, and let the white cloak fall from before his face, as if he would inhale the charms of Babet with all his senses.---"Can I serve you?" he turned politely to her brother.

Philip looked at him doubtfully; it was a cold October night, and it began to rain; necessity overcame all reflections.---"A shelter, sir," he answered, "a shelter only for this night."

"For this night and for ever!" replied the man in the white cloak---"I have chambers in my house that are superfluous to me, and which I will willingly give up to you until your house is rebuilt."

" If the rent will not be too high for an impoverished man ?" faultered Philip.

" The rent !---no, sir,---the thanks of a worthy man is all I lay claim to, and I also wish that *they* may not even once be expressed aloud ; for I am so rich, that I should be ashamed of your thanks."

" May I know the name of the angel ?" stammered out Philip, " whom Providence has sent to me on this melancholy night."

The stranger modestly mentioned the name of *Laurangais*, and, at the same moment a fire-engine drove so violently by, that Babet was almost caught hold of by the wheels. This accident, and the rain, which increased almost to floods, prevailed on Babet to accept the offered hand of the complaisant stranger : he made way for her, and led her out of the throng : timidly, she looked round for her brother, who then cast a last glance on the smoaking ruins of their poverty, and then slowly followed, without knowing whom or where.

The name of *Laurangais* was unknown to him. His trade had allowed him no time to concern himself with any other names than those of his correspondents ; and he even did not before suspect, that the stranger in the white mantle was a nobleman, till they arrived before the gates of a splendid palace, and where a loiterer of a porter humbly received them, and called his new friend, *My Lord Count*.

At the word *Count*, Babet drew away her hand, in the greatest alarm from her conductor, who yet

did not appear to pay any attention to it, but was occupied in whispering some words into the ear of the Swiss. Immediately, servants hurried up with lights, and conducted the new comers across the court, to an elegant neighbouring building, at the entrance of which, *Count Laurangais* modestly took his leave, and wished his guests as gentle repose, as the melancholy event of the night would allow them to hope for.

The brother and sister found a dwelling, containing from four to five neat chambers, not splendidly, but elegantly furnished, ready for their reception. The servants quickly and politely served them with every thing necessary, then left them to themselves.

The following morning, the wife of the house-steward appeared, an old active gossiper; she lamented the late accident; celebrated the benevolence of her master, and exposed a bundle of linen and clothes of which the poor half-naked Babet stood in great need. Towards mid-day, the Count himself appeared.---He was a handsome young man, who was a perfect model of the polite world; and he allowed so little merit in what he had done, that his presence was not more oppressive than that of a common benefactor. He pressed upon his guest a noble advance of money, that would place him in a situation to preserve his credit uninjured. The torpid dejection of the poor man disappeared; he raised his eyes from the floor, and cast a calm look

into the future---his silent gratitude, and Babet's tears, rewarded the Count.

The plan of our work, will not allow us to continue the story *ad literatum*; we must, therefore, briefly say, that, in length of time, Philip was roused from his repose by the hints of an old friend of his father, who told him, that the Count was a celebrated voluptuary, and that it was commonly believed abroad, Philip had betrayed and sold his sister to him.---The story then proceeds:

Philip gnashed his teeth with fury and wept in agony.* It is true, not the least doubt yet arose, either against the virtue of his sister, or the vices of the Count;---" for," said he, " let the Count be what he will, he is my benefactor, and as such, is incapable of injuring me."---But, to save the reputation of Babet, he resolved immediately to withdraw from the house, and, with this resolution he hurried home.

He found his sister alone;—it appeared to him as if her eyes were red from weeping. He walked backwards and forwards in great agitation, and endeavoured to find words for a forbearing representation. Babet observed, that something unusual had happened, and followed him with timid looks. His

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* Kotzebue, when considering him as a *dramatist*, is extremely erroneous in some essentials of that profession.—A person cannot be *furious* and *cry* at the same time. *Fury* is *anger*, and anger does not weep.

feelings became insupportable; he collected all his powers, and began with gentleness, and forbearance, to pour out his torture into his sister's bosom. He held her trembling hand in his; bright tears rolled over his cheek; he spoke with fraternal cordiality, and was not aware that he was lacerating the heart of poor Babet. Yet, with what horror was he seized, when, at the repetition of the words of his father: "*Think on the virtue of thy mother,*" he saw the poor girl suddenly throw herself at his feet, and, with the screaming of despair, heard the acknowledgment from her trembling lips---"SHE WAS SEDUCED!"

He tore himself from the sisterly arms that clang round his knees, rushed into the next chamber, locked the door after him, threw himself on the bed, and pressed his face on the pillow as if he was hiding himself from a spirit that was extending its cold hand after him.—Thus he laid for many hours.---The sobs of Babet, her moaning at the door, her heart-penetrating voice crying---"Brother, dearest brother!" at last roused him from his horrid torpor. He heard the poor Babet sink down before the door, lamenting and weeping. Alas! he entertained no resentment against her.---Only on *himself* did he vent the bitterest reproaches, that he had so neglected to follow the last will of his father; only against himself did he complain, that he through carelessness, had been the founder of this sorrow.

He opened the door---took Babet affectionately in his arms, consoled her, and entreated, that she

would only leave him for an hour, that he might reflect what was his duty in those melancholy circumstances.---Babet tottered out---Philip recovered his courage, and before the end of the hour, he had formed his resolution.

With that cold serenity which misfortune cannot rob us of, if in the temper of passion, we preserve alive the spark of reason, he came out of his room, entreated his sister to make herself ready to follow him to another house, and, as to the rest, to leave to him the revenge of her injured honour.

"Ah Philip!" said she, trembling---"what will you do?---I love the Count!---I shall be his wife---he has sworn it to me!"---

"Has he so?---so much the better!---do you think he will keep his word?"

"He will---as soon only as certain relations——"

"Did he speak of relations?---I understand---Our *honour* is the first relation that he must again restore.---Enough, sister---I will act as becomes me---no precipitation---neither any meanness.---For the present, you must not see him again.---Will you promise me that?"

She gave her hand---she promised to obey him as her father.---He left her.---She locked the doors.

Philip now, immediately, sold his little spot of freehold, for which he had often been bid in vain, and on which he had hoped once more to erect a little cottage from the rubbish of the old one, that he might again recal to mind the scenes of his infancy. He was perfectly contented if he could only

scrape as much together as would repay the Count's advances. Willingly did he allow per-centage, that the purchase-money might be paid on the spot. Hastily did he sweep up the gold, and the next moment, stood panting at the anti-chamber of the Count.

He was announced.---The Count advanced kindly towards him, and rejoiced at the extraordinary visit. Philip requested some private conversation :---the Count was embarrassed, looked at him inquisitively, and discovered the convulsion in his muscles, that in the presence of his valet, struggled with a forced smile. But the man of the world knew how to command himself; his mien remained soft and serene; he took Philip by the hand, and led him into his closet, and invited him to take a seat on the sofa; but he planted himself before the door, silently drew out his purse of gold, and counted out the borrowed sum on a table.

" What are you about, my friend," demanded Laurangais.

Philip gave his answer; but the tremor of his hand betrayed the emotion of his soul. When he had finished counting, he turned round to the Count and said, " There, my lord, is my debt, together with the interest."

" Your debt?---who has reminded you of it?---why would you rob me of the pleasure of sportin with that which is superfluous?---and even the interest!---My good friend! you wrong me."

Philip did not answer, took up his purse---took out more gold, and began again to count.

" Still more !" stammered the Count, whose embarrassment became even more visible---" Are you still indebted to me in any thing ?"

" Most certainly," replied Philip---" here is the rent of my chambers, rated as high as if I had resided in a tavern."

" Sir," said Laurangais, in a rage, " I am no landlord;---my chamber only stands open to my friends."

" O !" answered Philip, with a bitter smile, " I know to whom they stand open. Enough, my Lord Count, we are quits---I have paid you to the utmost farthing---I now expect the same from you."

" From me !"

" Yes, my lord, pay me for the honour of my sister !"---The Count turned pale.---Philip continued.---

" On that unhappy night, when the fire consumed my little property, I murmured against Providence ; supposed that it had robbed me of every thing, I, most ungrateful of wretches !---We still possessed a treasure that no flames could destroy---an honourable name !---we were still rich in innocence and virtue.---Now, for the first time, my lord,---now, I am a beggar.---You have violated the rights of hospitality.---You have degraded my sister to a lost, outcast creature---and now I demand of you, will you also make the brother a *murderer ?*"

" Mr. Renaud!" stammered the Count, with pale trembling lips.

PHILIP. " The poor orphan has no friend in the world but me; I alone, must speak and act for her; (he approached a few steps nearer the Count) still is my belief in your integrity not wholly extinguished.---You have promised my sister marriage.—Was that your serious intention? Do you really love her?---shall Babet become your wife?---I entreat you for a determinate answer."

The Count had a little recovered himself; gently and with dignity, he requested the youth not to suffer himself to be transported by anger, but to give ear to cool reason. He repeatedly confessed, that his passion for Babet had drawn him certainly beyond the boundaries of virtue; that he had made a false step, which to repair in the most dexterous manner, was his duty. Willingly, most willingly, would he do all that his situation would allow him to do. He should even pride himself as fortunate, in calling Babet his wife, if it only depended on himself; but his connection with the court, prejudice---silly relations---and particularly, a rough uncle, whose only heir he was,---all this would, at present, render such a step the highest indiscretion. ---" In a few years," he added---" all impediments may be removed; till then, Mr. Renaud, allow me to take care of the happiness and fortunes of my dear girl; she will want for nothing; neither for the present nor the future, shall she dread want--and also, you, my friend——"

"Have you nothing further to say to me?" interrupted Philip.

"You are too reasonable," added Laurangais, "to require more of me at this moment. You will make your sister doubly unfortunate, if you desire I should destroy my whole political existence by a rash step."

Philip looked at him with contempt, and drew his sword.* "Defend yourself, my Lord."

The Count. "How, Mr. Renaud!---unarmed!"

Philip. "In that corner stands a sword; you need only reach your hand to it."

The Count. "Recollect yourself, friend."---

Philip. "Ha!---my father on his death-bed confided to me the honour of my sister:---preserve it I can no longer---but revenge it!---Come, my Lord Count, without further delay."

Laurangais made a motion, which betrayed, that he was about to seize hold of a bell-rope that hung down over the sofa. Philip observed it, and instantly drew a pistol from his pocket.

"My lord!" he cried furiously, "if you will not give me satisfaction,† as a man of honour, I will shoot you like a highwayman!"

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* For the information of the young reader, it may not be amiss to observe, that at the time of this story, it was the common custom for every person of genteel appearance to wear swords.

† This is the common phrase in duelling. But it is most ridiculous. There is always an equal chance for the challenger

made him, although very unwilling, the proposal of quitting St. Domingo, and with what he had gained, to commence business on his own account, in some other West-India island. He promised to support him with all his credit, and even to make him a present of a new ship which he had lately purchased.

Philip seized this offer with the utmost eagerness. He kissed the old man's hand; a lively spark kindled in his languid eyes, and with restless activity, he began to make preparations for his departure, and, if possible, to fly from the country.

When Francisca was made acquainted with this sudden resolution, she shut herself up in her chamber, and wept bitterly. She felt, that she alone was the cause of this exile which would again give up the noble youth a pray to the storms of fate. And yet, what could she do but weep, and weeping, bless him. She feigned indisposition, remained in her chamber, and worked a flag, with which she intended to decorate her father's presented ship.

On a large white cloth, she embroidered an angel, who held in his hand the plant called *Forget me not.* The feelings that animated her in this work, gave to the figure an illusive life. The angel smiled, and yet a trace of silent sorrow plainly clouded his brow.

The flag was now finished, the ship ready to sail, and the departure of Philip fixed for the next morning. Then did Francisca, in the twilight of the evening say to her friend, with beating heart, " Go,

call your brother to me, that I may also bid him farewell."

The good Babet, whose red-wept eye filled with fresh tears at these words, tottered out, and soon after conducted her trembling brother to the gloomy chambers without the power to move forward, without the courage to raise up his eyes, he stood at the door like a criminal who expected death. Francisca's tucker betrayed the emotions of her heart; she recovered herself, rose up, and went to meet him.

"Dear Renaud," she stammered, "You would not leave me without taking leave."

He was silent---a mountain lay on his breast. Not a word could he have uttered would it have procured him the government of the world.

"Be convinced, dear Renaud, that you take with you my friendship---my compassion."

A tear rose in her half extinguished eye.

"Fate is not just towards you."

His lips trembled.

"Perhaps, not even towards me," she added with a stifled sigh.

He raised his eyes timidly on her.

"We must yield to necessity, if it even falls heavy upon us both."

He endeavoured to smile, but did not succeed.

"Accept as a memorial from me, this flag, which I have myself embroidered for you."

He eagerly seized the present.

"It is a PROTECTING SPIRIT, which I give to you

on the voyage. It is the emblem of my wishes---the flower in the hand was, perhaps, superfluous."

He could not contain himself any longer. A flood of tears broke through the boundary of good manners. He bowed over her hand---she bowed over him and kissed his forehead*. He sobbed violently and rushed out. When the sun rose, his ship was still a white point in the open sea; then Francisca leaned out of the window and followed it with humid eyes as long as it remained visible, and still even believed she saw it, when it had already been long out of sight. A few days afterwards, her nuptials were celebrated. Her husband did every thing that was in the power of love and attention to efface a concealed sorrow from her bosom, which he too late perceived.

In the mean time poor Philip rushed into a thousand occupations and diversions; now roved about on the sea, then again on land, and thus, by restless activity, endeavoured to appease a refractory heart. He often wrote to his sister and promised to fetch her as soon as he gained sufficient power over himself, to choose a settled place of residence; but, so long as guiltless love drove him about, so long did

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* Should this conduct excite in the reader's breast a sentiment of reproof, let it be observed, that Francisca did not reside in Europe, had not a European education, and was not under the controul of European manners.

he conceive it to be brotherly duty, not to tear her from her safe refuge.

Francisca was silent and grieved! her cheeks became pale, the animation of her eyes, by degrees, was extinguished; she faded like a violet wanting dew and shade. Her husband became inconsolable therefrom, and, after he had, in vain, tried every diversion, exhausted every means, he proposed that she should accompany him, for some time, to the bay of Camarare, to try whether a change of air would not perhaps, produce a favourable effect. This bay lies in the Spanish part of St. Domingo, and Mr. Noyer had there formed a new plantation, that, from time to time, demanded his presence. Francisca willingly gave her consent, and soon after her arrival, found herself with child. The rapture of her husband was beyond all bounds. He celebrated this joyful intelligence by a rural festival, in which he led twelve faithful negroes to the feet of his wife, to thank her for their just received freedom.

Such a circumstance was not lost on Francisca. She daily learnt more highly to value her husband: the joyful idea of becoming a mother, shared by degrees the solitary hours with her melancholy thoughts on Philip. The nearer the time of her delivery came on, the more firmly she felt herself chained to life. When, at last, the sighed for moment arrived, as the suckling cried at her breast, and the joyful tears of the tender mother, mingled with those of the happy father, then the image of

Philip stepped behind a veil woven from new duties and newer love.

The health of the amiable woman was again perfectly restored. She herself gave the child its first nourishment, and her body enjoyed the beneficent influence that nature has united with this fulfilment of maternal duty*. She became blooming and stronger than ever. When the little Francis attained the age of three months, his parents could no longer resist the entreaties of his grandfather, who ardently wished to press his grandson to his heart. They made preparations to quit the bay of Camarara. M. de Noyer ordered for this purpose, a light galiot to be put in a sailing trim, and sent all his people and packages before in a heavy vessel.

While this took place, a small English vessel was

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* The utter contempt and neglect in which this duty is held by the females of the present day, is a crying evil upon the nation. It is a national disgrace, and the little attention it excites is a proof of great moral depravity. The rich cannot spare time from their pleasures and their vanities, to fulfil this first duty of maternal love---they therefore hire a person in an inferior station---that inferior person employs another still lower in society, and thus two children are robbed of their mothers' attention, and the poorer infant frequently falls a sacrifice to bad nursing.—Ah!---how many murderers of infants will be found at the Great Day of Account---a day but little thought of, but which will most assuredly come. Blush---blush! ye wives of England, and when you would hold up to abhorrence a *monster*, call to your remembrance a *mother who deserts her offspring!*

wrecked on the coast, whose crew, however, were fortunately saved. The shipwrecked seamen applied to a Mr. de Vignier, the captain of a French brig which was ready to sail, and entreated him to take them on board, and carry them to Cape Français or Monte Christo; but as he had already, too many men on board, he requested M. de Noyer to take at least ten of them on board his galiot. The humane, benevolent man consented, at the sacrifice of his own convenience; for he was obliged, on account of his want of room, to leave behind a faithful negro who waited upon him. He talked with these Englishmen, one of whom called himself Captain John, and the other Captain Young; he provided them with linen and clothes, and they gratefully vowed to give him their assistance on the voyage. M. de Noyer had, also, two hired French seamen on board, and set sail in March 1766.

They proceeded along the coast for some days, with a favourable wind, until they reached a Spanish plantation, which belonged to one Manuel Barger. Then the two Frenchmen entreated to be set on shore, as the Englishmen were both experienced seamen, and perfectly adequate to manage the little vessel; but they (the Frenchmen) hoped for a longer service with the Spaniard. As M. de Noyer, during the preceding days, had been witness of the skill and dexterity of the Englishmen, he suffered himself to be persuaded, discharged the Frenchmen, and then continued the voyage.

On the next evening, they cast anchor at Grigri,

a mile above Porto Plata, on the north side of St. Domingo; they supped on shore, not far from a Spanish plantation, where refreshment is usually taken. After supper, they went on board, spread palm-leaves on the upper part of the cabin, drew a sail over it, and spread a mattress thereon, which served the mother, child, and her friend, for a bed. Francisca's husband laid himself at the feet of his wife, and the two Englishmen snored at the further part of the vessel.*

About four o'clock in the morning, Francisca was awakened by a heavy and violent blow that appeared to fall on the bed of her husband; at the same time, she heard him audibly groan. Trembling, she started, and cried:—"Babet!---for God's sake!"---Yet, before she could rouse Babet, John stept up, covered with blood, and threatened, with uplifted hatchet, to murder her on the spot, if she suffered a sound to escape from her, or attempted to put aside the sail cloth which concealed the dreadful sight from her. With glistening eyes he quitted her; one set the sails, the other took the rudder, and endeavoured to find, as the sequel proved, their way to New York.

At day-break, the vessel was far out in the open sea, and now the trembling women received permission to get up. Francisca tottered from her bed

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* The reader will remember, that the story he is now reading, is a *fact*.

---Ah! what a sight!---the bloody corpse of her husband had been already thrown overboard, and still floated on the water.* The poor widow fell senseless on the deck; the monsters derided her. With a sword in his hand, John demanded from her the keys of the trunks and coffers. He searched and rummaged through every thing, but only took the ready money, and gave her back the keys.

The whole day they were left calmly to their agony. The vessel sailed with a fresh breeze of wind. Francisca knew not where she was; the sea and the heavens surrounded her.

What pencil can paint the terrors of the night that followed this day!---Deprived of all help, in the power of the murderers of her husband, whose blood still coloured the floor near her; trembling for fear of the abuse of her honour; trembling for the life of her child.---Ah, never surely were so many and various sorrows endured within the compass of one spring night!

With the appearance of morn, the robbers stood before her bed. "Your sobbing and weeping," said they, "goes to our hearts. We are not far from Cape Français. If you wish, one of us shall accompany you there in the boat."

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* This gives an air of improbability to the story; for we should think the murderers (especially as they were sailors, and must have understood the custom) would have *sunk* the body. But let it be observed, that in the perpetration of great crimes, men often lose sight of their usual caution.

Without reflecting that it was impossible that this proposal could be serious, that they, loaded with a monstrous crime, must fly from a place where just vengeance would await them, that they had been already three days sailing in the open sea, and consequently, it was impossible they could be near Cape Français; Francisca only obeyed the wish of escaping from the murderers, and hastily gave her consent. The boat was very small, and made from a single hollow tree; but she dreaded no danger. She took hold of a small bundle of linen, and willingly renounced her remaining property, which the boat was not able to hold. John himself threw a miserable sack of straw, some biscuit, a pitcher of water, some eggs, and a little salt pork, into the piragua; again searched the pockets of the poor widow, robbed her of some trifles, and then pushed her, together with Babet, into the boat.

They expected impatiently one of the murderers to leap after them, to steer the miserable little vessel; but suddenly, the barbarians cut the rope asunder. Young seized the rudder, John spread the sails of the galiot, which sailed rapidly away, and left the poor unfortunate women to the mercy of the winds and waves.---Fixed horror seized the mournful mother; she raised her hands to the murderers of her husband, and conjured them to have mercy on her innocent child---but every moment increased the distance that divided her and the vessel. Soon her voice was heard no more---she could scream no longer;---she endeavoured to supply the

loss of words by her entreating gestures---in vain! the murderers disappeared from her eyes.

Francisca fell into a swoon. The child moaned at her breast; it sought for nourishment, and found it not*---it sought for warmth, and crept into a chilled bosom. Night came on; their danger increased with every minute; the wind grew stormy; the waves foamed, and every moment threatened to swallow up the wretched boat. A high sea broke over them, washed away the biscuit, overturned the pitcher of water, and robbed them of every hope†.

What a horrible night! what a struggle between the agony of death and maternal cares! Babet, the feeble Babet, seized the rudder, and as she had sometimes, in little water excursions, steered in jest, so this trifling experience, now stood her in stead, and she broke many a wave that would have swallowed up the boat.

The morning sky appeared, and with it the storm subsided; but the only consolation was, that Aurora smiled on them. Still water and sky only bounded their anxiously searching looks, every mi-

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* The intelligent reader will know the effect of extreme sorrow upon the human frame.

† This is what Kotzebue, we suppose, calls his *embellishments;* but it is an embellishment that destroys the probability of the story, as a heavy sea that would have washed away the biscuit and upset the pitcher, would have *sunk the boat.*

nute of their prolonged life appeared a miracle.---Thus struggled two delicately formed women, and a weak infant, seven days and seven nights, with winds and waves, exposed to the roughness of the weather, soaked through with rain, benumbed with the cold of the nights, stung with the burning mid-day sun, tortured with everlasting agony of death, without water, without any other provisions than a few eggs and some salt meat. Francisca's strength hourly decreased; a look at the little whimpering creature at her bosom alone kept the weak sparks of life from expiring. The author of nature had mercy on the helpless mother, and supported her beyond all expectation. Until the sixth day, the infant always found nourishment in her breast; but, at last, even this source failed, and in the night of the seventh day, the groans of the hungry child reduced the poor Francisca to despair. She resolved to die, and in dying still to give a proof of her maternal tenderness; she determined to open a vein, and nourish the child with her blood. She would have instantly put in practice this mind distracting idea, if the darkness of the night had not prevented her. She rocked the screaming child in her feeble arms, and sung to it with a weak voice the consolation, that its thirst should soon be quenched with its mother's blood. Exhaustion and hunger at last, benumbed both mother and child; they sunk into a state, which more resembled a swoon than a slumber.

Babet was upon her knees, weeping and praying, supported by the rudder, which she was no longer able to govern. The seventh day broke---a smiling morning red ascended above the clouds. As the sun rose above the sea, Babet looked up, and behold a ship appeared at a small distance from her.

"*A ship!---a ship!*" she screamed to the slumberers. Francisca opened her eyes---discovered the swelling sail---forgot her faintness, held her infant child high in the air, and screamed "*Help! help!*" Babet tore the white handkerchief from her bosom, fastened it rapidly to the rudder, and let it flutter in the wind. It was a long time before the people in the ship discovered the signal---But at last, O! heaven! who can paint the raptures of the mother!---At last a flag was hauled up, and the ship turned round. The two friends sunk silently into each other's arms, and tears found place in the hollow sockets of their dried up eyes.

Nearer heaved the ship, even smaller became the distance that divided it from the boat. Now, a light puff of wind drove them still closer. Francisca raised up her eyes---and behold---The Protecting Spirit with the Forget me Not, smiled down upon her. At the same time, a scream of horror sounded from the ship, a man was about to throw himself into the waves---three seamen were scarce able to hold back the frantic creature. Francisca's name cleaved through the air!---a boat which had been

thrown out approached; she was carried up the ship's ladder and laid with closed eyes in the arms of Philip.

Franci-ca's recovery---Philip's extacy---are no objects for art. The ship anchored soon after in the road of New Orleans, where Francisca attested the relation of her sufferings in the justice court of Louisiana. Her deposition was immediately taken to New York; the murderers of her husband were closely pursued, but it is supposed, they found death in the waves, or changed their names; for no trace was ever discovered of them.

As soon as the mother and child were able, Philip conducted them to the arms of the worthy old man, who was thrown on his bed with the agony, at the loss of his daughter. The joy of embracing his grandchild, and laying Francisca's hand in that of his future son was the last comfort fate allowed him. He left Philip Renaud, the heir to all his riches, his integrity, and his calm domestic happiness, which was his most valuable treasure.

Babet shared the love and prosperity of her brother, she was a second mother to his children. Every lover she refused, for she could love but once. Still in old age this affection cost her many a tear, when she learnt, that Laurangais had met his death under the tyranny of Robespierre.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

When heaven's Almighty King disowns
The wretch by sin beguil'd;
And, wrapp'd in clouds and darkness, frowns
On his rebellious child.

When health, with all her rich delights,
Forsakes the feeble frame;
And lingering days and sleepless nights,
Leave life an empty name.

When sin and sorrow rack the breast
With agonizing care;
And all the soul, by guilt opprest,
Lies bleeding in despair:

Where then, Oh world! are all thy joys?
Thy promises of bliss?
Pleasure's gay dreams and splendid toys,
And Fortune's flattering kiss?

Hope's magic tints are now no more,
Her brilliant colours fade;
The fleeting rainbow of an hour,
The shadow of a shade.

Is there no power a wretch to save,
Involv'd in midnight gloom?
Is there no rest but in the grave?
No shelter but the tomb?

There is—Religion from above,
Sweet messenger of peace;
Brings tidings of exhaustless love,
And bids thy sorrows cease.

Bids thee Jehovah's name adore,
His saving grace receive,
Look to the Cross which Simon bore,
Repent, believe, and live.

Through pain and sorrow's cheerless night,
Affliction leads the way;
But soon upon thy raptured sight,
Shall burst the glorious day:

To tame the passions fierce controul,
Her iron hand is given;
To pluck from death the captive soul,
And point its way to Heaven.

I feel, I feel the sacred power,
The mercy of my God;
And grateful, bless the suffering hour,
And kiss the chastening rod.

Again sweet health's refreshing beams
From sickness set me free;
The hills and vales and woods and streams,
All live again for me.

My Father's heavenly smile returns,
Rich sunshine of the breast!
My soul, serene, no longer mourns,
With peace and pardon blest.

Eternal source of light and love!
Accept my ardent prayer;
Visit with wisdom from above,
The creature of thy care.

No more along this peaceful breast
May guilty passions roll;
Nor vice nor folly more infest
My deep repentant soul.

From meanness, vanity and pride,
And unbelief set free:
May I count all as dross beside,
And live alone to thee.

Oh let thy word its truth impart;
My every thought employ;
And fill this blest, this grateful heart
With Life and Light and Joy.

AN UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

" When fixt to *one*, love safe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the wind and tides."

DRYDEN.

A VIOLENT rap at the door called forth both their attentions, and scarcely was it opened when lady Diana rushed into the room, exclaiming, " Oh! my dear Ellen! my happiness is destroyed for ever, I am ruined, degraded, insulted and undone!"

" Why now, my sweet creature, do compose yourself," said Sir Benjamin, who came as her ladyship had made this declaration, in a half suffocated tone of voice---" Compose myself" she repeated, tearing her fan into a hundred pieces, and scattering them all over the room.

" Surely, my dearest friend," said the curious Miss Drusilla, " Sir Benjamin has not dabbled too deep in the stocks? Yet what other meaning can we affix to the word *ruined* :---I fear it is as I suspected; has Sir Benjamin really broke?"

" I wish he had broke his neck before he introduced such a low wretch into my family, said her ladyship, darting at her husband, a look of ineffable contempt, without deigning to reply to the question which her impatient friend had asked.---" There now, that is always the way; I am always to be blamed for every thing, though I know no

more about it than the child that's unborn," said the disconcerted Sir Benjamin, Lady Diana had seated herself upon a sofa, with one leg crossed over the other, which she kept moving backwards and forwards, faster than the pendulum of any clock.---Ellen approached, and in the most soothing accents entreated to know whether it was not possible for the aid of friendship to afford her relief?

" As well might you expect to change the Ethiopian's colour, as to alter the dark decrees of fate. No, my dear girl," continued she, in a more softened accent, " I was not made acquainted with the deception which has been practised, until she had completed her disgrace."

" Her disgrace!" repeated Miss Penelope, astonished at the feminine allusion, having been persuaded Sir Benjamin was ruined in the stocks---" For heaven's sake, my dear Lady Diana, be more explicit, and relieve our minds from the torture of suspense."—Disconcerted and mortified as were her ladyship's feelings, yet she could not help enjoying the proof of curiosity in her reputed friends; and, instead of replying to the interrogation, she hastily arose from her seat, and paced the apartment with a rapid movement, alternately clasping and unclasping her hands.

" Mercy upon me!" ejaculated Sir Benjamin, " for I verily believe Lady Diana is going out of her mind! Oh dear! Oh dear!---that ever Ethelinda should have thought of marrying that good-for-nothing rascal Payne."

"Married!" vociferated the Misses Mortimer, with uplifted hands and extended eyes,---"yes, married, to be sure! Why what did ye think was the matter? Why she's married Joe Payne, one of my *under clerks*." At the mention of *under clerks*, her ladyship uttered a scream so sudden that every creature started from their seat. "Monster!" she exclaimed, "would you wish to see me perish? would you wish to behold me expire at your feet?" O dear! not for the world," said the terrified husband, "how can you *ax* me *sitch* a shocking thing?" "Then never let me hear the sound of *under clerk*, or the name of that vile fellow from this moment escape your lips."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and Orlando hastily entered the room. On his countenance were painted alarm and expectation---"Where is my sister, ma'am?" he impatiently asked ---"surely she has not degraded her family by marrying a *clerk*?"

"Name not the *odious* words; my dear Orlando," exclaimed her ladyship---"she is unworthy the noble blood which flows in her veins---I could have borne any thing but this! O Ethelinda! what a death-stroke hast thou given to thy mother's happiness and peace!" "What can't be cured, must be endured, my lady," said her philosophic spouse." "It shall not be *tamely* endured, sir," rejoined Orlando, "whilst this arm has the power of unsheathing a sword." So saying, the mortified Orlando hastily darted out of the room. He was, how-

ever, instantly followed by Mr. Pembroke, who overtaking him, shewed the madness of his intention, calmed him by the force of reason, and brought him back to his alarmed mother.

Miss Drusilla, now perceiving her friend rather more rational, entreated to be informed by what means the discovery had been made, when the agitated Lady Diana drew from her pocket the following letter:

"To the Right Honorable Lady Diana Dowlas.

"You, my dear mother, who certainly married entirely for *money*, will not be able to form a just idea of the all-conquering power of *love*. Each, however, had a right to study our different inclinations, as each must abide by our lot.

"I candidly acknowledge, that it was the manly beauty of Mr. Payne's person, which first made an impression on my heart, and, had I not given him encouragement, the difference of our situations would have *prevented* him from offering me his hand. The indissoluble knot is tied---our fortunes are linked together---I glory in, rather than repent of my choice. Well do I know your influence over my father; and it is in your power to contribute to our happiness, by rendering us independent of the world.

"Pardon what in the first moments of resentment, you may think an act of imprudence, and receive to your arms an amiable and deserving son.---Mr.

Payne unites in respectful compliments, and good wishes with---

Your Ladyship's devoted daughter,

ETHELINDA PAYNE."

FANCY'S CHILD.

GIVE me, Nomus! strength of song,
Sweet as mark'd thy tuneful lyre,
All the graces that belong
To the pure harmonic fire.

Soft ideas! rise ye now,
Come with all your fancy train;
Hunt dull care from off my brow,
Take possession of my brain.

Raise my soul on seraph's wings,
To imagination's court;
Let it soar from earthly things,---
In Mem'ry's regions let it sport.

Playful as the smiles of Spring,
Let my muse in numbers shine;
Let me flow'rs and flow'rets bring,
Cull'd from off the lap of Time.

Fauns and dryads hither speed,
Pluck and 'twine a rural crown;
Gentlest zephyrs of the mead!
Are the lovely roses blown?

Bring me blue-bells, lillies pale,
Bring me pinks of blushing hue,
Cowslips, tenants of the vale,
Bibbers of the morning dew.

Bring me lilac, charming smell!
Honey-suckles and sweet-brier;
Flow'rets from the rural dell,
Flow'rets worthy of my lyre.

Blooming zephyrs! fan my breast,
Wanton in my wav'ring curls;
Raise, O! raise my languid crest,
Let my thought's flow rich as pearls.

With an eager, ardent soul,
Let me hasten old Time on,
Travel to the distant pole,---
Fly from thence o'er Helicon.

Indus! rich in hidden ore,
Di'monds and most valued gems,
Let me through thy wilds explore,
Mount thy hills and trace thy glens:

Let me hunt the tiger down,
Join the far-fam'd eastern sports,
Visit all of Indus known,
Mark the manners of its courts.

China! I would see thee too,
Rich in people, rich in wealth;
View thy fair of *tawny* hue,
Note their *little* feet by stealth.

Empire, rich, despotic, vast!
E'en thy earth is gold to thee;
Yet thy laws, so strictly fast,
Strangers are to Liberty:

Liberty! thou parent good,
Dearest inmate of my breast!
Ever reign in my abode,
Watch me at my hours of rest.

Hover o'er me as the sun,
Cheer me with your gladd'ning dew,
Let my breath in raptures run,
I'll be faithful still to you.

Friend of Britain, blissful land!
There thou hast thy chosen seat,
Science, Art, go hand-in-hand,
There the muses gladly meet:

Commerce, with thy genius fir'd,
Envied rank to Britain lends;
Luxury has what she desir'd,
Industry and she are friends.

Dearly as I love this land,
Keep me not for ever here,
Waft me to some distant strand,
Waft me under skies more clear.

Bear me unresisting on,
Land me in a warmer clime;
Lift my wings, let me be gone,
Quicker let me go than Time.

Europe! I would visit thee,
Ramble through thy various lands,
Could I once behold thee free,---
View thee clear of foreign bands,

France and Italy I'd trace;
Paris gorg'd with art and vice,
Rome, though with an alter'd face,
Then to Naples in a trice.

Venice! I would visit thee,
Once for trade so high renown'd;
Sad regret! no longer free,
Her grandeur cannot now be found.

Yet I'd through thy city sail,
Hear thy merry boatmen sing,
Join thy checker'd carnival
Lightsome as the joys of Spring.

Here I would no longer stay,
Turkey I would revel o'er;
See the Greeks no longer gay,
Trace out cities now no more.

Seek on Afric's burning lands,
What of Carthage now remains,
So renown'd for warlike bands
That ravag'd all the neighb'ring plains:

Undivided empire, she
Claim'd, in preference to Rome,
Now no longer are they free;
Carthage now is barely known.

What a world of thought I range,
Whilst on ages past I dwell;
Whilst I scan each wond'rous change,
Little will my knowledge tell.

As in one chaotic void,
Loose-form'd thoughts on others float,
Memory is all but cloy'd,—
Mem'ry can no longer doat.

Off let me the shackles shake,
Scorn the yoke that binds my brow;
Now to life's new scenes I wake,---
Now I feel my bosom glow.

Afric's plains I then would trace,
Traverse o'er her burning sands
(Zara and the Lybian waste)
Join her formal caravans.

Here the merchant safety seeks
From a vast extended train,
Form'd of Turks, of Jews and Greeks,
To fright the Arabs o' the plain.

Jaded with oppressive heat,
See the foot-worn pilgrim stray
On to Mecca's far-fam'd seat,---
Sorrow only tracks the way.

Egypt! then thy Nile I'd view,
Trace the sources of its stream,
With the hope that something new
Might reward the flatt'ring dream.

Still thy pois'nous winds I dread,
If in tracing scenes of yore,
I should stumble on the dead,---
Wretched subjects of their pow'r!

Yet thou art with favours bless'd
  Fruitful are thy muddy fields,
When with trivial labour dress'd,
  Every crop abundance yields.

Pyramids and caverns too,
  Wond'rous marks of ancient toil!
Suffer me to visit you,
  Ere I quit Egyptian soil.

In the latter mummies are,
  Plac'd in silent, solemn show;
Learned men assert that there
  They stood four thousand years ago.

But this to others I resign,
  Men vers'd in legendary lore,
And in a century of time
  They then may trace out something more.

Wand'ring as I have wander'd now,
  Tir'd and jaded, faint as death,
England I will bend me to,
  There I would resign my breath:

Spacious as my views have been,
  Varied as the lands appear,
All that I now think I've seen,
  Render England still more dear.

Now no longer will I roam,
Age may come without a sigh
Now I'm seated at my home,
Heav'n! prepare me for to die.

Some time longer would I live,
Mercy ever tracks thy way!
Nature still has much to give,---
Friends and youth invite my stay.

Heav'n! O wond'rous, unconfin'd!
Rob'd in vast infinity,
Bounding the aspiring mind
As a frail non-entity.

Let me not so lofty soar,
Let me not so wildly rave;
Land me on another shore,---
Buoy me on some other wave.

Let me float in milder scenes,
Revel now in notes more gay,
Gently flatter 'witching dreams,
Charm my muse with wanton play.

Not so wanton, or so vain,
As to make the modest blush,
Or to give a moment's pain,
Not an insect would I crush.

Winter now, in silver flakes,
Spreads itself around the place,
On the lofty trees, or brakes,
Shows itself in ev'ry face.

Cheerless is the outward scene,
Gladly I to home retire,
To the friends whose looks serene,
Meet me at the social fire.

Here I note the merry tale,
Here I quaff the jovial glass,
While the old, the weak, the hale,
All assist old Time to pass.

Then comes Spring, in sportive play,
Tripping lightly o'er the land,
Spreading flow'rs, sweet guests of May!
All around with open hand.

Then the tenants of the grove
Warble forth their wood-notes wild,
Having with each other strove
To be Nature's sweetest child.

Charming strains of melody!
Nature's off'ring to the year!
Notes so lively and so free,
Raise the soul, the spirits cheer.

Summer next, with deeper dye
  Sheds itself around the fields,
Wakes the heart to ecstacy
  By the produce Nature yields.

With a plenitude of food
  Autumn fills our barns and store;
Man ungrateful for the good,
  Still lays claim to something more.

While, with mellow tints, the sky
  Warns us of the Wintry storm,
The farmer with a watchful eye,
  Plows his ground, and sows his corn.

Childhood is of life the spring,
  Summer,---manhood and its cares,
Autumn next the changes ring,
  Winter,---age, decrepit, wears.

Mem'ry! touch a livelier string,
  Cheer me with a brighter ray,
Other off'rings hither bring,---
  Crown me with another bay.

Pleasant mirth and lively glee!
  Aid me as I close my theme;
Let me seek variety,---
  Revel in a gayer dream.

Zephyrs! fan my faded cheek,
Mark it with the blushing rose;
Let me softest numbers speak,---
Softer e'en than sweet repose.

Care! dull Care! away from me,
Thou'rt a child I will not own;
I'll be happy, gay, and free;
Now my toils are nearly done.

Strike the harp in merry glee,
Give it most harmonious tones,
Sweet as angels' melody
Sounding o'er the heav'nly zones.

Music cheers the souls of slaves,
Glads the strong, delights the weak;
Raise my voice! in raptures raise!
Loudly let the cymbals speak.

Nature wearied, dims my sight,
Bids me welcome sable Night,
Hide my joys and hush my woes,
In the lap of sweet Repose:
Time admits of no delay,
So farewell—and I'm away.

DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

That eating canker, Grief, with wasteful spite,
Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.

[illegible].

Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
Where the fond care, the wand'ring manes claim?
Nature instinctive cries, protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes and their fame.

[illegible].

Maria Antionette lost the Dauphin in his eighth year. He had given, at that early age, the most brilliant hopes: but he soon fell into a sad debilitated state, in which he suffered dreadful pains. He died on the 4th of June, 1789, in the arms, and bathed with the tears of this excellent mother, whom he frequently told that he suffered only when he saw her weep. This premature death greatly affected the queen. The grief she felt on this occasion, uniting with the anxiety caused by the king's situation, produced a complication of horrors that entirely turned her hair grey, though she was but four and thirty years old. She had her picture taken about this time, and sent it to her friend, the Princess de Lambelle, with these affecting words written by herself under it: *Her sorrows have made her grey* * * * * * * * * * * * *.

The young Prince was born on the 22d of October, 1781, and died at the palace of Meudon on the

4th of June, 1789: his body was deposited without pomp at St. Dennis. He was the last of the princes of his blood, who descended to the tomb of his fathers. Alas! his ashes were not suffered to remain there long undisturbed: the Vandals, who dishonoured the soil of France in every way, violated the coffin that held them, on the very day that some of the barbarians murdered his mother *.

THE BACHELOR.

How weary and how woe begone at eve,
Sits the lone bachelor, and on his mind,
Save where a cheerful fire imparts its beam,
No ray of varied happiness steals in.

Far luckier wight, who proud of youthful grace,
Ambles at evening with some sporting nymph,
By lamp-light frequent view'd with draggled tail,
Sempstress, or milliner, or serving maid.

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* Maria Antionette had four children by her marriage with Louis XVI.

1st. Maria Theresa Charlotte, born December 19, 1778, who married her cousin, the Duke D'Angouleme.

2d. Louis-Joseph Xavier, the Dauphin.

3d. Charles Louis, born March 4, 1785, called Duke of Normandy till his brother's death, when he took the title of Dauphin, died in 1794 in the Temple.

4th. Sophia Helen of France, born July 9, 1786, died June 19, 1787.

But he more blest who waits the postman's knock,
Prompt to decypher hieroglyphic scrawls,
In lovely characters by his fair one sent,
Cupid entangling every mazy line,
Till forth he flies to know her sweet intent;
When haply met, they interchange soft looks.
Vow, ere they part, *eternal* constancy,
Nor dream a *fortnight* is its longest date.
And trav'lling farther on life's thorny road,
Behold the married man---vagaries gone,
And all the pride of youthful folly spent,
Hair-breadth escapes, and quarrels nightly pick'd,
Justicial admonitions, sly intrigues,
Lanterns despoil'd, and sentry-box laid flat,
And hobbling vet'ran in the kennel roll'd,
All vanish'd like "the whistling of a name,"
He sits him down the *happiest* man on earth;
Ten thousand cares all dancing in his brain,
Blest with a tender, loving, scolding wife,
Five children here---there fifty debts unpaid,
Duns, doctors, education, masters, books,
Taxes and petticoats, and taylors' bills,
And all the plagues they call "*domestic sweets*;"
At time returning to his homely fare,
In fancy dwelling o'er a savoury chop,
With pickles drest, and serv'd on cleanly plate,
Amaz'd he sees his house involv'd in smoke,
From gaping copper, rais'd in murky clouds;
He hurries on in search of babes and wife,
And hears her warbling ditties at a tub,
Immers'd in froth, the deity of suds.

In vain his stomach cries for eatables;
Steam'd out, and dripping like an unwrung sheet,
He hies him to some alehouse fire to dry.

Yet are there pleasures in the married state,
And I the last that would decry their worth,
Though clouded, yet at least superior deem'd
To uniform and tasteless celibacy;
Where the few "virtues walk their narrow round,"
Worthless without the sanction of the fair.

How luckless he who loiters by the stream,
Till the best chance of pleasure is gone by,
And his frail bark sinks in the rushy flood!

MISTAKEN HUMANITY.

But kings too tame, are despicably good.
For goodness in excess may be a sin;
Justice may tame whom mercy cannot win.

HALIFAX.

When the Duke of Liancourt had made the King* acquainted with the total defection of his guards, the taking of the Bastile, the massacres which had been committed, and the rising of more than two hundred thousand men: "It is a revolt then," said

* Louis XVI.

the King, after a pause of a few moments.---" No. Sire," answered the Duke, " it is a revolution."

The King, now fully sensible that the time of acting had been lost, and that it would be necessary to cause oceans of blood to flow to quell a sedition so general and extensive, resolved to abandon the intention he had formed of supporting his authority and the laws of his state against the factions by the force of arms. He determined that the massacres should cease which deluged the capital with blood, and of which no one could foresee the end, by ordering his troops to be withdrawn, and by abandoning himself to the overwhelming torrent.

NARRATIVE* OF THE JOURNEY OF VARENNES,

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIA THERESA CHARLOTTE OF FRANCE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

During the whole of the day of the 20th of June, 1791, my father and mother appeared to be much occupied and extremely agitated, the cause of which I was entirely unacquainted with. After dinner

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* This fragment, invaluable from its historical authenticity, and the candour and filial piety of the illustrious writer, was confided to Mr. Weber, on the arrival of Madame Royale at the Court of Vienna, from the prison of the Temple. Her Royal Highness was then seventeen years of age, and the only surviving person concerned in that fatal journey.

they sent my brother and myself to another apartment, and remained alone with my aunt; and I have since learned that they then informed her of their intention to fly from the capital. At five o'clock, my mother, accompanied by my brother and myself, Madame de Maille, her lady of the palace, and Madame de Loney, sub-governess of my brother, walked to M. Bontin's, at Tivoli, at the end of the Chaussee d'Antin.

During our walk, my mother took me aside, and told me that what I should see must not make me uneasy, as we should not be long separated. My senses were bewildered, and I could conjecture nothing from the conversation of my brother, who embraced me, and enjoined me to say, if those ladies enquired the reason of my being so agitated, that she had scolded me, but that we were friends again. We returned to the palace at seven o'clock, and still unable to divine any thing that my mother had said, I retired, sad and dejected, to my own apartments.

I was quite alone, as my mother had desired Madame de Machan to go to the Visitation, whither she frequently went, and she had sent to the country the young lady who was generally about my person. I was scarcely in bed, when my mother came; she had previously directed me to feign indisposition, and dismiss all my attendants, one woman excepted. My mother finding us alone, told us that we must set out immediately, and instructed us how to proceed. She told Madame Brunger, the

person who had continued with me, that she was desirous she should accompany us, but that, being a married woman, she might remain behind. Her immediate reply, and without hesitation, was, that my mother acted very properly in going off---that she had been unhappy for too long a time---and that for herself, she would instantly leave her husband to follow her wheresoever she might wish. My mother, who was much affected by this mark of her attachment, went down again to her own apartment, and wished good night to Monsieur and Madame, who, as was their custom, had come to sup with my father and mother. Monsieur, who was acquainted with the intended journey, on his return home, went to bed, but got up immediately after, and set off with M. d'Avaray, a young man who conducted him safely through all the perils of his rout, and who is still with him. As for Madame, she knew nothing of the journey; it was not until after she had retired to rest, that Madame Gourbillon, her reader, came to inform her that she was ordered by the Queen and Monsieur to carry her out of France.

Monsieur and Madame met at a stage where they were to change horses, but they purposely avoided making themselves known to each other, and they arrived safe at Brussels. My brother had likewise been awakened by my mother, and Madame de Jourzelle carried him to a small apartment over that of my mother. I descended the staircase with him, when we met a life guard, named M. de Mal-

dan, who was to expedite our departure. My mother came several times to see us, and my brother, who was dressed in girl's clothes, looked charmingly. Being overcome with sleep, he was ignorant of what was passing. Having asked him what he thought we were going to do? he answered, *that he supposed we were going to perform a comedy, as we were all disguised.* At half after ten, when we were all ready, my mother conducted us herself to the carriage in the middle of the court, *which was running a great risk.* Madame de Jourzelle, my brother, and myself, got into the carriage, of which M. de Fersen was the coachman. The better to avoid being traced, we drove for some time through several streets in Paris, and afterwards returned to the Petit Carousel, which is very near the Thuilleries, and there waited; my brother lying at the bottom of the carriage, concealed under the dress of Madame de Tourzelle. M. de la Fayette, who had been with my father the night before, passed us, and we continued waiting at least an hour, without knowing what was doing; never did the time appear so long to me.

Madame de Tourzelle travelled under the name of the Baroness de Korff; my mother was the governess of her children, and called herself Madame Rochet; my father, the valet de chambre Durand; my aunt, a lady's companion, Rosalie; my brother and self, the two daughters of Madame de Korff, with the names of Amelia and Aglai. At length, after an hour had elapsed, I saw a woman

walking round the carriage, and was fearful of being discovered; but my alarms subsided on seeing the coachman open the door, and that it was my aunt, who had taken flight with only one attendant. In getting into the carriage she trod on my brother, who was at the bottom, and he had courage enough not to complain. She assured us that all was quiet, and that my father and mother would soon join us. Accordingly, my father soon arrived, and shortly after my mother, with the life guard who was to accompany us. We now set off, and reached the gates without interruption. Here we were to have found the travelling coach which was to conduct us, but M. de Fersen did not know where it was. We were obliged to wait there a considerable time, and my father even alighted, which caused us much uneasiness. M. de Fersen having found the other coach, at length arrived; and after we had changed coaches, he took leave of my father, and departed with speed. The three life guards were Messrs. Maldan, Dumontier, and Valori. The latter served as courier, the others as domestics, one on horseback, and the other seated on the coach. Their names had likewise been changed: the first was called St. Jean, the second Melchori, and the other François. The two waiting women, who had set off before us in a small carriage, rejoined us at Bondi. We proceeded on our journey at the break of day, and nothing remarkable occurred during the morning; but at ten leagues from Paris, we were met by a man on horseback, who did not lose sight

of the carriage. At Etages, we thought we were discovered. At four o'clock, we passed through the large town of Châlons sur Marne; there, we were generally recognized, and numbers of people were rejoiced at seeing the King, and offered up their prayers for his safety. We were to have found, at the stage after Châlons, a detachment of cavalry, to escort the coach to Montmedy, but on our arrival, not a soldier was to be seen. We remained there in the constant expectation of seeing them until eight o'clock, and afterwards continued our route to Clermont. We there saw some troops; but all the village was in arms, and would not suffer them to mount their horses. An officer who discovered my father, drew near the carriage, and whispered to him, *that he was betrayed.* We likewise saw there M. Charles de Damas, but he could render us no service. We continued our route, the night being now very dark, and notwithstanding our extreme agitation and uneasiness, every one in the coach fell into a profound sleep. We were awoke by a violent jolt, and were soon after informed that no tidings could be heard of the courier, who rode before the coach; our fears may be easily imagined, as we thought he had been discovered and taken. We were at length just entering the village of Varennes, which scarcely contains an hundred houses, where there are no post-horses, and whither it is usual for persons travelling that road to order them to be sent. We had taken the same precaution,

but they were at the Chateau on the other side of the river, and no one knew where to go and seek for them; and the postillions said that their horses were tired, and that they could go no farther. It was impossible to make them go on, when at length the courier returned, and brought with him a man, whom he thought to be in the secret, but who, I believe, was a spy of M. de la Fayette. He came to the coach-door in his night-cap and robe de chambre, and, leaning over the window, said that he knew a secret, but would not divulge it. Madame de Tourzelle asked him if he knew Madame de Korff; he replied that he did not, and we could draw nothing from him. We succeeded at last, in persuading the postillions that the horses were at the Chateau, and they set off, but at a very slow pace. No sooner had we arrived in the village, than we heard outrageous cries round the coach, of "stop, stop!" The postillions were seized, and the coach was instantly surrounded with a crowd of armed men with torches. They asked us who we were? and we answered them, *Madame de Korff and her family.* They then placed lights immediately before my father, and ordered us to alight. We refused to comply, saying that we were private travellers, whose journey ought not to be impeded. They again ordered us to alight, or that they would kill us; and all their muskets were in an instant pointed at the coach. We then alighted, and observed as we crossed the street, six dragoons on

horseback. Unfortunately there was no officer, as six resolute men would have been able to intimidate all that rabble, and to save the King.

HOW LOVERS BEHAVED IN ANCIENT TIMES.

"And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry."

MILTON.

About this time it happened, what, alas! very often happens in the world, that a youth and a tender virgin beheld each other with eyes of affection. His wildness melted into love—her meekness blazed up into a passion; his black eyes became languishing; her blue eyes became animated; his cheeks were now pale, then red; her's now red, then pale.

Woldemar, of Uexkull, was he called; Gertrude of Scharrenberg, was her name; both cared but little about their names, at least, Gertrude, who would willingly have exchanged her's.

They beheld each other, for the first time, on the evening of St. Thomas, in the great silver hall in Revel, where, on this evening, a banquet had been held from time immemorial; so is it celebrated to this very day; for old customs and usages hold fast like star spots, and it was easier to bring about the

reformation in Ehstland, than to do away this banquet on the evening of St. Thomas.

Formerly, modest women and virgins were invited to the feast. They appear decorated with golden chains, in sharp-toed shoes, their heads sticking above high ruffs, like roses from bushes. They turned and twisted about in the rapid rondeau, and raised up light clouds of dust, as we at present, stood learned and unlearned wigs in clouds of smoke.

Woldemar, the youth, wore a yellow doublet, trimmed with light blue, and a cap with a plume of blue feathers. The doublet was as if it were cast for his body; black locks waved over his high forehead, and round his full brown cheeks. Between the locks his black eyes shone forth, and in these eyes sat sprightly gaiety. Gertrude, the maiden, wore a lilac robe, a golden chain wound round her slender body, and fell down into her virgin lap; her full bosom, according to the fashion of the times, was uncovered; yet her fair hair appeared to take pity on her maiden modesty, and played over it in a hundred waving ringlets, and which were pushed still further over at every look of a longing eye. Her eyes were in colour, to be compared to the corn-flower; but in the expression of the soul's goodness, to be compared to nothing. A man must have possessed a deal of wonderful and secret courage, who was bold enough to look in them, and Simon Schlaukopf is glad he heard it only from hearsay, for to him, also, such a pair of eyes are known.

to which a man may well supplicate and pray---*Lead us not to the experiment.* Every particular beauty was made a thousand times more lovely by the magic charms of modesty and mildness. She cast down her eyes as if it had been a crime to be so beautiful, and then immediately raised them again, as if she would entreat pardon on account of this crime. Woldemar was standing at the door as she entered with Gerut of Wellengrade, the judge of Revel, her uncle and guardian, for Gertrude was an orphan. He looked at her, she looked at him; both smiled, as if they had already often seen each other: their hearts recognized each other.---Woldemar turned pale, Gertrude red. She went from the door, and he, also, did not remain long standing there. If he raised his eyes, she cast down hers; when she raised her's, he examined his shoe-strings. When he spoke, she played with her golden chain; when she spake, he played with his sword-belt; when he asked, she answered nothing; and if she answered, he heard her not. When he walked through the hall, she looked every where after him; if he suddenly returned, she counted the panes in the window-frame. When she danced with another youth, the hall became too narrow for him; when he spoke with another maiden, her seat was too hard for her. He whispered privately to her---"It was very fine weather;" she said "yes;" but it was the month of December, and snowed violently. They danced once again with each other, and when he encircled her slender waist, his breath

failed him. When her hand touched his, he trembled, and she trembled also; but it was not true, that she became faint, and was obliged to sit down He seated himself near her; and re-took her hand; then every thing turned round with her. He became bold, "Dare I say to you how it is with my heart?" he whispered to her: her cheeks became deeply red. "Say!" lisped she, "I love you dearly." Then, her locks danced and skipped about her swan-like bosom.

"Indeed, I love you dearly."

Then she amiably and sweetly looked in his countenance; and for the first time, eye rested upon eye. He ventured to press her soft white finger---she drew not her hand away.

"Will you be my wife?" he whispered.

"I will," she lisped, and thus was the whole romance brought to a conclusion.

Such things are done very rapidly, and at the same time, the principal persons have little to remember; but by-standers always enter unbecomingly into the scene.

The knight Jurgen of Uexkull, the father of Woldemar, and the commander of the Order of Revel, Gerut of Wellingrade, the uncle of Gertrude, had for many years been deadly enemies. The knight Jurgen had touched the honour of the commander, for he had once asserted, at a drinking bout, that he had a better day than the other. Now, from time immemorial, the race of Wellingrade, and the

race of bear-hounds had been the most intimate friends; for the commander's ancestors had always exhibited the finest and strongest dogs, and he himself had a brotherly affection for his hound; so that from this remarkable day, no attempt had succeeded in appeasing the routed enmity of these Nimrods. When they met each other, or happened to be at a banquet together, they looked obliquely and spitefully, and one wished the other transformed into a bear, that he might bait him with his dog.

This cross grain humour of the old men, filled the youth and maiden with cares and disquietudes But the king of love, the only king in the world, against whom no people in the world have, as yet, rose in rebellion, and under whose government are both bears and bear-dogs, gave courage to the youth, boldness to the maid; both said with confidence, "I will speak with my father."

"And I with my uncle."

To which both gave their words.

"I mean honorably," said Woldemar.

"I also"---said Gertrude. They swore not; but truth shone as pure in their eyes, as a spring from a rock. Both believed, and firmly confided in each other. With a soft pressure of the hand, they separated; for their low intimate whisperings, began to excite attention.

Those who dwell in Revel, may still view the spot where Woldemar sat by his Gertrude. It was in

the great silver hall, at the top, by the first pillar, about which, curls the old monkish letters*.

THE PARTERRE.

FROM A MADRASS PAPER.

I RAIS'D a little fairy bow'r,
And fenced it round with care;
And gemm'd it, too, with many a flow'r,
To scent the ambient air.

I plac'd a little Elfin there,
The loveliest of her kind;
And as her form was passing fair,
As fair believ'd her mind.

I offer'd there my treasur'd heart,
A tribute at her feet,
Nor sighed with Liberty to part,
But deemed such bondage sweet.

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* We have given this extract from Kotzebue's story of the *Subterraneous Passage*, because of the excellency of the *antique* air which it bears. The tale is too long for our insertion; but the lovers, after many difficulties, are in the end, happily united in wedlock.

And there grew "Honesty" around,
To shew that heart sincere;
And there the "Sensitive" was found,
That trembled still with fear.

"Heart's-ease," too, there my fancy plac'd,
And there methought it grew;
And "Violets," which my bosom grac'd,
Brought Constancy to view.

And there the am'rous "Woodbine" twin'd
Around the blushing "Rose;"---
Such were the scents that bless'd my mind,
And gave my soul repose.

O, yes! it was the sweetest bow'r
That Fancy ever wove;
And, heedless of misfortune's pow'r,
I liv'd alone to love.

Yet soon the dream was chas'd away;
Inconstancy appear'd,
And blighted every fl'w'r so gay
Which self-delusion rear'd.

My "Violets" bruis'd, were scattered round,
Here's "Honesty" o'erthrown,
There "Love lies bleeding" on the ground,
And "Heart's-ease" trampled down.

The "Sensitive," affection's pride,
Beneath a blast so rude,
Shrunk by the deadly "Nightshade's side,"
From base ingratitude!

The "Woodbine," too, was rudely torn,
From the fond blushing tree;
Whose flowers all wither'd---while a thorn
Alone remain'd for me;

Yes, deep within this injur'd heart
Lies hid the thorn of Care;
And till with life itself I part,
It still will rankle there.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS AS WIFE AND MOTHER.

MANY of my fair readers will indignantly start at this superscription, who, having forgotten Voltaire's *Pucelle*, and bearing Schiller's *Maid* still fresh in their remembrance, depicture her to themselves a pure, chaste, celestial being, whom, if it must be so, it were better to burn than to marry. The fact, however, was, that she was actually married, and not burnt: that she bore children, &c. &c.

A certain father Vignier, prêtre de l'oratoire, who died in 1661, at Paris, an old man of great erudition and judgment, accidentally made this disco-

very; the particulars of which are found in a letter of his brother to Monsieur de Grammont, written at Richelieu, in 1683.

Father Vignier being engaged in a history of the Lords of Alsace, was travelling through Lothryngia, in search of antiquities and documents; when he found at Metz an old manuscript, a sort of chronicle of the town, which he caused to be copied and certified by a notary. The contents of the manuscript were as follow:

"In the year 1436, when M. Plin Marcon was burgomaster of Metz, the *Maid Joan*, who had been in France, came to the Grange in arms, in order to speak with some gentlemen of Metz, and went by the name of Claude. Here she met her two brothers, Peter the knight, and little John, the master of the horse, who wishing to see her, to convince themselves that she was not burnt, recognized her immediately, and were recognized by her at first sight. On the Monday, being the 21st, they led their sister to Bonquelon, where she was presented by the knight Nicole, with a pair of half-boots and a steed, twenty livres in value; by Albert Roulle with a cap; and by Nicolaus Grognet with a sword. The maid sprang upon the steed with great agility, and mentioned particulars to the knight Nicole, which convinced him she was the identical person who had led king Charles to Rheims for unction.

At Whitsuntide she returned to the town of Marnelle; continued there three months, and was

known by all who came to see her, to be the real and true Maid of Orleans."

Here another passage follows, not to be given literally; but intimating that she was married to, and became pregnant by, the Sieur Geoffrey, who took her to his father at Cologne, and was very fond of her.

"From whence it is manifest, that she was beloved by a certain count, and carried to Cologne." After which the story continues —"Upon her departure thence, he equipped her with a fine coat of mail; soon after which, she was betrothed at Erlon to the knight Armoises, who repaired with his spouse to Metz, and resided in his house near the church of St. Seylenne, as long as they found it agreeable."

Here ends the narrative in the MS. to which father Vignier, as an intelligent and cautious man, would have given but little credit, if another important circumstance had not turned up to corroborate the whole.

Being on a visit at the house of a M. des Armoises, he directed the conversation towards his genealogy, respecting which the latter openly confessed his entire ignorance and unconcern; but at the same time informed him, that he was in possession of some musty archives, which he was at liberty to examine, if he pleased. This proposal meeting father Vignier's wishes, he got admittance to the archives, where, after many hours' search, he had

the good fortune to find a regular marriage contract between Robert des Armoises, and Joan d'Arc, called the Maid of Orleans. The gentleman was no less gratified with the unexpected honour thus devolving upon him, and to which he never would have dreamt of laying claim.

Vignier, of course, took a copy of this remarkable contract; but what became of this document, as well as of his whole collection, was not known even to his brother himself. A certain father Dachery, who wrote his life, has thrown out some suggestions on the subject, which amount, however, to little more than dark surmises.

Let us now consider what is to be alleged against this testimony. That the cauldron is still shewn at Rouen, in which Joan was burnt, is by no means decisive of the question; though we are now at liberty to own, that Diana substituted a deer in her place, as in the case of Iphigenia's sacrifice. But Pasquier expressly says, "It was generally believed by the populace, after her death, that she was still living in 1440. A girl in disguise, who was found among the gens d'armes, gave rise to this conceit, and which obliged the Parliament to send for the girl, and by a public exhibition of her, to expose the imposture. But this was four years later than what the chronicle mentions; and if an impostor were so easily detected in Paris, why not at Metz, so near her native place? Why did her brothers receive her as their sister?

It may be further objected, that Pope Calixtus the third, in 1455, set on foot an enquiry into her case, and had the evidence of 112 witnesses taken upon the subject. Very true; but the commissioners were desired to examine, whether she were a heretic or a witch---not whether she was actually executed; not to mention, that five weeks elapsed between the condemnation and execution; the sentence having been passed on the 30th of May, and executed on the 6th of July; a circumstance of so peculiar a nature in those days, as to be inexplicable, except by supposing, that they profited by this delay, to procure another criminal in her place, and to release her from the rage of the English. Hence the *large cap* drawn over the face of the delinquent, and the ballad-singer's picture carried before her to divert the attention of the populace. Why, otherwise, did not the king revenge the death of his benefactress on the first prisoners that fell into his hands? No; it is more probable that she was kept in prison till the death of the terrible Bedford, in 1435, when she was secretly sent away.

In support of this supposition, there is a charter extant, granted in 1443, to one of the Maid's brothers, by the duke of Orleans. It is to be found in Pasquiers, and runs as follows:

"At the earnest of Mr. Peter, shewing, that he left his country from fidelity to his king, and the duke of Orleans, and entered in company with his sister Joan, *the Maid*, with which of his sisters he had devoted his life and property to the king, until

her absence, and from that time till the present," &c.; whence it is pretty evident, that the girl was alive in 1443, and that she was once *absent* indeed, but not *dead;* for had she been dead, her brother would not have failed to have introduced this as an additional merit to himself. This is, however, not the place for entering more deeply into the research, which we have been led thus cursorily to touch upon, for the general interest awakened for the *Maid of Orleans,* by the masterly production of Schiller. It is doubtless known to a great majority of my readers, that a new monument has been erected in Orleans for Joan d'Arc, and a very striking likeness of her in bronze, fixed in a case of white marble with inscriptions. Four bas-reliefs are intended to represent---1. Her receiving the sword from the king at Chinon; 2. The battle which gave freedom to Orleans; 3. The unction of Charles at Rheims; 4. The death of the Maid in the pile. The latter circumstance proves that the French hitherto entertain no doubts respecting the generally accredited manner of her death.*

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* The particulars of which the reader may find in Hume.

NATIVE SIMPLICITY.

The entrance of the venerable monk interrupted the conversation.---" I should have paid you an earlier visit, my daughter," said he, " but was prevented by an accident."---" I trust nothing has happened at the monastery, good father?" replied *Melissa,* with emotion. " Not to any of our brotherhood," answered the monk; but a foreigner was conducted by one of our trusty dogs to the monastery, who was attacked by a wolf in the forest, and severely wounded. He is under my care, at present, and dangerously indisposed." " Indeed," said *Melissa,* starting, " a foreigner?---and had he not a portmanteau?"---" The same---but have you seen him?"---" O yes!" replied *Melissa,* much agitated, " I have seen that unfortunate youth: has he not a most interesting address, and an air of dignity---an eye-beaming spirit, tempered with the soft glow of benevolence;---his hair was auburn?" The monk gazed at her astonishment, and exclaimed,---" What means all this *Melissa.* Surely, you forget yourself!" " Have I said any thing improper, good father?"---" Your simplicity, my child, has led you into an indiscretion: you should not talk thus warmly of any man."---" I ask your pardon---I thought there could be no harm in pitying a person in distress; for I remember, when a sick goatherd came to the door, I brought him some warm whey, and pitied

him, and wiped the cold drops from his forehead, and you praised me for it, and is not a goatherd a *man?*" "You are young and innocent, my dear daughter," replied the monk---"and know not the world, or the danger your sex is exposed to in it.---Sweet as are the offices of humanity, yet, in their exercise, a prudential caution is not to be neglected. But how came you to know this stranger?"---"Yesterday, at the opening of the morn, as I sat at my casement, I saw an agreeable looking cavalier approach the cottage, and, gently tapping at the door, he retired a few paces in a most respectful manner. Constanzia opened the door, and he addressed her with a foreign accent, and in very polite and engaging terms, requested the liberty of disposing his portmanteau under the protection of this roof, until he could recover his mule, which had strayed from him. A heart of stone would scarcely refuse him; but Constanzia shut the door in his face and dismissed him with an abundance of opprobrious epithets. I am sure, I could never have acted in such a manner."

"What then would you have done?" enquired the monk, coolly, "Invited him in, to be sure, father, and then I'd have got him some refreshments and then I'd go with him into the wood and look for his mule." "Into the wood, with him, *Melissa!*" said the monk, with a smile.

"Where did you get these notions?"

"From you, good father. Have you not told me over and over, that courts and capitals, which

abound with restraints and ceremonies, were the haunts of guilt; and that the children of nature alone, were happy, who roved unrestrained and unsuspecting in innocent familiarity from hill to dale, doing all the good they could, and loving each other with all their hearts."

The monk found himself attacked with his own weapons. "I have told you, indeed, " said he, " that such a life would be most delightful. But I spoke of it as a beautiful theory which the corruption of the world rendered impracticable, as a vision of bliss, not to be realized, unless we could collect a society of congenial and uncontaminated souls, and insolate them from the rest of the world. Then, perhaps, you may wander in the woods in safety; but in the present state of the universe, where the good and the bad are so promiscuously blended, and where the *latter* are found to predominate, I would not recommend such unbounded confidence, or expose you to the danger of meeting, instead of one of the pure children of nature, a child of art, trained up, perhaps in all those deceptive allurements which are usually learned in these haunts of depravity I have described to you. But I must observe, and my meaning always attended to this observation, that the more we delight in rural retirement, and cultivate rural manners, the more we approach that state which insures true happiness. At another season, I shall enlarge on this subject, and may heaven enable you, my dear daughter, to form just conceptions of the instructions you receive, and prevent

your innocent simplicity from leading you into error.

"At present, my time is precious; I must not neglect my patient. Adieu, you may expect to see me early on the morrow."

"May heaven aid your humane endeavours," said *Melissa*, "and when he is a little better, surely you may remove him hither. The air is so good, and it blows so fresh from the lake; and I should wait upon him, and read for him, and comfort him, and nurse him, and ——"

"*Melissa!* have you lost your senses?"

"Good gracious! am I wrong again? I thought it was our duty to attend the sick, and comfort the afflicted!!! But delicacy, in a female, should always be observed; and prudence should not be neglected. What know we of this man?---he is a foreigner, and perhaps, unworthy of these attentions paid him.--- We should not, therefore, be too prodigal of favours until better assured of their being properly bestowed on a deserving object."

"But," said *Melissa*, "the more he is a foreigner, the farther he is from his friends, and the greater is his claim on our humanity."---"I can agree with you no longer," said *Benevolo*, and hastily departed from the cottage.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMA CONTRASTED.

" All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

SHAKSPEARE.

EVERY one knows that Thespis was founder of that art, which has since evinced itself the parent of heroic virtue,* and the ornament of polished nations; but nothing could be more miserable than the *habits* and decorations of those original actors. The celebrated Roman satirist thus forcibly describes the apparatus, wardrobe, and machinery.

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.

Translated from HORACE by FRANCIS.

In tracing the improvements of dress and theatrical costume, the name of Æschylus follows in regular progression after that of Thespis. Æschylus may indeed be termed the real father of the stage. Horace has mentioned the ornamental advantages which he added to the rough sketches of his predecessor.

* It is rather problemetical to conceive, how that which is but an *imitation* of heroic virtue, can be its *parent*.

When Æschylus a decent *vizard* used,
Built a low stage, the flowing robe defused;
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.

When we consider how greatly he improved the scenic and mechanical parts of the theatre, we may very fairly give him credit for all the steps which have since been taken for the perfection of departments so essential and material. This great man had too much knowledge of the human heart not to feel assured, that sensible objects strike most forcibly on the imagination; and that the active principle of the human mind could not easily be abstracted from its own concerns, by a cold, dry narrative of unembellished facts. His good sense told him, that a tragedy personified in mean habiliments, would every moment forcibly recal to the minds of the multitude, that it was not a king, a general, or an ambassador, but a mere player, who was making his appeal to their passions. The "docuit magnum loqui" was one of his great merits; the "nitique cothurno" ought not to be reckoned among his least. When his play of the Eumenides * was

* The Eumenides were the Furies, the daughter of Nox and Acheron, who were armed with snakes and lighted torches, and no doubt, but Æschylus represented them with all the horrors of imagined devils.

The above described effects of their personification may, to an attendant of the modern drama, appear exaggerated; but let it be observed, that the audience of Æschylus, *believed* in the

first acted, it is reported, that many children were frightened to death; and the female part of the audience so forcibly affected, that they were carried away in violent convulsions. This incident *alone* is a striking proof of the vast improvement he must have made in the articles of costume and dress.

We have said, that he added the robe and the mask to the decorations of the drama. The use of the robe may be easily conceived: it gave a dignity to the whole figure, and afforded the actors many opportunities for the display of a superior taste, by the graceful folds into which they could convert it at their pleasure. Many of the ancient statues and pictures owe their highest charms to the disposition of the drapery.

The masks are of so ancient an origin, that we find a difficulty in tracing them to their primitive invention. It is pretty evident, however, that Æschylus was the first who ever adopted them to the purposes of the drama. Masks, as used upon the ancient stages, covered the whole head; they represented the hair, the eye-brows, the lips, &c. &c. The different passions of the human soul were likewise depicted on them; and masks of love, joy, hope, frenzy, despair, and pride, were formed by

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real existence of those beings, and were, perhaps, even under an apprehension of becoming the subjects of their torments; hence, the influence of this terror upon the mind of children and of females may be better conceived.

an able artist for the different characters, as they happened to be requisite in various plays. Furies, satyrs, fairies, harpies, &c. were likewise represented by a skilful construction of these articles, to the highest delight and gratification of an audience*.

Many conveniences were the result of this practice, conveniences which greatly counterbalanced the arguments that have been so repeatedly urged against it. A performer did not then suffer so materially from those ravages which the hand of time will inevitably make upon the finest set of features. As long as the organs of utterance were unimpaired, the wrinkles of ages were but slight impediments to the efforts of an accomplished actor, even in the trying task of sustaining and supporting characters of vigorous juvenality. Several of their plays were formed in plots similar to that of our immortal countryman in his Comedy of Errors. Amphybrion and the Menechmæ, afford instances of this nature. We have never seen two men exactly conformable in their physical appearances, as to be enabled to represent the Dromios of Shakspeare, in a way that could mislead our senses, or bewilder our imaginations even for a moment†; yet we conceive it

* When the making these various masks became a separate art, it may be imagined to what a perfection they were brought.

† And if the audience were so bewildered, they would doubtless lose half the interest they take. The entertainment

highly probable that two personages at the immense distance, which divided the actors of Greece from their auditors might, by the aid of masks exactly similar, keep up the illusion of the senses, and give a double zest to plots of such a texture. We learn, likewise, from every description of the masks, that the Grecian theatres were of a prodigious size, even when compared with the large ones, which have been lately erected in our own, and neighbouring countries. For this reason, the masks were considerably larger than the human head, so that when diminished by distance, they might bear a proportionable appearance.

We are also informed, that the actors had instruments within the hollow portions of their masks so contrived, that the vibration of sound might convey what they had to recite, to persons placed at the extremity of their theatres. Without the assistance of these masks and instruments to the vocal energies, the audiences of Greece and Rome must have been the mere spectators of tedious, faint, and inanimate pantomimes.

The words *sock* and *buskin*, are so familiar to every ear, that it is perhaps unnecessary to mention, that the one designated a tragic, and the other a comic performance.

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of the audience arises from the supposed delusion of the persons of the drama—were they themselves deceived, their interest would be lost in confusion.

Shakspeare was to England, what Æschylus was to ancient Greece; every thing before his time, relative to the drama, is buried in confusion and obscurity. In Shakspeare's time there were seven principal theatres, but all his plays were most probably acted at the theatres of the Globe and Blackfriars. That the article of *dress* had then made some improvement, is very evident from the following passage:

"The person who spoke the prologue, who entered immediately after the third sounding, usually wore a long black velvet cloak; which I suppose, was considered as best adapted to a supplicatory address. Of this custom, whatever may have been its origin, some traces remained till very lately; a black coat having been, if I mistake not, within these few years, the constant stage habiliment of our modern prologue speakers. The complete dress of the ancient prologue-speakers is still retained in the play exhibited in Hamlet, before the king and court of Denmark." Again "the stage-dresses, it is reasonable to suppose, were much more costly in some play-houses than others; yet the wardrobe of even the king's servants, at the *Globe* and *Blackfriars*, was, we find, but scantily furnished, and our author's dramas derived but very *little* aid from the *splendor* of exhibition."

"In Sir Wm. D'Avenant's company, from the time their new theatre was opened, in Portugal Row, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, (April 1662) the

total receipt, (after deducting the nightly charges of men, hirelings, and other customary charges) was divided into fifteen shares; of which it was agreed, by articles previously entered into, that ten should belong to D'Avenant, viz. two towards the house-rent, building, scaffolding, and making of frames for scenes; one for a provision of *habits, properties*, and scenes, for a supplement to the said theatre," &c. *Vide Historical Account of the English Stage, in Johnson's and Steevens's Shakspeare. Prolegomena, Vol. II.*

Much curious information may be obtained on this head from a perusal of the Life of Colley Cibber. The dress of Cato is particularized by a very eminent poet; who describes the gown and *wig* worn by Booth, the original representative of that character, in a very accurate manner. It may afford some scope for speculation on the progression of dress, to remark, that the very suit of clothes worn by Wilks, as the airy, lively, dashing Sir Harry Wildair, is at the *present moment* the habit adopted by the antiquated, formal, star-gazing Old Foresight, in the admirable comedy of Love for Love.

To Mr. Garrick the Stage owes great obligation; and his memory will be dear to the lovers of the drama, as long as the works of Shakspeare continue to be the admiration of a British audience; yet in tracing the progression of dress, we may surely be permitted to make a few passing observations, with-

out detracting from the merits of that *immortal man.** There was nothing ridiculous in *his* wearing a *wig* in the character of Ranger; but such a dress would now excite the risible faculties of the audience. The characters of Macbeth and Romeo, which he represented so perfectly, would have been improved by the Scottish and Italian garb. King Richard is said to have been so exquisitely delineated by this great actor, that none but those who had the happiness of seeing him, can form any idea of the sublimity of his conception of that arduous part. The dress of Richard was as correct then as it is at present; but the other characters were attired in embroidered coats and waistcoats, cocked hats, powdered heads, bags, and court swords. The general effect must have been considerably impaired by such a distinction;† and with an actor of less ability, the illusion would have been weakened, if not destroyed: but while Garrick acted, attention was employed on him alone; all exterior objects were put to flight by his transcendant genius.

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* It cannot be denied, that Garrick was a great master of his art; but we could wish that authors were less prodigal of the term *immortal*;—every man is indeed *immortal*;—but the evil is, they want to *immortalize* their *mortality!*

† Perhaps the vanity of Garrick (for his vanity was very predominant) had a share in checking this general improvement in dress, as the contrast rendered him very conspicuous, while the rest appeared merely as foils to him.

It will be generally allowed, that the actors of the present day maintain a decided superiority over their predecessors, in the art of dressing their characters, and in a strict attention to costume. Trifling as this advantage may appear, when opposed to the more noble portions of the drama, its importance will be readily admitted by the real connoisseur. When Macbeth appears on the wild heath, with his plaid-covered chieftains, is not the fiction more aided by the substitution of the warlike Caledonian garb, than when he marched down the stage with a powdered head, and gilt-laced coat and waistcoat? When Alexander the Great was attired in silk stockings, was it not a total violation of history, truth, and propriety?

These examples will speak for themselves.

EDMUND AND ELWINA.

" ——— Fierce war, and faithful love,
" And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest."

GRAY'S BARD.

" Ah! dry my love, that tender dear,
That bursting sigh restrain,
For Edmund loads the sable bier,
And tears and sighs are vain.

" In me a kinder heart behold,
In me a purer love ;
I strove to gain thy hand of old,
But ah ! in vain I strove.

" So languid grew thy melting eye,
So heav'd thy panting breast,
That I could ne'er approach thee nigh,
But sigh among the rest.

" Then turn again that eye so blue,
Then let thy bosom beat,
For with a heart so pure, so true,
I kneel before thy feet.

" One glance of genial love impart,
One smile extend to me,
And cure again that aching heart,
That always bled for thee.

" Ev'n now I feel thy heav'nly charms,
My heart can feel them now ;
And, sunk within thy snowy arms,
I ratify my vow."

" Hold, impious wretch!" a peasant cry'd,
In minstrel's garb array'd,
" Nor taint the poet's loveliest pride,
A bashful, blooming maid!"

Struck by the sound, the chieftain turn'd
And look'd with rage around.
And swore, while all his visage burn'd,
The minstrel to the ground.

"What peasant thus presumes to bar
My prosp'rous way to joy:
What hireling tempts unworthy war,
Or dares my hopes destroy?

"Rash miscreant, tell thy lineage all,
Nor tell it with a lie."
Thus answer'd, rising from his fall,
The youth, with modest eye:

"By Tweed's fair banks my father liv'd,
Two blooming sons had he,
And yet the hoary man surviv'd
To bless his progeny.

"But ah! the eldest youth was blind
To every social tie,
And by his deeds of hate unkind,
Caus'd many a bitter sigh.

"I was the youngest hope; alas!
That I have liv'd so long;
To see good Albert's glories pass
And swell some doleful song."

" The chieftain's cheek here chang'd to pale,
And frenzy turn'd his look,
And, starting at the wond'rous tale,
Thus quick the minstrel spoke.

" A lovely maid possess'd my soul,
Ah! would that soul was gone,
Beneath a brother's stern controul
It heav'd full many a groan.

" He sent me to a foreign land,
He dealt my dole of woe,
He robb'd my true-love's plighted hand,
And still my tears must flow.

" Yet, yet, though nearest to my blood,
A villain's name I hate,
Still I remember yonder wood,
Where he has fix'd my fate."

" Enough!" the frighted chief reply'd,
" Thou raven to my doom!
Oh! here's my sword, with slaughter dy'd,
To bid thee welcome home.

" Inhuman murd'rer! who am I?"
He cast his garb aside,
And drew from off his martial thigh
The sword with slaughter dy'd.

" Thus take thy due, yet hold my hand,
Nor seek a brother's blood."
Awoke by pity's mild command,
The mild'ned minstrel stood.

He clasp'd the fair one's trembling arm,
And show'd her Edmund's face:
" Ah! whence," cried she, " this mystic charm!
Ah! whence this lov'd embrace!

" Art thou my Edmund? tell me true;
Art thou so kindly giv'n,
To make thy murd'rous rival rue,
To cleanse my soul for Heav'n?"

Depress'd, the elder chieftain sigh'd,
And curs'd o'er-ruling hate,
Then kiss'd with cordial lip the bride,
And bless'd the turns of fate.

THE USEFULNESS OF APPROPRIATE NAMES.

THE honest old man received his new acquaintance with great cordiality, and, for the first time, reminded him, when he was about to introduce him to his wife, that he was not as yet acquainted with his name.

" I beg pardon," said he, " it is always the last thing which I enquire about, for, with us cultivated people, the name has become quite insignificant, and even without meaning. Every strange name puts me in mind, as if I stood again in the garden in Holland before a carnation; when I there asked a stranger, what is the name of that flower? and according to its form and colour, expected something like this for answer:---*the grey striped---the yellow bordered;* but on the contrary, it was, *a Prince of Orange,* or an *Admiral Tromp.* Iroquois, and who knows how many others, who are accounted wild and savage people, are yet so reasonable, as to adopt names that have some reference to their qualities; from which arises, in my opinion, two great advantages:---first, it is only necessary to hear a man's name mentioned, than you have immediately made acquaintance with him. Secondly, children are not puffed up with pride by the celebrated names of their fathers. Now only once put the case:---A hero under Prince Eugene, has forced himself, by his bravery, into the class of nobility, and gained the name of *Twikishield:* thus then, already flows respect and confidence from his name. Yes, even the stranger to whom this man is introduced, would instantly know how it was with him, when he was told, this is Mr. *Van Twikishield.* Now suppose, that a hundred years later, a hundred of these little *Twikishield's* are shining about, that are scarce good for *parasols.* Therefore, my dear guest,

before I enquire after the name, I always endeavour to learn a little about the man, and often, therefore, have I in my mind, given him a name before I learnt the *real*, or much rather, the *false* one.---You, for example, are already known to my wife, under the name of Mr. *Good* *."

CATASTROPHE OF A GAMESTER.

When my elder son was near fifteen, he expressed a wish of no longer remaining a burden upon me, and desired my permission to go to sea. He went, accompanied by a father's prayers and blessing; but the line of life did not agree with his health.---During his voyage, he formed a friendship with a young gentleman, whose father was in the mercantile line, to whom he mentioned George, in terms of such high recommendation, that he consented to receive him into his family as clerk.

In educating my children, I contrived to give them that kind of general knowledge, which would fit them for almost any plan of life; and though

* A really witty and observing person, might afford much amusement among his friends, by applying appropriate names to each of them. But, reader, unless you really are *witty*, and a close *observer of character*, do you, by no means, attempt it.

navigation had been George's particular study, he was acquainted with the nature of commerce, and perfect master of accompts. In short, he soon became a favourite with his master, who was a singular character, and a very selfish man, and to the sordidness of his disposition, was to be attributed, his son's not choosing to follow the profession which his father wished.

This young man was a compound of amiable and vicious propensities ; gaming was unfortunately a vice to which he was attached, and about four years after George's residence in his father's family, he involved himself deeply in debt.

My son was returning home late one evening after having spent the day in collecting several of his master's bills, when he was accosted by Frederick Felton, on whose countenance was painted desperation and despair.---" You have money of my father's, George," said he, " in your possession :---I must, and I will have an hundred pounds :---I solemnly swear to repay it before nine o'clock to-morrow morning ; but, an hundred pounds I cannot do without."---It was in vain that my poor, my ill-fated boy remonstrated. A mutual friend happened to join them at the same time, and united his persuasions with those of young Felton. Still my son refused to accede, alledging, that the money was a sacred deposit intrusted to him---that he dare not part with a single penny. The desperate young man instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointed it towards George's breast, exclaiming at

the very same moment, "either give up the money, or abide by the consequences which must ensue." Terrified at this act of madness, he instantly opened his pocket-book, and delivered notes to the amount he had required, saying, "Remember, Frederick, my character and fame depend upon you.---If you deceive me, I am ruined and undone."---"I will die, rather than deceive you," replied the impetuous Frederick, snatching up the notes, and hurrying down the first turning.

He was out of sight before my son had time to reflect on what had passed. The agitation of my poor George's mind may be imagined: his master, however, was at his country house; therefore, an account of the money would not be demanded until the next morning; but he resolved not to go to bed till his friend came home. Morning dawned without his appearance. My son's apprehension knew no bounds. At length, snatching up his hat, he resolved to go in pursuit of him, as he was well acquainted with most of his haunts. At the end of the street, he observed a crowd assembled. As he drew nearer, what a sight was presented to his view! The lifeless body of his friend was supported by several of his companions, whilst drops of blood marked their steps. To dwell as little as possible upon the dreadful catastrophe, this ill-fated young man had obtained the hundred pounds to pay some gambling debt, and resolving to make a bold push, he had involved himself still deeper, and finding he had no way of fulfilling the promise he had made

my son, he clapped a pistol to his head; and though there were several young men in company with him, they were unable to prevent him from accomplishing his fatal design. Previous to his drawing the deadly weapon from his pocket, he called one of his dissipated companions into an adjoining room, and, separating the cover from a letter, he asked his friend for a pencil, and with the impassioned violence of a madman, wrote several lines; but tearing the paper into a thousand pieces, he struck his forehead, exclaiming, " No, it will not do:---and do you tell my father, I forced a hundred pounds from George Marriot, which, if he had not given me, I should have committed some fatal action.---Still this inconsiderate young man's fears were not alarmed by this extraordinary conduct. They both returned to the card-table. Fortune again frowned, and the half-distracted youth put a period to his follies in the dreadful manner described.

Distracted at beholding a sight so appalling, my ill-fated son was almost reduced to as senseless a state as his departed friend; for he was not only shocked at the idea of his having forced himself into the presence of his Maker, but he dreaded the resentment of the man who had reposed confidence in him. Relieved at length, by the condoling arguments of the young man, whom Frederick had enjoined to make the fact known to his father. He saw the body carefully deposited upon a bed, and refused to quit it till Felton returned.

THE SENSITIVE LINNET.

My fond social linnet, to thee
What dear winning charms did belong!
On my hand thou wouldst carol with glee,
On my bosom attend to my song.
Sweet bird, in return for my strain,
Thou warbled'st thy own o'er again.

Love, jealous a bird should thus share
My affections, shot speedy his dart:
To my swain now I sung ev'ry air;
The linnet soon took it to heart.
Sweet bird, in how plaintive a strain
Thou warbled'st thy own jealous pain!

But faithless my lover I found;
And in vain to forget him I tried:
The linnet perceiv'd my heart's wound;
He sicken'd, he droop'd, and he died.
Sweet bird, why to death yield the strain?
Thy song would have lighten'd my pain.

Dear linnet, I'll pillow thy head;
In down will I coffin thy breast;
And when thy sad mistress is dead,
Together in peace we will rest.
Sweet bird, how ill-fated our strain!
We shall warble, alas! ne'er again.

ANECDOTES OF MORLAND THE PAINTER.

MORLAND's encouragement had, at this time, (the period when he was first taken notice of by men of fortune) so much increased, that instead of his pupil being sent to raise five shillings for a picture, as was lately the case, our artist could now, without difficulty, gain as many guineas. With those he would buy any thing that attracted his notice, particularly animals of various kinds, pigs, fowls, rabbits, and others, either for food or amusement, and then go to the public-house, or run from one neighbour to another, to enquire what he should do with them. In all things he acted without reflection, and afterward consulted the opinion of his friends, though without any intention of being guided by their advice.

His rides on the Hampstead and Highgate stages were presently exchanged for hired horses, and he made frequent excursions with his companions, in which he generally paid the expences. On these occasions he was seldom absent more than a day: but, as they were often repeated, the waste both of time and money was not inconsiderable. His longest journey at this period, both as to time and distance, was for about a week, to Whitby, in Yorkshire, where he remarked, that he first beheld the sublimity of the ocean on a bold cragged coast; which astonished him the more, from his having

supposed that nothing could exceed what he had seen on his voyage to France.

Another source of expence and dissipation in Morland, was, the practice of giving suppers and entertainments to a large circle of acquaintance, painters, colourers, engravers, and their apprentices, who frequently made parties to the amount of ten or twelve. Instead of going to an alehouse, after he had done work, often in his painting coat, with one skirt and half a sleeve, as before, he would now proceed in boots and buckskin breeches, to take the chair at the Britannia, a tavern in the neighbourhood, at which these treats were usually given. It may easily be conceived, that such meetings frequently terminated in vulgar excesses.

On his return home he would play various kinds of frolics upon the inhabitants, whenever he thought he was likely to hear of them again. Indeed mischief appears to have been his principal amusement, in the contrivance of which his mind was incessantly active, and to procure a succession of it he endeavoured to make one piece of sport afford the occasion for another. Thus, if a neighbour that had been disturbed taxed him with being the cause, when he could no longer conceal it, he would deliver up his accomplices, in hopes of enjoying the result.

Of the rashness of many of his frolics, the following will be a sufficient example. He was returning from town about two or three o'clock, armed with

pistols, and to try the resolution of the patrole, discharged them close to his ear, and immediately ran off. The enraged watchman pursued with fixed bayonet, but not being so alert as Morland, threatened to fire if he did not stop; when Morland, having carried his joke as far as he durst, laughed, and disclosed his name.

Morland has been represented by his biographers as destitute of personal courage; there are, however, many circumstances which do not seem to justify this imputation, at least during the early part of his life; fortitude he certainly never possessed; but his excursion to Gravesend, his conduct at the horse-race, and his attack on the watchman, are enterprises which border on rashness rather than timidity: latterly, when enervated by excess, he without doubt shared in that cowardice which is common to the intemperate and debilitated.

Our hero shortly after took it into his head to serve the office of constable for a neighbour gratis, and so delighted was he at the thought of wielding the staff of civic power, that he would not signify his purpose to any friend until he was sworn in, lest he might be dissuaded from his project; but of this, as of most of his whims, he was soon tired. When he undertook the office the weather was fine, he was but little employed, and his time consequently not of much value; in short all would have been very pleasant could he have exercised his authority when and in what manner he pleased; but he had forgot-

ten that he should be obliged to attend to his duty in winter, as well as in summer, and to obey as well as to command. When busily engaged in finishing a picture, and in great need of the money, or just going on some favourite excursion, with a jovial party, a precept would arrive from the high constable, ordering him to some distant place, on disagreeable business, that would occupy the whole day; thus his plans, whether for pleasure or profit, were often destroyed. If he had to serve a summons for a jury, he was ever behind hand in executing it, and seldom accomplished it till he had exhausted the patience of the coroner, who did not fail to reprimand him severely. He was not only embarrassed in the discharge of his duties as headborough, but his companions, the hired constables, imposed on his inexperience, by feigning that there were disagreeable commissions to be executed, to get rid of which he would treat and bribe them in various ways. It is not extraordinary, that under such circumstances, he should have been thoroughly tired of his office long before the time of its expiration.

But if few would have entered into so foolish an engagement, still fewer would have been able, as Morland did in some degree, to convert it to a source of professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserter, a serjeant, drummer, and soldier, on their way to Dover, in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet.

Morland seeing that these men would answer his purpose, accompanied them to the Britannia, and treated them plentifully, while he was earnestly questioning them on the modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and their punishments. In order that he might gain a still better opportunity for information, he provided his new acquaintances with ale, wine, and tobacco, took them to his house, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching, making enquiries, and noting down whatever appeared likely to serve his purpose; nor was he satisfied with this, for during the whole of the next day, Sunday, he detained them in his painting-room, and availed himself of every possible advantage which the occasion afforded.

He pursued the prodigal line of conduct which has just been described, as long as the means of raising money in advance on his pictures, and paying with notes which he could not honour, was practicable. Meanwhile he was relaxing in his industry, and his debts so increasing, that his affairs at length drew near to a crisis, which was accelerated by the quarrel and final separation that took place between him and Irwin. They had indeed frequently disagreed while they lived together, and although they generally shook hands again, yet their differences repeatedly rose to such a height, that they strove who should turn the other out of doors. For some time similar habits seemed to have made them necessary to each other; but after Brooks was introduced, this

was no longer the case with Morland, and it became the shoemaker's interest to foment their differences. Morland now stood not in need of Irwin to sell his pictures, for shortly after he was employed by Mr. Smith, he had no difficulties of this kind. Irwin consequently became offended at seeing himself neglected, and jealous of the man who had supplanted him in the favour of his patron; hence quarrels between them grew more violent, till at last Irwin was intirely discarded. He did not survive many months; and, like several others of Morland's dissipated companions, fell a victim to the excesses in which he had participated.

A propensity to quarrel with his associates attended our artist through life. There was constantly one party in and another out of favour, for he chose always to have some to assist him in deridin a others to be the subject of his derison. After Irwin left him, Morland reflected how much he was indebted to the brother of his late colleague for money advanced on pictures, and began to fear his resentment. Here was at once a resource lost, and an addition to the number of his creditors, all of whom had now begun to be extremely impatient. It was then that, for the first time in his life, he believed himself in danger of a prison, of which, notwithstanding all his boasting to the contrary, he entertained most dreadful apprehensions; and, although the amount of his debts did not exceed two hundred pounds, he became more terrified than when he afterward owed thousands.

It was in this embarrassed state that he first had recourse to an attorney, of whose assistance he ever afterward stood in need. To allay his fears, lodgings were taken for him within the verge of the court, at that time considered a sanctuary for debtors. A retreat was determined on; and the consultations between himself, his servant, and his faithful confident, Brooks, became frequent concerning the mode of effecting it. As the love of quiet, and of reputation for honesty, made no part of Morland's character, and as he had so able a helpmate to cheer and bring him through his difficulties, he was much less distressed, after the first storm was over, at the trouble and disgrace of the affair, than pleased with the bustle and novelty to which it gave rise. Besides this he was already tired of his country residence, and wished to be among his London acquaintances, glad of any thing that should produce a change, and delighted with the idea of "giving the slip to the people of Camden Town." Hence his present situation seemed not in the least to deter him from a repetition of those follies and vices by which it had been produced.

Several of his notes were held by an upholsterer, to pacify whom, it was agreed, that he should have back the furniture; while the pictures on which he was at work, and the rest of the effects, were, by the dexterity of Brooks, conveyed away, before the neighbours had the least suspicion of Morland's intention; so that nothing was left for the landlord, but several loads of cinders, in which were found

many public-house pots; and he esteemed himself fortunate to get back his premises on any terms before they were quite in ruins, which doubtless would soon have been the case, as he had let them to Morland in a half-finished state.

Soon after his retreat, which happened in Dec. 1789, by the assistance of his attorney, Mr. Wedd, he obtained a letter of licence, and in the course of fifteen months extricated himself from these embarrassments, by satisfying every creditor.

INTERESTING APPEARANCE ON THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS,

AND THE TERRORS OF TRAVELLING AT NIGHT.

I travelled along so attentive to the objects round me, and wasted so much time in visionary speculations, that I was overtaken by night on the summit of the mountain, where the road was narrow and bounded by frightful precipices. If I attempted to advance, a sudden and rapid death was unavoidable; or if I remained where I was, wolves, panthers, and tiger-cats, were at hand to devour me. I chose the latter risk, as having less of fatal certainty in it: I thought I could effect something by resistance; or that fortune might favour me by giving a more suitable supper, and a different hunting-ground to the ferocious animals.

The progress of night was considerably advanced;

and the powerful exhalations of the preceding sun, for want of wind to disperse, or waft them to other parts, were returning to their parent woods. They at first hovered in the form of transparent clouds, over small creeks and rivulets in the intervals of the mountain; and then assumed a wider range, spreading over the entire valley, and giving to it the appearance of a calm continued sea. This beautiful transfiguration took place several hundred feet below me; while the summit of the hill had no mist, and the dew was not sensible. The moon shone, but capriciously; for though some places were adorned by her brightest beams, and exhibited various fantastic forms and colours, others were unaffected by her light, and awfully maintained an unvaried gloom.

Such apprehensions were gaining fast on my imagination, till an object of inexpressible sublimity gave a different direction to my thoughts, and seized the entire possession of my mind. The heavenly vault appeared to be all on fire, not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora-borealis; but an immensity vivid and clear, through which the stars, detached from the firmament, traversed in eccentric directions, followed by trains of light of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon; and having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees, suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude

of shooting stars, and balls and columns of fire, which, after assuming a variety of forms, vertical, spiral, and circular, vanished in slight flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. During this exhibition, all was

"A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

Would it had continued so for a time! for I had insensibly dropped on my knees, and felt, that I was offering to the great Creator of the works which I witnessed, the purest tribute of admiration and praise.

The profound silence maintained during the luminous representation, was followed by the din of the demon of the woods. Clouds of owls rose out of the valleys, and flitted screaming about my head. The wolves, too, held some prey in chase, probably deer: their howlings were reverberated from mountain to mountain, or carried through the windings of the vales, returned to the ear an unexpected wonder.

Nor was the panther idle; though he is never to be heard till in the act of springing on his victim, when he utters a horrid cry. The wolf, in hunting, howls all the time, certainly with the view of striking terror; for, being less fleet than many of the animals on whom he subsists, they would escape from if he did not thus check their speed by confounding their faculties. This is particularly the case with the deer: at the hellish cry, the poor animal turns, stops, and trembles; his eyes fill; his

flanks heave; his heart bursts, and he dies the moment before the monster rushes upon him. The tiger-cat was busily employed close by me. Like our little domestic creatures of the same species, he delights in tormenting, and is admirably skilled in the art. He had now caught an opossum, as I understood by its lamentations, but was in no haste to kill it. By the action and noise, he must have let it escape his clutches several times, and as often seized and overpowered it again; dropping it from the tree, and chasing it up the trunk, till the wretch being wearied at length by his vagaries and cruelty he strangled and devoured it. The intervals between these cries and roarings, were filled by the noise of millions of other little beings. Every tree, shrub, plant, and vegetable, harboured some thousands of inhabitants endowed with the faculty of expressing their passions, wants and appetites in different tones and varied modulations. The most remarkable was the voice of poor whip-poor-will: plaintive and sad "Whip poor Will," was his constant exclamation. The moon by this time, had sunk into the horizon, which was the signal for multitudes of lightning-flies to rise amidst the trees, and shed a new species of radiance round. In many places, where they rose and fell in numbers, they appeared like a shower of sparks; and in others, where thinly scattered, they emitted an intermitting pleasing ray.

RECREATION OF THE IRISH PEASANTS.

Whatever hardships the Irish peasant submits to during the week, it can never be said, that "Sunday shines no sabbath-day to him." Apparently endowed with the singular faculty of being periodically happy, the hallowed day brings with it to him, a temporary oblivion of every care, and the transient possession of every enjoyment which his fancy (little schooled in pleasurable speculation) can devise.

Early on a Sunday morning, a cabin, cleaner than usual, exhibits at its door a groupe very different in appearance from that it sheltered the preceding day. The lower Irish, passionately fond of dress, and with the means of gratifying their predominant passion, confine their wishes to the hard-earned suit which the mass-house, or dance on Sunday, or the fair of the market-town, affords an opportunity of displaying. Thus the vanity dispersed of worthlessness is exchanged, not only for the garb of comfort, but of ostentation; and it is not unusual to behold even ornamental finery on those on Sunday, who, during the rest of the week, were worse clothed than the poorest mendicant in England.

On a Sunday, the young women go in groups to the mass-house, generally dressed in white gowns and coloured petticoats, with their rug cloaks hanging on one arm, and their shoes and stockings in the

other. When they approach the chapel, they bathe their feet in the first stream, and assume those articles of luxury which are never drawn on but for shew, and the public gaze of the parish. After prayers, both sexes (and of all ages) generally adjourn to the fields, to witness a hurling-match*, or some of those manly sports to which the lower Irish are so passionately addicted. One of them, the *cathic-clogh*, or "flinging of the stone," is precisely the same with the ancient Greek pastime of the *discus*. The candidate who pants for the fame of those "virtues that are placed in nerve or bone," takes a stone of immense weight in his right hand, inclines his body a little forward, advances one leg, poises his arm, and after two or three balancing motions, flings it from him to a considerable distance. These national amusements are not confined to the peasantry. The young gentlemen of the adjoining counties frequently engage in them. As in the gymnastic festivals of ancient Greece, men

* A barony, and even sometimes a county, will *hurl* against another. The respective parties are drawn up like two little armies, and distinguished from each other by their colours.—Their goals are generally placed about 200 yards distant: they are guarded by two sentinels, called, in Irish, *cooth bara*, while the active parties are termed *tatagh*, which signifies *on the alert*. "The night that slumbers in a peasant's arm," is by them roused to an incredible exertion; and the address, spirit, and dexterity, displayed during the game, are truly wonderful. Wrestling matches are also frequent, and generally performed with singular skill and adroitness.

of the highest rank and most refined education, appeared as candidates for the prize of personal strength, or personal activity. Thus even the amusements among the lower Irish are calculated to strengthen their frames, and to inure them in supporting the greatest burthens and the greatest fatigue.

Although the fare of Sunday seldom rises beyond the accustomed potatoes and milk of the rest of the week, some few halfpence are always spared from the household purse to purchase the pleasures which the Sunday cake bestows. In the centre of a field, near some petit auberg, a distaff is fixed in the earth, on which is placed a large flat cake: this cake is the signal of pleasure, and becomes the reward of talent. The young and old of both sexes, for miles round the neighbourhood, hasten to enjoy the pleasures of the cake, which is sometimes carried off by the best dancer, and sometimes by the archest wag of the company. At a little distance from this standard of revelry, is placed its chief agent, the piper, who is always seated on the ground, with a hole dug near him, into which the contributions of the assembly are dropt. The manner of bestowing these donations is attended by a little gallantry not to be passed over in silence. At the end of every jig, the piper is paid by the young man who dances it, and who endeavours to enhance the value of the gift, by first bestowing it on his fair partner, and though a penny a jig is esteemed very good pay, yet the gallantry or ostentation of the contributor,

anxious at once to appear generous in the eyes of his mistress, or to outstep the liberality of his rivals, sometimes trebles the sum, which the piper usually receives. I have been at some of these cakes, and have invariably observed the inordinate passion for dancing so prevalent among the Irish peasants. It is indeed very rare to find an individual among them who has not, for some time, been under the tuition of a dancing master.

It is, however, necessary to observe, that the profession of this art, by no means, prohibits the adoption of any other. A friend of mine having sent for a carman some few days ago, to convey some furniture to a neighbouring town, he excused himself by saying—"He was a dancing-master by trade, as well as a carman, and that his pupils were so numerous just then, he could not possibly absent himself from them.

BEAUTIES OF THE ZELL IN SWITZERLAND.

No landscape better deserves to be described in the liveliest colours of language, than the enchanting scenes which are so richly lavished, by the hand of Nature, along the banks of the lake of Zell. Were I endowed with the transcendant genius of Horace or

of Virgil, what a truly fascinating sketch would I not produce of a country less dreary than the mountains of Berne or Zuric, but replete with all that beautiful contrast, so pecular to many of the most romantic parts of Switzerland! The eye is pleased with a multitude of cottages, the simple inhabitants of which are agreeably united, and pursue their agricultural labours. Further up among the hills, small houses are interspersed every where; and from time to time the welcome inn is found, which affords better fare than that of the large villages in the Tyrol.

These people have been attentive to the place of their religious exercise: the church is splendid, and well officiated; and for this purpose they deprive themselves of a certain superfluity of domestic comforts. The inhabitants of the environs of this lake are robust, and well made; yet through the most of the Saltzburghese territory one is disagreeably struck with the sight of a race of beings who exhibit an extraordinary chain of the modifications of nature, almost from the monkey to the man. I looked with compassion at a number of deformed wretches, whose configuration was so little human, that every movement was accompanied by perpetual contortion. What objects of pity are those miserable creatures who, though members of society, hardly possess the faculty of vegetating, being actually deficient in animal organization! Even their expression is unconnected with articulate sounds,

and they are unable either to answer or to comprehend whatever is said to them. Such are seen trailing themselves from place to place in the vicinity of Saltzburgh.

CHARACTER OF CATHARINE OF RUSSIA,

WITH ANECDOTES OF HER REGAL POMP AND MANNERS.

Who can approach the splendid imperial residence of that great woman, whose name appears with such lustre in the annals of the century in which she lived, without experiencing the painful sensation of departed greatness? A German princess by birth, and yet to be the idol and pride of the foreign nations over which she governed, and which still devote to her memory many a silent tear and the most respectful homage! Even without any farther evidence than this incontestible truth, her greatness I consider, as perfectly decided, however envy may gnash her teeth. It is with the most heartfelt emotion that I still recollect a scene that deeply affected me at the moment. I was one day in an apartment of a nobleman's house at St. Petersburgh, in which a portrait of *Catharine* was suspended; it happened to be shortly after the accession of her nephew and favourite to the throne. Being alone in the room, the sight of the striking resemblance excited in my mind the recollection of a variety of circumstances

from former days, and comparisons with the present, when suddenly the two wings of the door flew open, and a brilliant company entered, conducted by the venerable matron of the house, who had been one of Catharine's court ladies. The assemblage tacitly formed a semi-circle around the picture, and after contemplating it for some time without averting an eye, broke out in the exclamation, "Oh! she was a great woman!" I saw tears glittering in many an eye, and the company again retired in solemn silence. This homage to the picture of a despotic monarch, at a time when her smile could no longer excite ambitious hopes; when her hand could grant no more vassals nor badges of honour; paid by persons who owed their dignity, not to her, but to her successor: this indeed appeared to me to be the most affecting triumph of true greatness.

But the greatest man will always remain but a man, with innumerable infirmities and failings; and frequently these very imperfections are an inducement to reconcile us to his greatness, which otherwise might be oppressive to us. The discussion of the questions, whether Catharine's greatness tended more to injure than to promote the welfare of her people? and whether her faults did not often strike incurable wounds, is best left to history to decide? that rigid judge of those who are clad in purple.

You will often hear it asserted, that her wars have deprived the nation of its most generous supporters;

the rights of nations were no obstacle to her aggrandizement; she despoiled them of their countries, and even of their existence as a nation. Her ambition promoted disunion and contumacy; her will, however opposite it might be to the existing laws of other empires, was to be the law for all: her feminality gave too wide a scope to the ambition and avarice of her favourites; her vanity gave her people an appearance of culture, which, on the slightest agitation, again vanished. She disowned the spirit of wisdom, which sows at a proper depth the seed, that is in future times to shoot up to a wide-spreading fruitful tree, under whose shade posterity may find refreshment; she threw it forth scarcely covered with earth, and was delighted with the rapid growth; for she was resolved to enjoy both shade and fruit. She placed the spirit of the nation in a hot-house, where it luxuriantly sprouted up to leaves and blossoms: some of the blossoms became fruit; but the fruit was either sapless or watery, and, accustomed to the heat of the hot-house, no transplantation can well take place. You will often hear her charged with these failings; but is it, on the other hand, to be expected of the greatest woman, that she should entirely lay aside the character of her sex? and was it Catharine's fault, when she observed so apparent and rapid a developement, and inhaled the balsamic odours of the blossoms around her, that she should be dazzled by the appearance of this phenomenon, and in consequence attribute to the spirit of the nation which she governed,

more inward strength, and a greater degree of maturity, than perhaps the sequel evinced? To probe to the bottom is no characteristic of a female; her talent principally lies in catching up any thing superficial that may present itself to her eye; in converting it to her use, and in beautifying it. And when we consider the pliability of the Russian spirit, united to the incomparable talent to adjust itself to any form, together with the susceptibility for a splendid external polish, was a young elevated female to blame, if, inspired by the sublime idea to be the modeller of an empire, and to procure it an honourable place in the list of the cultivated nations, she mistook the shadow for the substance, and was delighted with the appearance of the reddening fruit?

Respecting her wars, was it then absolutely impossible, that her keen female eye should point out to her the necessity of placing her nation on the highest degree possible of political importance, of attracting the eyes of all nations towards it, and of uniting its interest as closely as possible with the interest of the other parts of Europe? The nation, she judged, will then feel unwilling to remain behind those, which it has not only overtaken, but even excelled in the arts of war and politics. The sense of its weakness, in this respect, will be felt as a burden, and it will then suddenly and majestically unfold its internal strength. She considered it as her principal duty, to provide the means necessary for this intellectual developement, whenever

the happy period for activity might arrive. Hence she made it her principal study to establish good schools; she exerted her endeavours to invite men of understanding to her country: hence she frequently was contented with a less perfection, especially where it related to a production of her nation. If she anticipated the period, when it would be awake to a sense of its own energy; and if she, on some occasions, mistook the course, or treated the nation, which was still to be modelled, as already full formed, who will impute it to her as a crime, that she was not omniscient? Who is ignorant of the manner in which some knew how to bound her views, by pointing out to her apparently smiling objects, on which her eye could not fail to rest with delight? Who has forgotten Potemkin's towns in the Crimea?

Catharine was, if not superior to the æra in which she lived, at least far superior to the nation which Fate subjected to her sceptre. Was it then not a true patriotic wish of the mother of her country, that this very nation, from which she believed she had reason to expect so much energy, should approach her with a gigantic step! Which is greater, the attempt to elevate a nation to a higher degree of perfection, or to reduce it to a low scale, as we may daily in some parts secretly observe?

The execution of so copious a theme as Catharine's character, spirit, and government is, must be transmitted to impartial posterity by the keen, penetrating eye of history; for this grand theme has never

yet been properly viewed, much less exhausted: I shall only add a few words, respecting the personal appearance of this singular woman.

I saw her repeatedly a few years before her death, but almost always in the circle of her castles, for she seldom appeared in public; though in her latter years she was oftener abroad than formerly. In person she was of a middling stature, rather inclining to corpulency, but still so as not to be in the least unweildy. Her look expressed an ineffable mildness; her delicate blue eye still retained its original lustre, even at her advanced period of life: dignity and grandeur were exalted on her majestic front, covered with snowy locks. Her skin was very white, and the deep red was alone artificial. Her small head-dress of lace covered her hair, above which glittered a small diamond crown. Her dress differed from that of all her court ladies, and even from that of all the females of the empire, excepting her friend the princess Dashkow; it was a mixture of the Oriental and European, and though no fashion altered the cut, still it was not less convenient than it was elegant; nay, I must say, it was quite adapted for a matron. On her left breast glittered the diamond star of the St. Andrew's order; but I do not recollect to have observed the blue ribband: the finest silk stockings were partly covered by white satin shoes. Her walk was still upright and tolerably firm: in short, female majestic grace pervaded her whole form.

On gala-days, when she passed through the apartments of the palace to table, she was preceded by twelve chamberlains dress in rich embroidered clothes, with a lord chamberlain with his wand at their head; then came her majesty, her train being borne by chamberlains and pages; behind her were very few ladies. The procession then closed with the rest of the court. On these days, surrounded by her nephews, and the splendid circle of her nobles and friends, she was cheerful and sociable, and frequently facetious. Before her stood some particular small dishes, from which she selected some, and presented the same to one or other of her friends. The band of music, placed in an opposite gallery, which played the most melodious notes, appeared to excite but little attention; still it sometimes happened, that she would even compliment the artists by arranging fruit and confectionary on plates, which she would afterwards send to some of the performers.

On occasion of the nuptials of the present monarch, a public supper was given after a splendid ball. The whole imperial family was here assembled, together with all that had the least claim to the bon ton. The sight of the beautifully illuminated hall, the splendour of diamonds sparkling on the richly embroidered clothes about the head, and on all the fingers; the handsome chevalier guard, all picked young men of uncommon stature, with their silver armour, and the helmet with its waving plume, stationed at the lofty folding doors,

the crowd of pages covered with gold, and the rest of the servants: all this captivated the senses of the unaccustomed spectator, and placed him in other respects in a kind of stupefaction. No restraint whatever prevailed, and no one, whoever he might be, and of whatever rank, found himself uncomfortable or neglected, provided he had been formerly accustomed to appear in the great world.

The ball was opened by the charming grand duchess, the present dowager empress, and a nobleman; they were succeeded by all the tender branches of this excellent family, with that ineffable grace which distinguishes all the female part of the imperial house. Catharine stood in the circle, and smiling attended to the dance of her fair grandchildren. Even Paul Petrowitch was present in a red velvet suit, with that stern countenance which nothing in this circle was able to cheer. His body was only partially turned towards the assembly; his head was thrown back; his cheeks, as usual, rather puffed with wind; his arm in his side, and one foot advanced. A certain resoluteness was the character expressed in his figure, look, and position. He would occasionally converse with some general near him; in other respects he seemed to interest himself little in whatever transpired: in his look might be evidently read, "*Here I must be.*"

During the dance, her majesty took a seat at one of the card-tables in the back part of the hall, which is separated by pillars: here she played with Count Cobentzel, at that time Austrian ambassador, who

was seated opposite to her; on her left was Prince Platon Subow, with a dark blue richly embroidered uniform; and, if I am not mistaken, Baron Von Stedingk, the Swedish Ambassador on her right. You will probably recollect, that Catharine had expressly requested this conqueror of the Russians as ambassador to her court, and that she had a particular esteem for him. Does not this simple feature announce a great soul? In the same were several other card tables, occupied by the other ambassadors of the nobility of the court. A heap of gold was spread before her majesty, and beside it a small gold shovel, with which she pushed forward to the winner what she had lost. She played some hazard game, but which has escaped my recollection. Her attention was not much fixed on play, and was every moment interrupted by the presentations which now took place. To each she said something obliging; many a one she would call to her side, and converse longer with him, in which conversation they were frequently joined by the duke in a tolerably intimate manner.

The grand marshal of the court now made his appearance, and by a deep bow announced to her majesty that the supper was ready. Catharine arose, and the dancing and music immediately ceased. She proceeded through the halls, most graciously bowing towards the spectators of the feast, who had arranged themselves in two rows. The procession was a brief one described; but it was now preceded by a great number of pages, carrying

silver sconces. All followed her in crowds into the hall, where the table was extended in the form of a horse-shoe, and every thing was united that taste and splendour could produce, in order to excite sensuality. The effect of the whole, of the gold and silver vessels, of the rich liveries about the table, and of the splendid circle that was admitted to it, surpasses all description. Catharine, however, whose smiling mien animated every thing, and the sweet circle of her grand-children, among which was now Elizabeth with the charming mother, captivated every eye. But scarcely had Catharine quitted the table, and turned her back, when the whole scene changed, and presented an image or picture of the primitive chaos. I saw the fruits and blossoms, the ribands and flowers torn off; I saw pockets filled with the remaining fruit and confectionary; and the servants, apprehensive of going away quite empty, mixed among the high nobility, and availed themselves of their house-right: so that all depended on who could grasp the most. Several pieces of plate are said to have disappeared on that evening. I stood in the crowd like one who was petrified, and exerted my utmost endeavours to avoid the kicks and blows; but to escape was impossible: indeed, this was not the conclusion which I ever could have expected of such a fête.

Her majesty rode repeatedly in her sledge in the course of the last winter which she saw; behind her stood prince Subow and the grand master of the horse, surrounded by an immense suite on horse-

back: then followed the imperial family, and finally the court. The splendour of the procession afforded the pressing crowd a brilliant and majestic scene, while the grace which beamed forth from the eyes of Catharine, and her amiable family, charmed and captivated every heart.

Whenever Catharine rode abroad, she was always preceded by twelve hussars, who rode two and two at some distance from each other. Her carriage, though not splendid, but still very convenient, was surrounded with pages and heyducs: a master of the horse galloped aside of the carriage, followed by a number of imperial stablemen. Her majesty has often been censured for this propensity to sumptuousness; but an empress of Russia is not to be considered on a trivial scale; and she knew her nation: hence she never made her appearance in public too often, without retiring again in a most striking manner. The opportunities of beholding her were rare, but each of these were a fête; and when she appeared, it was always in the splendour of the sovereign commanding respect. Still she was by no means unpopular; on the contrary, the people adored her.

We have now arrived at Zarskoje-Sselo; it lay on our right, and only a part of the park and the beautiful aqueduct, the bold performance of Bauer, was visible: this was, however, still sufficient to excite all those sensations which pervaded my breast several years ago, when an accident led me hither.

The larger and more beautiful part of the park is situated behind the palace. The structure itself is three stories high, and terminates in two recoiling wings; that is, the right contains the bathing-rooms, both being covered with a cupola: the chapel on the left hand is ornamented with the customary five spires, and richly gilt crosses, and the bath with a globe and star. The colour of the whole is green, most splendidly covered with gold.

It was here that Catharine I. surprised her husband with the original plan of the palace: but the structure itself was raised in the reign of Elizabeth, and evinces in its architecture, as well as in its exuberance of gildings, the taste of that period.

Catharine II. erected a separate palace for her residence, built in the most simple but elegant style of architecture. Before her lay spread her own and new designs, and her eye surveyed the monuments which she had erected in honour of her heroes, and of him who was to her more than all, of her Orloff. These were placed on the open lawn, and towards the latter part of her life were often visited by her in solemn silence. The park, which abounds in shady walks, in new prospects, in temples and bridges, in ruins, &c. occupies a considerable extent of ground. A gentle slope leads from the middle story gradually into the park, so that her majesty had no use of stairs The gallery of great men, from which the bust of Fox, on a late occasion, was obliged to disappear, hermitages, the

bridges of pillars, the arcade with a marble colonnade above it, the Rutschberg with its forest of pillars have, like every thing else remarkable in the castle, been so often described, that it would be unnecessary here to repeat it. In short, the whole was a most perfect model of the taste of its inhabitant, and her æra. Catharine's apartments were splendid, but in the style of noble simplicity, cheerful and lively, like the mien of the possessor. Her bedchamber, with the mirrors and the glass pillars quite resembled the dwelling of a fairy. From her apartments she had an open prospect to St. Petersburgh. Here, it is said, that she was sitting at a window during the last autumn which she survived, and observed that a sudden storm was collecting over the residence. Directing the attention of the company to the circumstance, one of them had the temerity to repeat a Russian proverb, which signifies, "Command, sovereign, and the flash shall light!" In that moment the flash actually struck and set fire to the gallies, all of which were consumed. Her majesty arose with indignation, cast a gloomy look at the unseasonable flatterer, and retired to her apartments, where she soon received messengers from St. Petersburgh, announcing the damage sustained by the storm. Shortly after she repaired to the city, and saw her favourite Zarskoje-Sselo no more! and its splendour vanished the moment her eyes were closed.

A few years after I visited it again---what a change! Every where the works of the corroding tooth of time

were visible. All was in a ruinous state! With mournful feelings I reclined against Orloff's pillar, and cast my eye towards the windows of the late sovereign; but that great spirit, which animated the whole, had disappeared. A hoarse *halt* issued from the rocky gate. The interior of the palace was already deprived of its greatest beauties. There was even a report, that the whole castle would be converted into barracks; and, if I am not mistaken, a guard was actually ordered hither. The Emperor Paul delighted only in his own plans and devices, and those of his imperial consort. Gatschina and Pawlowska were, notwithstanding their confinement, his favourite places: he even despised the greater convenience; and, at least in respect to Gatschina, the greater beauty and richness of the surrounding country. Whether this proceeded from a disgust to whatever was concerned with the former period, (as it is said to have been the case with the Tauridian palace in St. Petersburgh), I leave undecided.

Though the favourite residence of his grandmother, the stage of his happy infantile years, is sacred to Alexander, still all is kept in the same state, though not inhabited. He finds more delight in the charming Peterhof, and Caminoy-Ostrow; which are nearer to the residence, but very confined. Here he passes the greater part of the summer with his imperial consort; and the dowager empress in her favourite Pawlowska.

WRITTEN IN A BURIAL PLACE.

Ah me! and must I, like the tenant lie
Of this dark cell, all hush'd the 'witching song,
And will not feeling bend his streaming eye
On my green sod, as slow he winds along,
And, smiting his rapt bosom, softly sigh,
"His genius soar'd above the vulgar throng!"

Will he not fence my weed'ess turf around,
Sacred from dull-ey'd folly's vagrant feet,
And there, soft swelling in aerial sound?
Will he not list, at eve, to voices sweet,
Strew with the Spring's first flow'rs the little mound,
And often muse within the lone retreat!

Yes;---though I not affect th' immortal bay,
Nor bold effusions of the learned quill,
Nor often have I wound my tedious way
Up the steep summit of the Muse's hill,
Yet sometimes have I pour'd th' incondite lay,
And sometimes have I felt the rapt'rous thrill;

Him, therefore, whom ev'n once, the sacred Muse
Has blest, shall be to feeling ever dear,
And soft as sweet sad April's gleamy dews,
On my cold clay shall fall the genial tear,
While pensive as the springing herb he views,
He cries, "Though mute, there is a poet here!"

BILLS IN CHANCERY.

WHETHER law has its pleasures; and if it hath, what, and how many they are; and if not, why not?---Such of our readers as may doubt the propriety of this form of interrogation, and may not have read a bill in Chancery, we refer to the files of the Court, where they will find much entertainment. There is a humorous account current among the profession, of a bill filed against an architect, for the building a granary, so defectively, that a great quantity of rats got in and eat up the corn. It first charges that divers, to wit, 100,000 rats, 100,000 mice, 100,000 grey rats, 100,000 black rats, 100,000 white mice, and 100,000 grey mice, together with divers to wit, 100,000 dormice, through divers holes, chinks, crannies, apertures, and other places, did penetrate, insinuate themselves, gain admission, and get into the said barn, &c.; and then it requires in the interrogatories to the said bill, that the said defendant should, in his answer, more particularly answer and set forth, whether any and what number of rats, mice, and dormice, (ringing the changes on each as above) did get in, through the said chinks and crannies, or otherwise, and eat up and consume, any and what quantity of the corn and grain therein being; and if not, why not? &c.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

Nor to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
The Spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that motionless hand
Has met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air and waters, ministering particles,
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The Spirit is not there!
Often together have we talk'd of death,
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear,
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!

O * *! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.
And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
* *! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world, unstain'd and pure.
* *! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul outgrows them not.
We do not cast them off;
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

"Profound in all the nominal,
And real ways beyond them all."

BUTLER.

My rambles and frequent conversations with the peasantry in the neighbourhood of L*** house, have obtained me a degree of rustic notoriety; to which I stand indebted for a visit from Mr. Thady O'Connolan, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, and a personage not only highly esteemed by his rural disciples, but looked up to by his less intelligent neighbours, as a prodigy of learning, erudition and genius. He introduced himself by saying, "He had heard I was fond of Irish composition, and that he had waited on me to mention, that he had some of the Poems of Ossian, which were much at my service."—"The Irish," he said, with a brogue that beggars all description, "The Irish, is the finest and loftiest tongue in the world: the English can never come near it, and the Greek alone, is worthy of being compared to it." He then, with great enthusiasm repeated the description of Fion's shield, in Irish, and Homer's description of that of Achilles, giving (with great exultation) the preference to the former; as he did to Ossian's account of his father's hounds, over the days of Ovid: and then with the utmost gravity, declared his intention of translating

the Eneid and some of Terence's plays into Irish: "The latter," he continued, "I will teach to my scholars, who may play it yet upon one of the great London stages to admiration."

When I complimented him on the extent of his erudition, and expressed my astonishment at his having acquired it in so remote a situation, he replied; "Young lady, I went far and near for it, as many a poor scholar did before me; for I could construe Homer, before I ever put on shoe or stocking, aye, or a hat either, which to be sure, I never did till I was twenty years of age." He then, at my request, gave me a sketch of peripatetic studies.---When he was a young man, he said, there were but few schools in Connaught, and those few but bad; and that it was not unusual for eight or ten boys, "who had the love of learning strong upon them," to set off, bare-footed, and bare-headed, to Munster, where the best schools were then held; that they commenced their philosophic pilgrimage poor and friendless; but that they begged their way, and that the name of *poor-scholar,* procured them every where friends and subsistence; that having heard much of the celebrity of a schoolmaster in the county of Clare, he and his adventurous companions directed their steps towards his seminary; "but," added Thady, "it being a grazing country, and of course no hospitality to be found there, (meaning that it was thinly inhabited) we could not get a spot to shelter our heads in the neighbourhood of the school; so being a tight set of Connaught

boys, able and strong, we carried off the schoolmaster one fine night, and never stopt till we landed him on the other side of the Shannon, when a priest gave us a chapel-house, and so we got learning and hospitality to boot, and the schoolmaster made a great fortune in time, all Connaught flocking to him, and now here I am at the head of a fine seminary myself." He then informed me that he had fifty pupils; that the head class were in Homer, and did not pay for their tuition, as they assisted him to teach the rest; that all boys of the name of O'Conolan were also taught gratis, and the rest paid according to the means of their parents, from one shilling to four, a quarter: he added, that he had then five female elèves, "to whom," said he, "I am teaching philosophy, the humanities and mathematics, to give them a genteel idea of becoming tutoresses in gentlemen's families." After some further conversation, Mr. Thady O'Conolan departed, but not without a promise of our visiting his academy the following day.

The lyceum of this Connaught sage, is a miserable cabin on the side of a very desolate wood. The sound of our horse's feet brought a number of his young disciples to the door, clad in a drapery light and frugal, as philosophy herself could dictate; for neither the Greek sandal, the Roman perones, nor the Irish brogue, secured their naked feet from the damp earthen floor of the academy. The next moment, Thady himself appeared in all the majesty of pedagogue power. His air, dress and manner,

were all admirable, and left the lingo and O'Sullivan, of O'Keefe, far behind: his low, clumsy figure, clerical tonsure, rubicund face; his wrapping coat, according to the old Irish costume, fastened with a skewer, the sleeves unoccupied, and the collar of his shirt thrown open; combined with his Greek and Latin quotations, his rich brogue and affected dignity, to render him a finished character. Having reprimanded his pupils for their want of good manners, he welcomed us with a look and air that seemed to convince us, as well as them, that their dereliction from decorum, proceeded not from any deficiency of precept or example on the part of their master. He then apologized for the absence of his first class, who, he said, he intended should have construed Homer for us; but that they had gone to cut turf for a poor distressed family in the neighbourhood, and that, for that day, the Trojan plains were resigned for the bog. "It was but the other day," said he, "they built up that cabin yonder, for a poor old widow, and I gave them a holiday for it, and my blessing into the bargain."

The interior of Thady's cabin perfectly corresponded with its external aspect. It was divided into two apartments, which boasted no other furniture than an old deal table covered with copy-books and slates, and a few boards placed on stones, which served as seats to the young students, some of whom were poring over "the Seven wise Masters of Greece," others vainly held a Cordery, while their eyes were fixed on the visitors; and three tall

fellows were endeavouring to read, all at the same time, out of an old tattered volume of Virgil.---" There," said Thady, pointing to the inward room, " there is my *sanctum sanctorum:* there I teach Homer, philosophy, and the mathematics," and taking down an old book, which had sympathized in the destiny of that of Virgil, he exclaimed, " This is the only Homer I have; and though seven boys read out of it daily, it never causes a moment's dispute :---whereas, if I had two young gentlemen studying in it, my Homer would be a bone of contention to them from morning till night." Indeed Thady endeavoured continually to impress us with an idea of the subordination and civilized manners of his scholars, and we saw nothing that in the least degree contradicted his assertions; he assured us, that the labourer who earned but sixpence a-day, would sooner live upon potatoes and salt, than refuse a little learning to his child. " I have," said he, " above twenty boys, who have come from distant parts to me, who begged their way, and who are now maintained among the poor of the neighbourhood, who far from considering them a burthen, were so eager to have them, that to avoid jealousy, I was obliged to have lots drawn for them; the boys indeed are grateful, and make the best return they can, by working early and late for their patrons when not engaged with me." Having procured a holiday for his pupils, we now took leave of Thady; and if to be a school master, it is requisite to be " more or less than man," as Le Sage de-

clares, Thady certainly conceived himself to be the former, as he detailed the merits of his seminary, and the classic progress of his disciples.

INVITATION TO THE BEE.

Child of patient industry,
Little active busy bee,
Thou art out at early morn,
Just as the opening flowers are born,
Among the green and grassy meads
Where the cowslips hang their heads;
Or by hedge-rows, while the dew
Glitters on the harebell blue.---

Then on eager wing art flown,
To thymy hillocks on the down;
Or to revel on the broom;
Or suck the clover's crimson bloom;
Murmuring still thou busy bee
Thy little ode to industry!

Go while summer suns are bright,
Take at large thy wandering flight;
Go and load thy tiny feet
With every rich and various sweet,
Cling around the flowring thorn,
Dive in the woodbine's honied horn,

Seek the wild rose that shades the dell,
Explore the foxglove's freckled bell,
Or in the heath flower's fairy cup
Drink the fragrant spirit up.

But when the meadow's shall be mown,
And summer's garland's overblown;
Then come thou little busy bee,
And let thy homestead be with me,
There, shelter'd by thy straw-built hive,
In my garden thou shalt live,
And that garden shall supply
Thy delicious alchemy;
There for thee, in autumn, blows
The Indian pink and latest rose,
The mignionette perfumes the air,
And stocks, unfading flowers, are there.
Yet fear not when the tempests come,
And drive thee to thy waxen home,
That I shall then most treacherously
For thy honey murder thee.

Ah, no!—throughout the winter drear
I'll feed thee, that another year
Thou may'st renew thy industry
Among the flowers, thou little busy bee.

Persian Gardens and Recreations.

The gardens about Sheeraz are much celebrated; but the striking uniformity of long walks and narrow alleys is sure to displease European taste. You may, perhaps, walk a quarter of a mile, and on either side not have a view of a few yards. Yet the Persians delight in visiting these gardens; any thing delights them; and a running stream almost makes them frantic. Nor is this to be wondered at; it is here that they relieve themselves from the anxieties and drudgery of business, and enjoy their Sohbuts. The day is passed in smoking, in the amusement of fishing, or in listening to the odes of various poets: night frees them from restraint; if they drink, the glass circulates without apprehension; nor do the ruby lips of the accomplished yielding beauty hesitate to sip the sparkling liquor of Sheeraz. I believe this to be the utmost extent of a Persian's desire of happiness, the sublimest notion he can form of human enjoyment.

Near a small village in the vicinity of Sheeraz, is a very curious Chushmu, or canal full of fish, which flows from the hill, apparently through an excavated channel. Every traveller speaks of this curious building; you descend by a flight of seventy steps to the water; there are recesses for you to sit in,

where you may smoke and enjoy a very different climate to that of Sheeraz.

The prince's garden, in the city, I thought superior to any that grace the entrance into Sheeraz; indeed he has robbed all the other gardens of their choicest trees to improve his own. It may be worth while to remark, that the Abi-Rokuabad is a contemptible little stream, and is not, after it has been joined by many other streams which flow from the hills, at any place six feet broad. Such consequence can poets give to trifling subjects! I entered Sheeraz with a determination to be pleased; there is a degree of enthusiasm which you feel on visiting a place you have long known at a distance, that ensures a favourable reception to every thing you may behold. You recognize objects with the cordiality of an old acquaintance; and although every thing is novel, you are not indebted to tiresome explanations for a knowledge of their minutest beauties. Under such a prepossession I entered Sheeraz; but whether my expectations were originally too high I cannot determine; I was, however, disappointed.

While at Sheeraz, I was witness to a scene which appears conformable to the customs of Persia. A few days after the prince's arrival, the troops which had accompanied him from Tuhran, and his servants, were directed to provide themselves with houses in the city. They accordingly divided themselves into parties of eight or ten, and whenever

they determined on a house, turned out its possessor. My neighbour, an unfortunate Sy,yud*, was so unlucky as to have a good house. Not content with driving the man, his wife and family into the streets, they seized on the little furniture he had, and treated his frequent appeals to Ali with shameful irreverence. He went and made a complaint to the governor; but all the consolation he got was, that he would soon have his house again.

About the middle of this month the Persians celebrated the death of the Calif Omar. They erected a large platform, on which they fixed an image, disfigured and deformed as much as possible. Addressing themselves to the image they began to revile it for having supplanted Ali, the lawful successor of Moohummud; at length, having exhausted all their expressions of abuse, they suddenly attacked the image with stones and sticks, until they had shattered it into pieces. The inside was hollow, and full of sweet-meats, which were greedily devoured by the mob who attended the ceremony.

The Arabs, who are Soones, cannot refrain from shewing their displeasure at this absurd custom, taxing the Sheeas with worshipping Ali instead of venerating the prophet. This is almost true of the poor people; with them Ali is every thing; they conceive that his name cannot be invoked in vain.

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* A Sy,yud is descended from the prophet. The Persians will not admit the claims of the Sy,yuds of India.

I was told by a Persian, that he once saw a lion, but that he cried out the name of Ali, and the lion ran away.

PERSIAN BUILDINGS, BATHS, &c.

The houses inhabited by persons of rank in Persia are built with some degree of taste and convenience. The entrance to them is very bad; instead of finding a broad and handsome gateway, you probably have to creep through a small door, not five feet high. Their houses are surrounded by a high wall, so that their view is terminated by the extent of their ground, which is not, however, to be regretted in a city. On passing the door, through a narrow passage, you enter a spacious court-yard, at the top of which, and opposite the deewan khanu, is a jet d'eau; and in the middle, and sometimes on both sides, are durec achus, canals which play like fountains.

The deewan khanu is a very large room, the floor is covered with a rich carpet, and handsome numuds (felts), and the sash windows, which take up one entire side of the rooms are glazed with very small pieces of stained glass, and which form representations of the sun and stars.

If the deewan khanu is large, there are usually two fire-places, ornamented with paintings or plate glass. On each side of this room there is a small one, but which does not appear to be ever used. It is impossible to form any notion of the extent of their buildings, as their private and sleeping apartments are concealed from the sight of man. The

stair-cases in Persia are broad and handsome, and by no means like those in India, where you are obliged to grope your way through a large and narrow flight of steps to the most magnificent apartments. Their houses are terraced, for the purpose of sleeping on in the warm weather; a practice invariably observed by the Persians during the summer months. This is thought to be very prejudicial to health: I followed their example; and, although the dews, particularly at Bushire, are very heavy, I did not suffer in the least from them.

The houses in Sheeraz are built of brick; but, as the mortar they use is exceedingly bad, they are obliged to cover the face of the building with plaister of mud, chopped straw, and cow dung. The appearance which this gives often makes you suspect that the building is only of mud.

The baths in Persia are very magnificent, and you are admitted to the convenience of them for a trifling sum, at most about twopence. They are in common use by every description of persons, and often afford a large fund of merriment to the unmarried persons who frequent them. The baths are open to the women as well as the men; five days are allotted to the latter, and only two to the former.

The first room you enter is the place where you undress, smoke, talk, and hear the news of the day. The next room is the bath, the floor of which is marble stone, &c., and which is heated by means of the flues which communicate with the fire that

boils the water. The operation of bathing takes up nearly an hour, and dyeing the beard, the hands, and feet as long a time. All the Persians dye their beards black, although it is naturally of that colour, to the great indignation and contempt of the Turks. The Persians, from a principle of cleanliness, either shave or burn away all the hair on their bodies. The composition they use for this purpose is a certain proportion of quick lime and orpiment mixed together. It is a very dangerous mixture, for if you do not wash it away as the hair begins to fall, you are often burned in a most dreadful manner. The fragrant earth of roses (gile gool) is commonly used in Persian baths. As a number of persons are in the bath at one time, you pass part of your time in talking and smoking, and sometimes sleeping. The Persians delight in using the bath, and have a saying, that "No man should visit a foreign country, where there is not a magistrate, a physician, and a bath."

Many of the artisans in Sheeraz, are very ingenious, particularly in all kinds of enamel work, which greatly excels that in Europe*. It is really surprising to see the lustre, and at the same time the mellowness of their colours, and the wonderful accuracy of the smallest figures. The Kulecans are often highly enamelled, which makes them very expensive, a handsome one costing nearly fifty gui-

* They can enamel only on gold.

neas. They work likewise very well in gold and silver, and in making ornaments for bridles, saddles, &c.

The swords made in Sheeraz are manufactured from steel, which they purchase in cakes at Hydrabad, and which is brought out of the Rajah of Berar's country, and also from Amedabad. One of these cakes is to be purchased for five shillings; at Bushire for about a guinea. They each make one sword, and it rests entirely on chance how it may turn out. If they are full of Jouhur (damask) they are very valuable; but it is said that much depends on the skill of the artist.

I cannot say much of the painters of Persia, they have some little knowledge of light and shade, but know nothing of perspective. The portrait painters, I have heard, take likenesses with very great exactness. Those who paint landscapes, &c. generally study some daub sent out from England, or perhaps one from China, and these they look upon as master-pieces. They give the preference to our figures, but say that the colouring of the Chinese is much superior. The vivid glare of a Chinese drawing, bears about the same proportion to an English landscape, as the colouring of a Flemish painting does to the mellow richness of the Italian school.

It is no uncommon thing, in a Persian painting, to see a man nearly as tall as a mountain; or, in their representation of a battle, a line of guns, on which are formed a line of infantry, over whom is

another of cavalry. I have also heard of a picture, which described the commencement of an action, and in another part the defeat of the enemy.

The physicians are infinitely worse than the painters, and their means of doing harm are unfortunately much greater. Their system of practice is derived from the Greeks, and has descended to them with very little alteration. According to their theory, things are either hot or cold in such degrees, and the only difficulty they have to resolve is, whether the disease proceeds from too much heat or too much cold. China root with them is almost a sovereign remedy against all complaints; I have known them give it for violent colds, and for diseases which result from too free an intercourse among the sexes. When they administer it, the patient is confined to a room, where the smallest breath of air is to be carefully shut out, and the poor man not only suffers from his complaint, but also from intense heat.

The Mahometan religion will not allow of dissection, so that they are deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge from the discoveries of anatomy. Tavernier, I think, mentions that they give horse flesh for the cholic: I have seen them try nearly as curious an experiment. A poor man was violently afflicted with the heart-burn, and instead of prescribing an internal medicine, they heaped a great quantity of ice and snow on his breast; which, they said, was an effectual cure.

A man of rank in Persia generally rises before the sun, he says his prayers, and then enters his deewan khanu; his Kuleean is brought him, perhaps some fruit: and here it is that he expects his visitors and dependants. He is probably engaged with them till nine o'clock; listening to the reports of the morning, settling disputes, and arranging domestic concerns. It is now time for him to visit the prince or the governor; and if he is likely to be detained there beyond mid-day, preparations are made for conveying his chast (dinner). He pays his obeisance, and takes precaution to remain sufficiently long in the presence of the person he visits to attract his observation. His Kuleean always accompanies him; and when he thinks he can retire unnoticed, he regales himself with smoking. At noon the governor probably retires, which is a signal for all those who are attendants to depart. When he returns home, the chast is brought, and eaten with a good appetite. The mid-day prayers are to be said, after which he retires to sleep till three o'clock. He may again have to attend the Duri Khoona; if not, he pays visits; or, if he is too high a personage, he remains at home to receive them. He has to perform the Numazi usur, or afternoon prayers.

When it becomes dark, the carpets are spread in the open air, and with either his friends or dependants he prepares to pass the night. The Kuleean supplies the intervals of silence; and, if he can afford it, a set of Georgian slaves exert themselves

for his amusement. The evening prayer is now to be said; this does not interrupt the harmony of the evening, for as one performs it another gets up to supply his place. The business of saying prayers appears to be a necessary and irksome task, and they get rid of it with the utmost expedition. In Persia it seems to be an established custom for every person to perform his five daily prayers; this is an observance which is but little attended to in India. The Numaz is a ready excuse for the absence or idleness of a servant. About ten the Shoom (supper) is brought, and the hour of eleven usually closes the eventful day.

The merchants, instead of visiting the governor, visit the Caravansera, where they have usually shops. Here they expose their merchandize for sale, form their speculations, and transact all their concerns. By renting a room at a Caravansera, they not only avoid all kind of interruption when at home, but are also able to purchase goods to large amounts, by walking from one merchant's apartments to another's. If they are too poor to sleep, they remain until evening; and their day is always closed, like their superiors, with an enormous supper. Another prayer remains to be said about the middle of the night, which, except by a few, is, I believe, mostly forgotten.

With what profound contempt does a Moosulman look upon the qualification of being able to sing, play, or dance! He gravely twists his beard, and probably ejaculates a prayer of thanks that he was

born a gentleman. This accounts for the serious and taciturn character of a Moosulman. Ignorance frequently limits his conversation within narrow bounds; and a habit of silence renders speaking a disagreeable and irksome task. A learned Moohammedan gentleman is a rare character; indeed men of rank think it beneath them to know any thing but their own consequence.

This is not, however, much the case with the Persians, who are generally affable and courteous men, possessing a variety of anecdote, and considerable information. It is the custom with them to converse upon literary subjects, and repeat a variety of verses before supper, which enables them to acquire a stock of superficial knowledge with little or no trouble. And, perhaps, it may be thought that their evenings are spent to more advantage, and more rationally, than if they had been taken up by a game of cards, which interests the passions without informing the mind. The extent of their memory is really astonishing; they will repeat almost any ode you may mention, and yet I believe they read less than any description of people.

Many of the great people keep sets of Georgian boys, who are instructed to sing, to play on various instruments, and perform feats of activity. The Persian songs are very sweet and pathetic; and the music which accompanied their voices I thought to be very good. Their songs are in praise of wine and beauty, mixed with frequent complaints of the cruelty of their mistresses.

The Arabic songs are sung in parts, and much quicker than the Persian time. There are two men at Sheeraz who are considered to be very superior players on an instrument very like a violin; I heard them, and admired them much, but could form no judgment on their performance. These men, and the dancers, drink wine in enormous quantities, and that too publicly.

Although the Persian music is so greatly superior to that of India, their dances are as much inferior, being nothing more than an exhibition of the most indecent and disgusting movements and gestures.---The dances in India are admirably calculated to set off an elegant figure to the highest advantage; and, notwithstanding the warm and animated descriptions which have been given of the indelicacy and voluptuousness of Eastern dancers, I must confess that many of them appear to me wholly unobjectionable *.

The most beautiful women in Persia are devoted to the profession of dancing; the transparency of their shift, which is the only covering they use to

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* People often court before they are shocked by the indecency of these dancers. I shall incur, says he, the reproach of singularity, but all the movements and attitudes of the Indian dancers strike me as being infinitely more graceful, and far less indecent than those in a German waltz.—[Our readers need not be told, the German waltz still continues the fashionable dance amongst the upper classes of society in this metropolis.]

conceal their persons, the exquisite symmetry of their forms, their apparent agitation, and the licentiousness of their verses, are so many incentives to a passion which requires more philosophy than the Persians possess to restrain.

After the dancers come another description of people, if possible of more infamous morals. They are called Lootees, a kind of buffoon ; and, as I learnt, have free access to the prince and governor, whom they amuse by a variety of indecent anecdotes and stories, which they relate, or invent, of the inhabitants of Sheeraz. Both the prince and governor keep a set of these wretches, who are allowed to take the greatest liberties with the most respectable characters; and who are obliged, in their own defence, to make them presents to ensure their forbearance, and to get rid of their importunity. They perform feats of activity and sleights of hand; but their principal means of subsistence is on the contributions they levy on strangers. They appear to be a privileged people; and, I believe, the reason why they are so often entertained in the houses of the great, arises from a dread lest they should exert the influence they are supposed to possess against them. Aga Ruza often had them; but why I could never discover.

Another amusement, among those who can afford it, is listening to a Shah Namu Khoon, a person who repeats and acts various passages of Ferdousee's epic poem, called the Shah Namu. This is an amusement of a very superior kind, and one which

a stranger is sure to delight in. They act the different descriptions of the poet with great spirit, particularly the account of the battle between Roostum, the hero of the poem, and Sohrab.

The game of back-gammon is common among the Persians; they know little of the game of chess.---The priests hold persons who play, particularly if it is for money, in little estimation; and, I fancy, most conscientiously believe, that they will suffer in a future world for these acts of impiety. They have horse-races at Sheeraz, but I was not there at the proper season. From description I learnt, that the horses start at least at the distance of fifteen miles, and pursue a direct course to the post. No care is taken to level the ground; and, as it very often happens that more than twenty horses start together, there are frequent accidents. Purses of gold are given to the owners of the first, second, and third horses. They take great pains in training their horses, which they do for a much longer time than I believe is practised in Europe.

The military men are constantly playing at jureed-bazee, which is throwing a dart three cubits long at a horseman when they are at full gallop.---The person at whom it is thrown either catches it in his hand, or throwing himself under the horse's belly, allows it to fly over him. This they perform very expertly; and which is by no means easy, when we recollect that the horse is going nearly at his speed. The jureed comes with sufficient force to break an arm. They also amuse themselves with

riding full speed, turning round on their saddles, and firing a small carbine they carry; or in throwing the jureed on the ground, and catching it as it rebounds. The Persians appear very bad horsemen to Europeans; one thing is evident, that they must ruin a horse's mouth in the course of a month.

The dress of the Persians is admirably calculated either for a cold or hot climate. Their limbs are under no restraint, and their clothes may be put on or thrown off in five minutes. The Persians are generally too poor to be fashionable; their dress, therefore, seldom varies, except in the colour of the robes. The Qajjars, however, preside over fashion; and every thing which is supposed to be neat or elegant, is called Qujuree or à la Qajjar. Their clothes may be easily described. The Zeer Jamus are very light trowsers made of silk, those worn in the hot weather sometimes of flax; the Peerahun, or shirt, comes over the trowsers, and then the Urkhaliq, which is made of a Masulipatam chintz, or fine shawls. The outside robe, or Quba, is made of various kind of cloths, some of which aro very magnificent and expensive; the Kolah, or cap, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary, which is very fine, and beautifully black. The merchants are prohibited wearing either scarlet or crimson cloths, and also using silver or gold buttons to their robes. This may not possibly amount to a prohibition, but as it is never done, it is attended with the same effect. The wearing of silks is interdicted by the Moosulman law, but they avoid this by mixing a

very little cotton with them: a large quantity of this kind of cloth (Gurmasoot) is imported into Persia from Guzerat.

The Persians neither resemble those of old, nor their neighbours the Indians, in effeminacy of dress. The king, I believe, is the only person in the empire who wears any kind of jewels; and he only does so on state occasions. They greatly ridicule the fondness the Indians have for female ornaments; and they relate a story of one who was travelling in Persia, whom the Rahdars took for a woman, and would not be convinced to the contrary, until they had taken him to the Hakim. The pompous and high sounding titles of India are likewise a fund of amusement to them; for, excepting the dignity of Ihtamad ood doulu, which is given to their prime minister, and the hereditary honour of Khan, there are no other marks of distinction among them.

Although the Persians bathe so often (which is rather a luxurious enjoyment than an act of cleanliness,) they are a very dirty people. They very rarely change their garments, and seldom before it is dangerous to come near them. The Persian who accompanied me slept in his clothes until we reached Kazroon, although it was the hottest season of the year; and I believe then was only induced to change his dress at my recommendation. It is thought nothing in Persia to wear a shirt a month, or a pair of trowsers half a year.

The curiosity of the females, who lived in the adjoining house to mine, afforded me frequent opportunities of not only seeing, but also of conversing with them. And what may appear strange, after the accounts we have of Eastern jealousy, this was usually in the presence of their husbands, who did not evince the least repugnance to my seeing their wives. My being an European probably entitled me to this indulgence.

The women of Persia, when at home, do not encumber themselves with many clothes, nor are they very attentive to the whiteness of their garments. A Peerahun and a pair of Zeer Jamus is the whole of their dress; the trowsers are made of thick velvet, and their shift either of muslin, silk, or gauze.---Their legs appear literally to be tied up in two sacks, and the Peerahun is but *concealment visible* to the rest of their persons. This is their summer apparel; in the winter they wear garments made of shawls, silks stuffed with cotton, and, if they can afford it, cloaks made of sable.

The Persian women, like the Indian, are totally devoid of delicacy; their language is often gross and disgusting, nor do they feel less hesitation in expressing themselves before men, than they would before their female associates. Their terms of abuse or reproach are indelicate to the utmost degree. I will not disgust the reader by noticing any of them; but I may safely aver, that it is not possible for language to express, or the imagination to conceive, more indecent or grosser images.

The Persians differ as much from us in their notions of beauty, as they do in those of taste. A large, soft, and languishing black eye, with them constitutes the perfection of beauty; and which, they say, diffuses an amorous softness over the whole countenance, infinitely superior to the piercing and ardent glance of majestic beauty. It is chiefly on this account that the women use the powder of antimony, which, although it adds to the vivacity of the eye, throws a kind of voluptuous languor over it, which makes it appear (if I may use the expression) dissolving in bliss.

Many of the women of Sheeraz are as fair as those of Europe, but confinement robs them of that lovely bloom, so becoming and so essential to female beauty. The Persian women have a curious custom of making their eye-brows meet; and, if this charm be denied them, they paint the forehead with a kind of preparation made for that purpose.

It is not an observance in Persia, as in India, not to marry a widow. After a certain time of mourning, a woman marries again, and is treated by her husband with the same distinction as is shown to his other wives.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF FEMALE VERSATILITY.

The convent of Otrotsch, at the efflux of the Twerza, is a very agreeable situation, and is rendered interesting, by its connection with the history of the unfortunate Gregor. I shall briefly repeat the history of this martyr to love, from the "Pocket-Book," for the authenticity of which I in this instance make myself responsible.

Gregor, a handsome Knascen boy, at the court of the first Twersian Knas, Jarowslaw, enjoyed the favour of his master in a very eminent degree, and was loaded with whatever a prince was capable of giving. His rank and his riches, as well as his personal merit, gained him the esteem of the principal Bojars, and it only depended on his will, which of the beautiful daughters of the nobility he would favour with his hand. But his heart remained free, till the moment, when, visiting the village of Jedimonovo, a present made to him by his lord, his fate led to him the charming Xenia, the daughter of the poor sexton. To see her and love her was the work of a moment. He offered her his heart and hand; and the prince, who could not refuse his favourite any thing, granted his consent to their union.

Every thing was ready. The miserable cottage was now, with a princly magnificence, converted into a bridal chamber; the ringing of the bells called the enraptured pair to the altar, and Xenia tottered

with the burning taper at the right hand of her father, to pledge eternal fidelity to her beloved.--- The crowd now suddenly opens a passage, and who should appear, but the prince himself! His falcon, during the course of a hunt had settled on the steeple of the church of Jedmonovo. Jaroslaw perceiving the villagers in their richest garments, all hastening to the church, immediately discovered the cause, and resolved to render the ceremony still more splendid by his presence.

Xenia cast down her lily eyes with a blush. Her hand dropped from that of the embarrassed Gregor. The prince was struck with astonishment. Hurried away by her powerful charms, he approached her, seized her trembling hand, and demanded whether she would pledge to him the bond of eternal love and fidelity. Dazzled by the lustre of grandeur, Xenia suffered herself to be led by the prince to the altar, where the priest tied the indissoluble knot, and Jaroslaw conducted, amidst the acclamations of the people, his charming bride in triumph to the new town of Twer.

The unfortunate Gregor, who, as if by a flash of lightning from a serene sky, felt himself so suddenly precipitated from the summit of happiness, mingled with the crowd, and changed the splendid garment of the bridegroom for the garb of poverty. He selected the dark forest as a witness of his pain, and here grief wasted the vernal season of life.

After the first transports of enjoyment were over, Jaroslaw began to think of his injured favourite

He offered a considerable reward to any person who would bring back Gregor. After numerous searches, he was discovered; but worn out with grief, and emaciated, a sacrifice to perjured love, and to princely power.---What an interview!---Jaroslaw with contrition offered him the most splendid remunerations by way of atonement; but what could replace in a heart like his, the loss which it had sustained! He refused the highest honours, and requested as the only favour, permission to form a cave at the efflux of the Twerza, and to select a faithful monk as his companion. This was granted him; but his tender, loving soul soon escaped to its better home, where no love deceives, and where no princely power can destroy the Eden of the heart.

His lord built the convent of Otrotsch over his remains; but neither marble nor inscription points out the spot where he is interred.

The monks, whom I saw sitting before the convent, appeared to me to possess but little of Gregor's soul; I therefore felt no inclination to enquire of them about his grave.

THE PILGRIM.

" If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it,
That strain again, it had a dying fall;
Or it came over my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

WHO knocks at the door of this cottage so slowly,
Who asks for the remnant of poverty's meal?
'Tis a poor female pilgrim all sun-burnt and weary,
For whose fate all the sons of humanity feel.
Gentle pilgrim, prithee say,
Whither lies thy weary way?
I've stray'd o'er the world, and I've stray'd o'er the wild,
In hopes to find him whom my presence might save;
O! ye saints lead me to him, O, tell him I'm true,
And preserve him from sinking in youth to the grave.

II.

My father's a yeoman, and wealth is his idol,
For truth and for love, he bade me to wed,
And far from his door drove the faithful young Ferrand,
Who a bride to the altar my footsteps had led,

Seeking him I've bent my way,
Many a long and weary day.
I've stray'd over the world, and I've stray'd over the wild,
In hopes to find him whom my presence might save,
O, ye saints lead me to him, O, tell him I'm true,
And preserve him from sinking in youth to the grave.

III.

Wide open the door, the cottage flew quickly,
And the Pilgrim sunk down on the earth as it mov'd,
For the latch had been lifted by that very Ferrand,
For whom her affection so fully she prov'd.
Gentle pilgrim, swift he cries,
'Tis your true-love bids you rise;
You have stray'd o'er world, and you have stray'd o'er wild,
Love has led you to him, whom your presence can save;
O, ye saints, take our thanks; O, ye saints, grant our pray'r,
And preserve us from sinking in youth to the grave.

MAN COMPARED TO FIRE-WORKS.

Simon Schlankopf was once present at an exhibition of fire-works: there ascended rockets, these rockets burst; there, wheels whirled round; it was very pretty. So, thought he, is human life in nature and action. One mounts straight up; people gape after him with astonishment, he blazes and dies. Another makes a great noise, hisses, and drives about among his neighbours, so that they leap and spring away: he bursts at last, and is laughed at. The third, still for ever whirls round in a circle, and gets no farther, blazes and sputters, stops sometimes, begins again to run, till he has run out, and an empty hull alone remains. The fourth, and he is the wisest, conceals himself deep in the grass, and now and then sends up a soft shining ball of light, whose brilliancy pleases the eye, and betrays his existence.

Thus every one plays his little part; in the mean time, the world presses rapidly round like a fire-wheel, and the years disappear as rapidly as the sparks in the train of a rocket. They make a great noise, bustle and crackle much, and in the end of all is only vapour and smoke. Yet, there is one above who gathers up the still remaining sparks, and creates from them an everlasting shining star*.

* The whole of this, is certainly very beautiful, and it reminds us of the comparison of a modern author (whose senti-

THE PASSIONS.

SHAME AND CONTEMPT EXEMPLIFIED.

Let us commence the examination of the intuitive *disagreeable* affections, by the sentiments which are opposed to pride and veneration, namely, *Contempt* and *Shame.*

The first of these sentiments consists in dragging others down below our own level, in conceiving a more lofty idea of our persons and our faculties, than those of another individual: the second consists in humbling ourselves in the opinion of others, by finding that any of our failings or imperfections are known to them. If to this humbling of ourselves we attach the idea, that the ill opinion of another person may have any disagreeable influence upon our happiness, then these sentiments are no longer pure ones, although they do not absolutely change their nature. Fear mingles with hate—hate and malevolence mix with disdain. I ought to warn you, that we are here only considering pure expressions, and that, consequently, I, in this place, only speak of *disdain* and *shame,* inasmuch as disadvantageous

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ments, however, we utterly condemn), which, perhaps, in genius and force, was never surpassed. Speaking of a public character, who in his first career was very popular, but who soon fell into oblivion. "He *rose,*" said the author, alluded to, "like a *rocket*—and like a rocket *fell.*"

opinions, merely without the concomitant idea of any hurtful or real influence, is the origin of it.

The play of *disdain* is the overflowing of *pride;* all the difference between these two sentiments is, that the latter is more occupied with the personal *perfections,* and the former with the *defects* of another. The other marks of disdain, are the turning away from a person, on looking at him aside, darting a quick glance with a haughty air. Sometimes with the head turned over the shoulder, as if the object were unworthy of a more serious or attentive examination. It often happens that the expression of disgust is superadded, by a turning up of the nose, and a slight elevation of the upper lip. And when the despised object seems to entertain too high an opinion of himself, and wishes to oppose pride against our judgment, the eye then measures him with a glance of raillery, while the head inclines a little on one side, as if, on account of our height, we found a difficulty in comprehending all the *littleness* of our opponent. The shoulders rise—a disdainful smile, mixed with pity, announces the contrast we feel between our own imaginary grandeur, and his real insignificance.

If the objects which excite our disdain are not thinking beings, but inanimate objects (though these things are not often despised, save as they have a connexion with certain persons) we express the little interest they excite, by an action of repulsing or throwing them away from us; and we apply these

expressions *figuratively*, to moral objects, ideas, sentiments, characters, &c. One of the most sensible expressions of contempt, is to neglect the speaker, and to treat with indifference his person, his feelings and his actions; either by remaining in a perfect state of tranquility, or by amusing ourselves with more trifling occupations, so as to make him imagine we have forgot his person and all that concerns him, so entirely, as not even to be sensible of his being present. This indifference becomes so insupportable, that the man grows outrageous. For, to lose a point, after having strained every nerve to obtain the end, and to be robbed of it in the most mortifying manner, in not being able to gain the slightest degree of alteration, is a kind of annihilation, not only of merit, but existence itself. Hence comes that forcible effect from a contrast, when one actor tranquilly continues his occupation, whether in folding a letter, taking snuff, or adjusting his dress, or humming a lively air, whilst his adversary, transported with rage, is ready to tear himself to pieces.

The play of shame is variable, like that of contempt, according to the difference of circumstances. Sometimes, for example, it is expressed in sudden flight, sometimes in keeping its post in a resolute mode, as the one step or the other seems most calculated to mark a discovered weakness. The nymph surprised at the bath, flies with light foot, and garments huddled up in haste, towards the approach-

ing bower,* to escape the curious glances of the prying satyr. The man accused of a moral default, seeks to hide his weakness, and destroy, by his presence, the disadvantageous opinion that might be formed of him, and accordingly as his failing is more or less public, his impudence and dissimulation are proportionably great; as his accuser is more or less powerful, he the more or less manifests his desire to do away an unfavourable judgment, by his confused motions and inarticulate sentences; or else he avows his impuissance to withdraw himself from a merited affront, by a stiff immoveable attitude, accompanied with a mournful silence, and all the symptoms of a complete dejection.

You have, no doubt, seen men of dull minds, whom a lively and merited shame have rendered as immoveable as statues, till they can neither advance nor recede. The disagreeable sentiment of their weakness being discovered, and augmented each moment by the presence of witnesses, makes them desirous of a speedy retreat; but they are, in the mean time, tormented with the fear of avowing themselves culpable by this flight: they would willingly say something in their own defence, if they did not fear to aggravate the evil by their clumsy excuses, and add new weights to the load of contempt which overpowers them. They are consci-

* It must betray no small degree of gallantry for the lover to approach at such a juncture.

ous of the ridiculous figure they make, but, after vainly seeking for a relief from their embarrassment, they end with twirling and twisting their clothes, or tormenting the poor hat they hold in their hands. Let any one advise them to be gone, and he will perceive that they will obey him with regret, and with slow unwilling steps; or, without making one motion, will stupidly wait till somebody comes and pushes them from the place they occupy. This obstinacy of neither coming to a confession, nor submitting to contempt, lasts as long as the desire to snatch themselves from this painful situation, and becomes more stiff and more obstinate, in proportion as their weakness is more discovered, and the unfavourable opinion which results from it is manifested in a more decided and less equivocal manner.

The bashful man knows, that the general air of his visage, and particularly his eyes, express the interior sentiment which agitates him, in the least dutiful manner. And, as it is of consequence, not to betray his own vileness, he strives to hide from each skilful observer those witnesses which may depose against himself and to command his own looks, ever ready to divulge his secret. From the moment that his weakness is discovered, and that the observer no longer entertains a doubt, from that moment his eyes are fixed to the earth, and his desire for justification has not force enough to make them raise them up again to the height of the face of his adversary, and less to that of his eyes. For, how-

ever great this desire may be, the fear of betraying himself entirely masters him.

An ugly old coquette does not dread an honest looking-glass, so much as a man governed by shame dreads to look upon those eyes whereby he expects to see all his faults reflected in a manner equally striking and exact. Nothing then is so sensible to a man oppressed with shame as the sight of one who appears stedfastly looking at him. He hangs his head in his breast; his neck stiffens as it were, to resist any effort to lift up his head; and he either averts his timid eyes or conceals them under his eye-lids.---All these observations demonstrate, by the force of evidence, the maxim of Aristotle, which says;---"Shame is in the eyes."

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

A TRUE STORY, AS RELATED IN COURT BY EDWARD SEVAL BEAULIEU, LAWYER.

"What mighty ills have not been done by women!"

OTWAY.

Who could have thought my marriage would have been so unhappy? What love and tenderness existed between us! My fair one made verses on me---I was her Damon, her Leander, and her world! A fire was kindled in her bosom, which burnt *eternally* till the

day after the wedding, when it was suddenly extinguished by the breath of arrogance. She despised her equals, and was extravagant, in order to vie with her superiors. She had her train-bearer, and desired her coach and horses, in imitation of other lawyers, who had an additional independence of a thousand livres yearly. A lawyer of respectability, as she was eternally ringing in my ears, could not do otherwise than display his grandeur through his wife.

She sold a number of clothes, still in good condition, in order to purchase some embroidered bed-curtains. In company she gamed, but at first in a small way, at ombre, and afterwards at hazard, till late at night. Instead of money, she brought home ill-humour, which she vented on me and on my domestics. Her luxury and gaming she pinched out of the necessaries for the house, buying her cow-beef and mutton at the close of the market, and every other article of the most ordinary kind. The servants were fed on victuals which a dog would not eat, and I was often obliged to rise hungry from my own table, and beg a dinner of a friend. Still I was to work; to work for ever, and earn money; this was her daily and peremptory injunction. I never dared to invite a friend to my house, for fear of exposing my dirty wife and miserable fare. I once found six hundred livres concealed, which she had saved by this wretched economy. If I employed my domestics to buy the meat, she generally contrived some means to have it spoiled. Upon my

house being twice robbed, the mistress charged it upon the maid, and the maid, on the other hand, proved that she herself had sold the things in order to get money. There is no wickedness equal to woman's wickedness!---She was also jealous, and would not allow me a room to myself, because she considered it a slight to her, or an improper licence for me. Every woman, young or old, awakened her suspicion, and drew from her sarcastic remarks. No female client therefore could gain admittance to me; and if at any time any one happened to pass unobserved, she was every moment coming into my closet, upon some pretext or other, as a spy upon my conduct. For this purpose she would likewise steal into the neighbours houses, bring a scandal upon me and herself.

Ovid very justly compares jealousy to the rage of a wild beast. I, in vain, attempted to oppose reason and patience to her frenzy. Her madness increased with her age. After ten years suffering I took the management of the house into my own hands, and inspected my servants as much as my business would permit.

She now became furious, and vowing my destruction, circulated the most infamous calumnies in public against me, and turned every thing topsy-turvy at home. I was obliged to have my meals alone, and to keep all my food at a distance from her.

She now dressed herself like a beggar, wearing nothing upon her head but a handkerchief shame-

fully dirty. She placed excellent wine in the sun till it became sour, then exhibited it to her acquaintance as the stuff given her to drink. She let her victuals spoil in like manner, and then cried and whined so dolefully as to excite the compassion of all who did not know her. It was likewise her occasional diversion to put ashes into the soup, and upon the meat of the domestics.

She tried in vain to provoke me by such means to ill-treatment, I locked myself into my room; but then she thundered and knocked at the door with her hands and feet till they were bruised and bleeding; upon which she would run out into the street and display them as the effects of the brutal tyranny of her husband. She stormed the magistrates with her complaints, carried her grievances from door to door, and declared that she was driven out to seek her bread by begging. At length she became insupportable.

These were glorious times, when a man could send away his wicked wife!---It is a fact, proved by daily experience, that the older we grow, the more thoroughly we become acquainted with that hypocritical wicked fair sex. The poet Codrus said the number of stars in the heavens, and fish in the sea, is not equal to that of the wiles concealed in a woman's heart. Bartholus imagined it was not necessary to make laws for good women, because there were none to be found. Hypocrates maintains, that wickedness is innate in woman. Liberious asserts,

that as soon as a woman is alone, she devises some iniquity. Thucydides esteems it as a great commendation of a woman when neither good or bad is spoken of her. From the history of Tamerlane, we learn, that among the Tartars, the name of *woman* was considered too indecent to be written or pronounced. Philip of Macedon declared, that the worst war in which he ever engaged, was that against Olympias his wife. Hesiod is of opinion, that woman was born only to punish the human race. The Athenians excluded the women from dealing in any thing above a peck of barley. There existed, formerly, four cases in which it was permitted to take away the life of a woman. The Essenes, a sect among the Jews, never married, because, according to Josephus, they regarded every woman as faithless. The source of all evils, said Socrates, is woman, and St. Chrysostom assures us, that of all animals, woman is the most dangerous. He calls them sworn enemies to friendship, burdens of sorrow, tempters, domestic perils, desirable sins, and sweet torments. The heathens were also of the same opinion: for they ascribe to Pandora, a woman, the introduction of all evil into the world. For Helena's sake, Troy was consumed, and the blood of thousands spilt: Penelope gave rise to a whole Odyssy-full of lamentations. Dejanira poisoned Hercules, and the Daniads*, murdered all

* The Daniads were the fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, all of whom, except Hypermnestra, killed their hus-

their husbands in one night. Cicero could find no revenge on his enemy so complete as by giving him his bad sister for a wife. St. Gregory compares women to serpents, and proves, that the hatred of the devil is less to be dreaded than that of a woman; for when the devil hates, he does mischief alone; but a hating woman takes the devil for her aid, and consequently there are two. Martial is quite right when he wonders how there could be such a thing as a *good woman.*

Christians have excluded women from the pulpit, Philosophers and Lawyers from the bar, and Mahometans from paradise. And all this must surely be their own fault; for who does not otherwise like to be in their company.

> Au dedans ce n'est qu' artifice
> Ce n'est que fard au dehors;
> Otez le fard et la malice,
> Vous leur atez l'ame et le corps.

From all which it follows, that I have done perfectly right in confining a bad woman.

Observation.---If the good lady of Edward Seval de Beaulieu, lawyer, were really such a vixen as he paints her, no wonder that the patience of the poor tormented husband was at last exhausted: My fair readers will, therefore pardon the acrimony which he has here vented, from compassion for his sufferings.

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bands, the sons of Egyptus, on the first night after marriage, and were, therefore, doomed to draw water out of a deep well, with a bucket full of holes.—So says the Heathen Mythology.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

" The house is filled with loud laments and cries,
" And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies."

DRYDEN.

OFTEN in our epistolary conversations did we lament over the great loss which we had sustained in being deprived of this worthy creature! Yet the Countess comforted herself with the pleasure of knowing that I was near her, and in a place where she looked upon me as enjoying both more happiness and more safety than would have been my lot in the arms of Count Ethelbert.---As for myself, I wept, and prayed for better times.

And better times arrived! We had long suspected that we were not the only unfortunates confined at Ravenstein; and in the truth of this suspicion we now were fully confirmed, though our curiosity was by no means fully satisfied.

The castle, as I before stated, was built on the summit of a lofty rock, whose point appeared designed as a mark for the assaults of all the four winds of heaven. Storms here were frequent and tremendous. In the middle of a tempestuous night, when the whirlwind was raging with its greatest violence, suddenly a remote part of the castle burst into flames! the wind set towards our quarter, the sparks flew in at our grated windows; our danger increased with every moment, and every human

being seemed to have totally forgotten us. No one had consideration enough to unlock our dungeons, no one shewed the slightest disposition to come to our assistance. The general attention was directed towards the eastern wing of the fortress, which was entirely in flames.

Our terror is not to be described; yet certainly mine was far inferior to that of Edith, who had not to fear for herself alone. The preservation of a life which was infinitely dearer to her than her own, occupied all her thoughts; she trembled for the life of her son!

She was desperate; she felt that his destruction was inseparably united with her own, and resolved to dare every thing to preserve him. In the wall of her dungeon was an opening, barely large enough to suffer the child to pass through; she fastened her bed-clothes together, she resolved to let him down by them to the ground, and charged him as soon as he should have reached it, to release himself and fly, or else to find some hiding place, where he might remain till the danger was past. The risque was dreadful; nothing but despair could have induced her to adopt such a resolution.

Edith's endeavours to preserve her little darling were not unsuccessful. He reached the ground in safety; but scarcely had she parted with him, when the increasing heat (for by this time the balconies of the neighbouring buildings were in flames) and the volumes of smoke which poured into her cham-

her, overpowered her senses, and she sunk, without animation, on the floor.

My situation was exactly similar, at the moment when I fainted the only thought which employed my mind was the hope of an happy meeting with Edith in another, better world; an hope which (I fully believed) was accomplished, when on once more unclosing my eyes, I found myself breathing pure air in a light and spacious chamber, and perceived by my side the friend whom I loved so tenderly, and for whose sight I had so long and so anxiously sighed in vain.

——"Oh! Edith!"—"Urania! my Urania!" we both exclaimed at once, while we sunk into each others arms; "What has happened? are we rescued from captivity on earth, or released from the fetters of mortality? Where is it that we meet, in freedom, in captivity, or in the life beyond the grave?"

Too soon were our doubts removed, too soon were we compelled to feel, that we were rescued from death, but not to liberty. The still smoking ruins, which met our eyes from afar, told us but too plainly that we were still within the walls of Ravenstein; and the unremitting vigilance with which we were observed, made us well aware that we had reaped no other advantage from the transactions of the night, except the delight of seeing and embracing a long lost friend. But alas! what cruel reflections embittered this delight. Edith sorrowed for her son, and reproached herself for having suffered to part with him in despair; when, had she detained him

with her in the dungeon, he would have been preserved as well as his mother.

I felt scarcely less sorrow for the loss of the beloved child than Edith herself; I would gladly have comforted her, but alas! where was comfort to be found? Even should he have escaped from the flames, which were raging with such violence at the moment when he quitted his mother, how difficult did his preservation appear! We failed not on the the day after the fire to examine the place where he must have reached the ground; there yawned a tremendous precipice, the depth of which, when we vainly endeavoured to measure with our eyes, the flesh crept upon our bones, and cold drops of terror chased each other down our foreheads.

Bitter was our grief, but no one heeded our lamentations; our guards attended to nothing but the adventures of the past night, and we collected from their discourse, that the fire had been kindled by a lady confined in the eastern wing of the castle. Her object, as they supposed, was to find some means of escaping during the confusion, which her rash action had necessarily produced; she had not only failed in her design, but had suffered so severely, by springing from a lofty window, and by the wounds which she had received from the fragments of a falling tower, that she was not expected to outlive the night.

The Castellan too, in his endeavours to prevent the escape of this prisoner (whose confinement seemed to be a greater object of anxiety to him,

even than that of Edith and myself) had met with a fatal accident, and was every moment expected to breathe his last; we desired to see him before his death. With a feeble voice he entreated our pardon for the injustice with which he had been compelled to treat us; but he called heaven to witness, that the dreadful oaths which had been exacted from him, had deprived him of the power of acting differently. Yet did he not think it necessary to enjoin our future jailors to treat us with greater lenity; and they being in all probability bounds by the same oaths with himself esteemed it their duty to retain us in a captivity no less strict than before.

All we could obtain from them was, that we should not again be separated; and also that we should be permitted to visit that unfortunate lady, of whose existence in the castle we were this day informed for the first time, who had made use of such violent means to obtain her liberty, and who (as our guards assured us) was on the point of paying with her life, for having dared to commit so desperate an action.

Curiosity, hope, the fear of finding some beloved acquaintance in this wretched captive, or the desire of giving some alleviation to the sufferings of an expiring partner in affliction, which of these motives induced us to make this melancholy visit, I cannot pretend to decide. When we received the permission to enter her dungeon, we were assured that we should find nothing that would diminish our own distress, and the event justified our assurance.

They conducted us to a wretched pallet, on which lay a female, whose features were totally unknown to us, but whose appearance excited in us the deepest sentiments of pity; of that painful pity which knows itself unable to afford relief! On hearing our footsteps she raised, with difficulty, her half-closed eyes, and with a smile of anguish extended her hand towards us. We exerted ourselves to afford her every little alleviation of pain, which our narrow means could furnish; and in executing these mournful services our tears sufficiently declared the feelings of our hearts.

——"Forgive me!" said she, when after two or three hours our endeavours to relieve her had produced some little effect; "I wished to rescue myself from captivity, and had nearly brought the same fate on you under which I am now groaning. But long suffering is the mother of despair!"

Shortly after she seemed to be nearly delirious; she counted the years which she had already past in this dreary dungeon, and those during which she expected to be detained in it by her tyrant; then she raved about her son, for whose arrival she had so long waited in vain, and she entreated him to hasten to the rescue of his unfortunate mother!

Towards night she declared that all pain had entirely left her. With an appearance of gaiety she thanked us for our attentions, and entreated to know the names of those to whom she was so much indebted. The Countess revealed herself, and the

captive, in return, bestowed upon her a look of interest and compassion.

——"Edith of Mayenfield?" repeated the invalid; "Oh! I know your story well; you too have suffered much; not so much, its true, as *I* have suffered, yet enough to know what it is to incur a villain's hatred.---"And your name, gentle lady?" she continued, addressing herself to me.

——"I am Urania of Carlsheim and Sargans," was my answer.

——"Urania of Sargans," shrieked the stranger in a dreadful voice, while she clasped her hands violently together, "Urania? Ethelbert's beloved Urania? Oh Fortune! this blow was still wanting to make me completely miserable."

——"Away from my sight, abandoned woman! away, and leave me to die! But with my last breath I swear to be revenged! Even from my grave will I shriek to heaven for vengeance! Tremble, detested girl; thou shalt not triumph over my corse unpunished!"

I stood like one petrified near the bed of the sufferer; astonishment and terror almost deprived me of my senses, and nothing but the consciousness that she spoke in the heat of frenzy could have preserved me from sinking on the earth.

——"Noble lady," I said, as soon as I could recover myself, at the same time advancing towards her, and offering to take her hand; "recollect yourself, for pity's sake! I never saw you till now, and can never have offended you. You surely can-

not have heard me aright, I am Urania, the unfortunate Urania Venosta; who, rejected by a cruel husband, and undeservedly branded with shame, have been condemned in this castle to wear eternal fetters, which the flames of last night in vain attempted to break."——

——"Ha!" said the stranger in a gentler tone, "is it so?---Are you then Ethelbert's *rejected* wife?---Unfortunate, let me clasp thy hand in mine; we are sisters in calamity."——

Already was I advancing to take the hand which she held out, when Edith uttered a loud scream, and hastily drew me back. She had observed the captive's countenance change suddenly, and we now saw, that she grasped a poniard till then concealed in her bosom. From that moment the senses of the wretched stranger were irrecoverably lost.---Her eyes full of rage were constantly directed toward me; she foamed at the mouth; she loaded me with execrations, and I was compelled to retire, that she might have a chance of regaining some composure.

The meaning of this dreadful scene was to me an absolute enigma. I lamented the poor wretch's condition; though a secret horror, whenever I recollected her words and manner, took complete possession of my soul. In this painful situation did I pass the night; the morning had scarcely dawned, when the Countess of Mayenfield informed me, that the unknown lady was no more. Edith was quite exhausted by the terrible occurrences of the past

night. I enquired, whether she had made no discoveries which might unravel these mysterious circumstances: but she answered by an assurance, that it was impossible for her to give me any light upon the subject.

In mournful silence did we follow to the grave the corpse of our wretched partner in captivity. She was interred in one of the back-courts of our prison; and we were conducted after the burial into a gloomy apartment in a quarter of the castle, which had escaped the violence of the flames.---Our present dungeon was in no respect better than our former had been; and the small portion of freedom, which we had enjoyed during the few last days, now appeared to our stern jailors too great an indulgence, and we were accordingly deprived of it.

We heard the door barred on the outside; we sunk into each others arms, and wept bitterly: then we rejoiced, that at least we had been suffered to remain together, and then we wept again. We endeavoured to escape from present miseries, by recalling former happiness and indulging future hopes; but alas, this recourse was but of little avail. Yet, among all the agonizing reflections which tormented us, nothing was so painful to remember, as the loss of our little darling Ludolf!

I will not pain your gentle hearts, my children, by dwelling on our sufferings in this forlorn situation, during which, the only support was the soothing of mutual pity. A change at length took

place in it, but we had little reason to expect, that it would turn out to our advantage! Our guards informed us one day, that the Count of Carlsheim had sent a new Castellan to superintend the government of this half-ruined fortress; and they added, we should soon find cause to regret under our new overseer, that treatment which we had complained of as being so harsh and rigid. We trembled as we listened to the prophecy. Aversion and spite against this new instrument of Count Ethelbert's vengeance, were plainly exprest in every feature of our former jailors, yet did they scarcely dare to express their dislike of him aloud: What then had we to expect? How dreadful must that man be, who could strike terror even into the flinty hearts of these barbarians.

We had not long been informed of his arrival, when this dreadful Castellan entered our dungeon, accompanied by several of our former guards. We trembled as we gazed on the gloomy brow of the man to whose hand our fate was consigned.

Walter Forest, for (so was our jailor called) scarcely deigned to honour us with a look, while he informed us that we must prepare ourselves to quit Ravenstein at midnight, the Count of Carlsheim not thinking the castle safe enough since the late fire, for prisoners of our consequence. We wished to address a few words to him, imploring better treatment for the future; but he turned away from us rudely, blamed the attendants for having suffered us to remain unfettered, and having caused heavy

shackles to be brought immediately, he saw them rivetted before he left the dungeon.

GALLANTRY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

On descending to the river side, I was agreably surprised by some Indian boys playing on reeds at a distance. They were delightfully wild and harmonic, and plaintive to an affecting degree.

Nor was this music played in vain. It was for the purpose of seducing the young women out of the village, and of giving their favourites an opportunity of telling their loves in the silence of the woods, or on the borders of the murmuring streams. On the subject of love, no persons have been less understood than that of the Indians. It is said of them, that they have no affection, and that the intercourse of the sexes is sustained by a brutal passion remote from tenderness and sensibility. This is one of the many gross errors which have been propagated, to calumniate these innocent people; and it has arisen from its being remarked by all observers, that no expressions of endearment or tenderness ever escape the Indian sexes towards each other. They have been always seen to maintain a rigid distance, and to be equally strangers to love and amity. But these observers ought to have known, that such reserve is

only practised in the day-time, and that in compliance with a political and religious law, which stigmatizes youth wasting their time in female dalliance, except when covered with the veil of night, and beyond the prying eye of man. In consequence of this law, gallantry is strictly avoided during the day-time. And were a young savage to tell his mistress before the sun was yet set, that he loved her better than he did its light, she would run from, or look upon him with disdain*. For my part, I never saw gallantry conducted with much more refinement or mystery than I did during my stay with the Shawanee nation.

I returned to the village, where I found all the fires put out, and every object under the shadow of night and mystery. I went to the tent of Adaia, the chief of the tribe, with whom I had had much previous conversation, and took him through the settlement to acquire some further knowledge of its interesting inhabitants. We had gone but a few steps, when we perceived an Indian with a lighted calumet in his hand. I learned from Adaia, that he was going a *calumeting*. That is a practice of

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* This is very similar to the manners of the ancient Spartans, among whom, even the husband and wife were obliged to meet by stealth, it being a disgrace for them to be seen together. They were entire strangers to what we term domestic happiness. Hence that stoicism, so much the boast of writers, was not a *virtue*, but a *consequence*.

gallantry among the Indians. To comprehend it well, you must know, that as they have no distinction of property, superiority, or subordination, they live on a footing of equality, and without the fear of thieves or enmity from one another. Consequently, they leave their doors open day and night, and fear no interruption whatever. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she admits him; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he softly retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart, knowing, that while there was light, she never would consent to his wishes.

ON HISTORY.

BRIGHT on the page of hist'ry beams each star,
Rever'd in peace, or terrible in war;
The statesman here to latest ages lives,
And the sweet poet with his Muse survives;
Still thunders one to the admiring crowd,
While flows his speech in the dumb volume loud;
Still silent senates pause on every stroke,
And letters speak what once the hero spoke;
The other's verse each manly bosom charms,
Represses, vigorates, enchants, and charm;

The measur'd modes majestically glow,
And pity weeps o'er scenes of stored woe.
How sweet, to share the sight, unhurt, unharm'd,
Start to the field with force ideal arm'd;
Mark hot-brain'd Charles the regal banner wave,
Or unknown hand implant his lowly grave?
A Fred'rick, view, in martial strictness firm,
Turn the quick rank, or place the dauntless turm;
A William, snatch deep danger's highest wreath,
And brave the iron front of fiercest death;
A Ra'eigh write, a godlike Newton rise,
Potent, to pierce the myst'ry of the skies!
An Otway die, ev'n destitute of bread,
And scornful vice triumph o'er Dryden dead;
A meek usurper quit the royal stage,
A Cromwell conquer, and a Cromwell rage;
A Mary's hand unjust her sway resign,
And great Eliza distant realms combine;
Smile at the struggles of this puny globe,
And turn from greatness and its ermine robe:
O'er sorrows true, the past shed a fresh tear,
And feel for turbulence you cannot fear.
Hist'ry then, fond memorial of our life,
Receptacle of quiet, mirth, or strife;
World in epitome! contracted plan,
The work of God transferring to a man!
E'en we, when all our trouble storms are o'er,
Shall view the light again, and live once more;
Knowles's and Hollinshead's new tales devise,
And Humes, and Robertsons, and Henrys rise.

Love's an heroic passion, which can find,
No room in any base, degen'rate mind;
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his desire.

DRYDEN.

It was the fate of Chevalier Ryan, to become the slave of Bashaw Ali Mahomed, who had a country residence, where he mostly resided, and a few leagues distance from Algiers, on the banks of the river Xarash. His employment was of the most laborious nature, being compelled, as circumstances required, to wheel away the weeds and other exuberances of the gardens, to roll the walks and to attend the workmen, who were constructing some ornamental buildings, and repairing old ones.—This was a heavy drudgery and very degrading in the opinion of the high-spirited Ryan, who possessed an active mind, and a most aspiring disposition. The frequent and severe chastisement he beheld other slaves, who were refractory, receive, convinced him, that the only way to preserve himself from such an insupportable indignity, was quietly to submit to and cheerfully perform the task assigned to him, where there was no power to appeal to from the law of the bastinado. Thus, having made a virtue of necessity, habit soon rendered his

melancholy situation less irksome than could naturally be expected.

When the weary hours of toil were over, the chevalier Ryan could not reconcile it to his feelings, to associate with the other slaves, who were principally Genoese, of the lowest order of seamen, captured by a Corsair, in a merchant ship, on the coast of Italy. Often he retired on a verdant bank in a remote part of the garden, and gave vent to his indignant feelings, in unavailing complaints; or would, sometimes, beguile the dreary moments by singing some plaintive ditties, in the Spanish language, as he supposed, unheard by any one. The toils of a laborious day, had ceased, in which he had suffered much from the intense heat of the sun, when he retired to his usual haunt, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening, and to indulge his pensive humour beyond the reach of observation; the orange trees, and various shrubs, which waved with passing zephyrs, diffused with fragrant odours on every side, and exhilarated the weary senses. Stretched on his oft frequented grass-plat, he resigned his mind to the powers of memory, and while long departed scenes returned to his view, he was wafted by fancy either to the romantic regions of Spain, or to the wild and verdant vallies of his native Hibernia: the moon rose, unobserved, on his meditations, and that balmy comforter, sleep, insensibly, took possession of his senses. On awaking, he found himself chilled with the dews of night,

and he began to shake the glittering moisture from his garments; when lo! a paper dropped from his bosom; he took it up, and by the light of the moon, read the following lines, written in very good Spanish.

"STRANGER,

"The eye of compassion has witnessed your labours, the ear of sensibility has listened to your complaints, and the feelings of humanity have been indignant at your wrongs; but remember, the brave endure with patience---to despair is the portion of the coward; the same providence which wafted you hither, perhaps for wise purposes, is just, powerful, and merciful, and may yet reconduct you to your native vales. If the utmost exertions and ingenuity of an unfortunate female can assist you, be assured of the services of the slave

"ZAMORA."

The Chevalier Ryan was rapt in amazement on perceiving these lines; he had imagined himself for ever secluded from society; unheard of, and unheeded by the world. A tear rolled down his manly countenance while he pressed the paper to his bosom, and with gratitude exclaimed---"Blessed lines! sweet promises of future bliss! rest next my heart, and be impressed upon it, as a reward of the debt which I must ever owe to the tender-hearted Zamora."

On saying these words, he looked round him in every direction; he thought he heard the rustling

of a robe in an adjoining arbour. He flew to the spot, but it was empty: the moon-beams glittered on the dewy foliage, and the breeze of night only answered to his sigh, as he retraced his way to his humble shed, there to invite repose, and prepare for his mornings' labour.

The Bashaw Ali Mahomed, had an only daughter named Selima, who was the idol of his heart, and to the gratification of whose wishes, he yielded on every occasion. A Spanish lady and her infant were taken among other prisoners, on board a vessel, bound from Venice to the coast of Spain, by a cruiser which belonged to him; and wishing to have his daughter educated in some of the branches of European education, he prevailed upon his newly acquired slave to undertake the task, which she consented to do, on condition of not being separated from her own beloved infant; with this condition, he not only complied, but expressed his willingness, that her own child may receive instruction at the same time with his daughter, and be brought up as her companion.

In a few years, Zamora, her own child, became a fine girl, the solace of her heart; and Selima, who was some years older, evinced so sweet a disposition, and became so much attached to her tutoress, that the latter regarded her with a tenderness only inferior to what she felt for her own Zamora.

The bashaw observed this conduct with secret pleasure, and in return permitted the Spanish slave

to enjoy every degree of liberty consistent with her situation, and every convenience, and even luxury, which could be wished for by one of the most exalted condition.

A few years had now elapsed since this good woman, having been visited by a severe indisposition, which threatened a final dissolution, required the attendance of Zamora in private, and with tears of maternal tenderness, thus addressed her:

"My dear Zamora," said she, "I trust the christian precepts, which it has been my chief pride and pleasure to instil into your mind, and to impress upon you heart, will ever enable you to meet with firmness the worst events of a malignant fortune, and to submit with humble resignation to the will of Providence. A trial, I fear, is approaching, which will require all your fortitude to combat with the feelings of your affectionate heart; the lot of mortality is common to all the creatures of the earth; and though its visitations are awful, to the guilty alone they should be dreadful. Weep not, my dear child; our separation in this world will but lead to a blessed re-union in an incorruptible world, beyond the assaults of fortune, and above the fears and vicissitudes of frail humanity."

Having thus prepared her mind for the event which was rapidly approaching, she desired Zamora, who hung over her in tears, to listen with attention to what she was about to impart to her, advising her to treasure it in her memory, and to conceal it,

for the present, from the world. She then informed her she was a Spaniard by birth, but returning from Venice, for the coast of Spain, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of an Algerine corsair, and be consigned to slavery. How they had been treated she need not observe; it claimed their utmost gratitude, and she trusted her Zamora would ever cherish a tender affection for Selima, as well as a respect for the bashaw, who had been so kind to her. She, at the same time advised her, if a good opportunity should offer, not to suffer her love for the one, or respect for the other, to prevent her using every exertion for the recovery of her liberty, and proceed to Spain. She then drew a picture from her bosom, and pressing it with fervour to her lips, and bedewing it with her tears, handed it to Zamora, and while the tenderest sensations almost choked her utterance, with a tremulous voice, exclaimed "behold the dear semblance of thy beloved father!"

Zamora gazed at it with earnest desire; her tears fell copiously on its crystal case, and dropping on her knees, beside her mother's couch, she gave vent to her feelings in a burst of passion, in which floods of tears and audible sobs, spake the conflicting motions which agitated her bosom. Her mother did not attempt to repress these emotions, until they natura ly subsided. Then again addressing her; "be comforted, my child," she exclaimed, "and attend. When I shall be no more, that picture shall be, with my blessing, the only legacy I have to

leave you; excepting a small parcel, in which I have written a short account of your birth and parentage, together with other circumstances, which may yet be of use to you, should you ever be so fortunate as to receive the blessing of liberty, and return to your native country. And now, as I know you hold your word most sacred, I must desire your solemn promise, my Zamora, that you will never break the seal of that packet, unless you regain your native shore. If it is your hard destiny to remain as a slave, a knowledge of the information contained in it, will only serve to render your existence miserable; but should you be restored to your country, it will be the means of procuring you protection and friends. I must also request of you to conceal it from the world until then. Let not even your regard for Selima tempt you to place a confidence in her, or disclose to her that you have such a document in your possession:—promise me but this, and I shall die happy."

Zamora, with sighs and tears, kneeling at her couch, received the important packet from her hands, promised a strict adherence to her injunctions, and received her maternal blessing.

Selima was now called in, and having also shared her blessing, and dying caresses, the good woman was seized with a convulsive fit, which, in a few moments, terminated her existence in the arms of her beloved children.

This event was a dreadful stroke to the tender

heart of Zamora, and scarcely less afflicting to the feeling mind of Selima, who exerted every means in her power to give that consolation which she really stood in need of herself. The bashaw also, felt extremely concerned at her loss, and gave direction to have her interred in a private part of the garden, in a decent and private manner.

Zamora now became the slave and companion of the fair Selima, who treated her lovely friend and attendant with a sisterly affection; and, indeed, nothing was wanting to render her situation agreeable. The desire of her liberty, however, which her dying mother so strongly recommended to her to cherish, and also, the wish to know what the important packet contained, grew every day stronger, and she burned for an opportunity to execute her wishes. The sound of a melodious voice, which attracted her attention several nights, singing some plaintive songs in the Spanish language, which her mother had taught her, and with which she was intimately acquainted, first gave an impulse to her wishes, by the hope of having them realized. She soon found, they proceeded from a newly purchased slave, whose noble appearance and dignified manner, even in performing the most degrading drudgery, had often attracted her attention, and excited her compassion. She did not fail to visit the spot each succeeding night, and had frequent opportunities, unobserved by him, of contemplating his interesting and manly features, as well as his

graceful and engaging person. The manner in which he secluded himself from the rest of the slaves, impressed her with an idea of his rank and consequence in his own country; and the sweet, yet manly modulations of his voice, breathing the most refined and delicate sentiments in her native language, created an interest in her bosom, and conveyed sensations to her heart, which were strange, yet delightful. She was resolved, that he should not repine without the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that his condition had excited an interest in a bosom which warmly sympathized with him in his misfortunes. On that night, when he had retired as usual after the hours of labour, to enjoy, in solitude, his secret meditations, and when, as she perceived sleep had surprized him on his grassy couch, she seized the desired opportunity, and, issuing from a bower, where she lay concealed, slipped the few lines which she had pencilled with haste, into his bosom; then, retiring to her concealment, witnessed the emotions, with which he read them on awaking. She then retreated to her chamber, and gave full scope to the new ideas that occupied her mind, and the novel sensations which influenced her heart.

The mind of Chevalier Ryan was no less occupied by the strangeness of the adventure. Who could the fair and sympathizing Zamora be? Perhaps, like himself, torn, from all that she held dear. If so, perhaps he was destined by providence, to re-

conduct her to her friends---to restore her to society.

The next morning, he arose with cheerfulness to his wonted labours; however humble they might be considered, he had now the satisfaction of knowing they were not beheld with indifference; that a secret eye watched his toils with pity, and that a feeling bosom participated in his sorrows. Cheered by this consolatory reflection, the task of the day felt proportionably light; and the sweet idea of having *some person*, even unknown, interested in his welfare, made him more in humour with himself, and rendered him better reconciled to his servile situation.

As soon as the toils of the day were over, he did not fail to revisit the retired part of the gardens where he had received the note, which now, entirely engrossed his intention, and warmly interested his heart. It was at that pleasant period of the year, when all nature seems to wear a smile of cheerful benevolence, and not only the feathered warblers of the grove, but even the flowery tribes which adorn the bosom of vegetation, seemed, as they wove their heads, and mingle their odours with the passing breeze, to be influenced by that subtle and tender passion which pervades, and may be termed the very soul of the universe. To the raging heat of the sun, had succeeded the cool and grateful shade of evening; the zephyrs wantoned through the branches of the golden orange trees, and the fra-

grant citrons, and scarcely disturbed the stillness of the scene with their gentle murmurs.

The chevalier reclined upon his favourite bank; it was a spot which he now held sacred, for it was impressed with the foot of his unknown correspondent, when she deposited her interesting note in his bosom:---he took it once more from that place; he perused it again and again, dwelling with delight on the sweet name of Zamora.

The moon had now risen, and shed her silvery light upon the scene, when he, as usual, gave vent to his feelings in a sequidilla, in the Spanish style, being an extempore effusion, accompanied with the music of a popular ballad.

" Why should the slave in anguish droop
Who hears the voice of pity,
When some kind angel deigns to stoop,
Attentive to his ditty;
Which would in strains devoid of art,
Describe the feelings of his heart?

Ah me! of common woes he sung
While grief his head was bending;
But now his more aspiring tongue,
To higher notes ascending,
Would paint in strains devoid of art,
How much Zamora fires his heart.

Angel of light!---who art thou---say,
My rugged path thus smoothing:---
Why strew with flowers my thorny way,
Why thus my sorrows soothing!
O! dear and lovely as thou art,
Reply and ease my throbbing heart."

He had scarcely concluded the last stanza, when a rustling in the bower attracted his attention, similar to that which he heard on the preceding night. He flew to the spot, and had just time to seize the robe of a female who had been listening to his sequidilla; he fell upon his knee and importuned her not to fly. She turned and gently chided his intrusion; her words were in the Spanish language, and were most grateful to the ears of the chevalier, who still held her robe, silently contemplating an assemblage of charms, the reality of whose existence convinced him of the poverty of his former imagination.

"O, gentle lady!" he exclaimed, "refuse not the humble boon which is the object of my request. O! speak and answer me.---In thy lovely person do I behold the feeling---the generous Zamora?"

"Stranger," she replied, "my name is indeed Zamora; but I fear, the pity with which I beheld thy sufferings, has led me into an act of imprudence, and may have inspired you with sentiments by no means to my advantage. I heard you complain of your hard destiny in the language of my

forefathers;---I pitied you, and would serve you to the utmost of my power :---but alas: I am a slave myself, and my ability is very limited."

" But your philanthropy and benevolence are as unbounded as space," exclaimed the chevalier, " and the assurance of your good wishes is such an inestimable treasure, that I would not part with it even for the certainty of the most solid and effectual services of another; you say you are a slave---O, the dreadful humiliation for so much excellence,---formed as you are by Nature, to give a zest to all the endearing joys of society, and all the enlivening charms of liberty."

" You flatter, Seignor," replied Zamora, with a smile, " and alas; having been a slave from infancy, I have not an idea of that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

" Fancy that you have wings to fly," said the chevalier; " and that forsaking this sluggish earth, you can hold communion with immortals---and the transition would not be more delightful, nor the sensations more exquisite than what must be felt in a change from slavery to liberty.---O! gentle Zamora, be but the partner of my flight, and you will soon witness what your devoted slave can achieve, when inspired by the enlivening voice of liberty and love."

Zamora blushed, but yielded her hand to the warm pressure of his lips; then with a sigh observed, " that the language he made use of was new to her ears, and so unusual in that part of the

world, that she did not know what to think of it:---it might be very common in Spain, but dangerous on the coast of Africa."

She had scarcely uttered these words, when the voice of Selima, who was seeking her, alarmed her:---she bade the chevalier fly in haste, and conceal himself, while she went to meet her friend, who had wandered into the garden in quest of her, being uneasy at her absence.

While the fair Zamora was consigned to the illusions of fancy, and anticipating that liberty which her mother had commanded her to embrace, and for the obtaining of which, there now seemed a prospect, the chevalier Ryan, with sleepless eyes, reclined upon his flinty couch, his whole mind being intent upon the accomplishment of the daring plan he had conceived, of extricating himself and the facinating Zamora, from the degrading chains of slavery. While thus meditating, the morning dawn illumined his humble casement, and summoned him, once more, to a renewal of those servile labours which were so repugnant to his feelings and heroic disposition. He was now, however, more than ever, resolved to conceal his indignation; and could he but prevail on Zamora to accompany him, determined to escape from those imprisoning walls which surrounded him, and committing themselves to Providence, leave the rest to fortune. Even should he prove unsuccessful, his lot could not be more severe than it was at present; and a bold attempt was often crowned with merited success, while

cowardly inactivity had nothing to expect, save contempt, obscurity, and servile drudgery. Animated by this resolution, he let slip no opportunity of exploring every avenue which might facilitate his design. He had frequent conferences with Zamora, who, at length yielding to his persuasions, and being convinced of the sincerity of his passion, as well as of his honourable connexions and rank in Spain, she did not scruple to acknowledge, that she did not behold him with indifference, and that the avowal of the sentiments he expressed in her favour, was a tribute the most grateful, nay---the most inestimable to her heart.

In a very little time, Zamora, having procured two Turkish male dresses, one for herself, and another for the chevalier, and having safely deposited the important packet and her father's picture in her bosom, prepared for the hazardous adventure. The bashaw had, at different periods presented her with some valuable trinkets, which she proposed converting into cash: she, also, was possessed of a small sum of money, which she found in her mother's cabinet after her decease; and, with this support, she hoped to be able to effect this purpose.

At length the moment---the awful moment arrived, in which they were to attempt the execution of their design. Zamora went to the apartment of her beloved Selima, who was lying on her couch in a tranquil slumber: she kissed her in her sleep, and having left an affectionate note in her cabinet;

while her tears flowed abundantly, she tore herself from her presence, and hastened to her own chamber, where she put on her male attire. The night was dark and cloudy, and as she knew all the passages which led into the open country, she had no difficulty in conducting the chevalier from the garden through the mansion, and having entered the field, soon gained the road which led to Algiers, where they arrived much fatigued about an hour after midnight. Zamora was well acquainted with the Moorish and Turkish languages, she, therefore, recommended it to the chevalier to be silent, and if any one accosted them, to suffer her to reply. They passed through the dark and dirty streets of Algiers, without interruption, and directed their course, guided by the murmurings of the ocean towards that bay, where they were in hopes of finding some European vessel which would afford them an asylum. As they were reconnoitering the shore, the chevalier beheld three men approaching: he put his hand to his sword (for Zamora had made free with one belonging to the bashaw for his use) but he soon perceived, that they endeavoured to avoid him, and as they passed at a little distance, he could distinguish a few of their words which were Spanish. This circumstance induced him to follow them at a little distance, and he perceived that they were directing their course towards a brig which was lying at anchor near the mole: he still pressed forward more than ever, encouraged with the hope

that they were Spaniards, and perhaps, like himself, endeavouring to effect an escape from slavery: at all events, he thought there would be no danger in committing himself to the generosity of his countrymen. He had not, however, advanced far, when they perceived him, and immediately stopped, when one of them called out in the Turkish language, and demanded why they followed them.---Zamora, with a tremulous accent, immediately replied, that they meant no harm, and the chevalier Ryan exclaimed in Spanish, that if he had the happiness to address himself to Spaniards, he begged them not to judge unfavourably of them. A voice, in the same language, bade him advance, and as he approached, one of the strangers advanced to meet him, drawing his sabre, and exclaiming---"If you are spies upon our actions, expect to die; but, if you are friends, explain yourselves."---"Is it possible," exclaimed the chevalier---"is it all delusion---or do I not distinguish the voice and features of my faithful Bash?"---"It is---it is," exclaimed the stranger, putting up his sabre, and throwing himself on his knees, embraced those of the chevalier's with affectionate attachment,---"It is your own Bash, and thank heaven, I again behold my dear master---my honoured chevalier; but this is not a time for explanation: the morning will soon break, and some of the patroles and spies which traverse the shore, may observe us. Let us, therefore, hasten on board the vessel, which is ready to receive us."

The story now mingles with others, too long and complex to be here narrated. The lovers, however, arrive safely in Spain; Zamora finds her father and is united in wedlock to her deliverer.

LOVE OF COUNTRY EXEMPLIFIED IN AN IRISHMAN.

It is a circumstance well known in the neighbourhood of Tereragh, that during the late rebellion, a man was tried and condemned for disaffection, to whom it was offered to have his sentence of death changed into transportation, if he would make some discoveries. After some consultation, however, with his wife and family, he sent for the officer of the guard, and told him, he was ready for execution. "We must all die, please your honour," said he calmly, "sooner or later; for my part, thank God! I am sure of dying in the midst of my people.---Many a tear will be dropt, and many a song sung over me, and my children's children will talk of my wake and my funeral. But if I go into foreign parts, though I save my life for a time, I must die at last; and die among strangers, without one friend to close my eyes, or to watch the morning light shining, for the first time on my corpse."---His wife, who was present, wept; but confirmed him in his resolution, and the next day he was executed.

CLARA,

THE MANIAC.

Cold was the gale; night's pensive queen with-
drew,
And round her throne a sable mantle threw;
When hapless Clara wander'd o'er the plain,
Chill'd by the wind, and wet with drizzling rain:
Her garments torn, her tresses all unbound,
Her tender feet deform'd with many a wound;
Swift to the well-known beach she sped her way---
What are thy thoughts? O child of sorrow! say,
Why heaves that bosom with the rending sigh?
Why holds despair her empire in that eye?
Ah! have her icy fangs benumb'd thy soul,
And startled reason own'd the dire controul?
'Tis so; convulsive throbs the anguish'd beast,
The dove of peace has flown its fav'rite nest;
Where erst, with love and innocence serene,
That o'er the mind's horizon lucid beam
The cherish'd guest a magic charm diffus'd,
And hope o'er fancy's vision'd rainbow mus'd
Transient as sweet:---behold! th' illusion bright,
At fate's stern frown fades in Cimmerian night.
But, hush! what sadly murm'ring 'plaints are
these,
That woo a passport from the sighing breeze;

While cavern'd echoes round the rocky shore,
Whisp'ring, repeat the plaintive accents o'er,
And shell-crown'd Naiads, list'ning to the strain,
Forget their sparry grots, and sport beneath the main.

" Ah, see! how wild the dashing billows rise,
And, mad with insolence, provoke the skies:
That vessel---hanging on the dizzy height---
Now---horror! vanish'd from my aching sight!
Heard you those moans? Was it my soul's ador'd?
What? sinking 'midst the wreck, my fond heart's lord?
Thy Clara's here!---Why, thou infuriate wave,
My Henry yet thy giant crush shall brave,
The savage demons of the storm defy,
Though thunders roll, and lightnings glare on high.
Oh, hasten, hasten from the tempest roar,
These arms shall shield thee, never leave them more;
Again to country, friends, and love return,
For, ah! thy loss has forc'd me long to mourn.
Nay, hold my heart---why shudder at the blast?
Dost thou not know thy dreams of bliss are past?
Hollow it sobb'd out Henry's fun'ral knell,
His dying groan---it broke the fairy spell!
I feel the vital stream forget to flow,
It freezes round th' abode of cheerless woe:
Like a benighted wanderer I stray,
Who, drooping, pants for light's first orient ray;

But if, perchance, enraptur'd he descry,
A trembling flash---fancies some friend is nigh;
Flies to o'ertake th' eluding treach'rous guide,
Whose flitting gleams the vain pursuit deride;
At last, he sinks---exhausted nature fails,
It disappears---and tenfold gloom prevails.
But, look! surrounded by the seraph-choir,
My Henry's smiles sublimer hopes inspire:
His angel-form, soft-floating on the air,
Pointing to heaven, beckons Clara there.
Yes, my beloved, the life-arresting dart,
Will soon to me each rapt'rous joy impart.
Not there will grief's slow venom'd blight devour
The tender bud of sweet affection's flow'r:
Its balmy odour breathes celestial birth,
Its pure leaves close, and with'ring shrink from earth:
Snatch'd from the dreary precincts of the tomb,
Its charms restor'd, with fresher tints shall bloom;
Expanding flourish in its native clime,
Above the storms of passion---wrecks of time."

PICTURE OF MARGATE.

Soon after the party arrived at Ramsgate, they were joined by Colonel Melmoth; and Henry saw with no small degree of anxiety, that Madame de St. Arnaud had pursued them thither. At least so

it appeared to him; and he proposed to the Colonel to make the tour of Margate for a day or two.

"All my heart," replied he---"d——d good sport among the old musty cits from Dowgate Hill—Tooley Street—and Blackwall.—Like to hoax them—wives, second-hand fine ladies---daughters, like flights of daws, in peacocks' feathers."

From the pier of Ramsgate, gaily deck'd with beauties from the Steyne---Henry was taken by his cousin very early in the morning, to visit the humours of the pier of Margate.

Here crowds of *mongrel* fashion mingle, in a mob, to hail the arrival of an aunt, a cousin, or a friend, when the approaching hoy displays its well filled decks: and here the aforesaid hoy disgorges from its capacious maw, a litter of half-starved nondescripts. And it is not a little singular to see these Jonas's of the morning, metamorphosed on the fort, at evening, into beings "lightly tripping on the fantastic toe," in all the finery of Cranbourn Alley.

On their retiring to Mr. Garner's library, this self-important little Roscius of the town, approached the strangers to give them the news of the day.

"A masquerade at the theatre---a public breakfast at Dandelion---Mr. Le Bas's benefit at the rooms ---Mrs Jordan expected for three nights---and lastly, that all the world would be at church to-morrow, (Sunday) as a certain beautiful young duchess, and one of her sisters had declared their intention to

collect at the church door for the benefit of the bathing infirmary.

Henry had some difficulty to prevail with the Colonel to accompany him to church---the soldier declaring, he should not know where to find the service---but in consideration of the novelty of the thing, he consented to look *foolish*, as *he* said, for *once*, in his life time.

When they arrived at the church, however, they found it impossible to gain admission---the aisle, the entry, every nook, was filled.

"They order this matter better in France," said Yorick, in reply to observations on a national custom.---I borrow his sentiment, as he did the drummer's letter to the corporal's wife, at the exigency of the moment.

They order *this* matter better in France, then I fervently repeat; and this the portrait of their custom.

THE COQUETTE

is always in the prime of youth, and bloom of beauty; her dress is simply elegant; and a bouquet shades her, otherwise exposed, bosom, without destroying the illusion of fancy. The lady is attended by a cavalier, and bears a large silken purse. In the middle of the service, she advances up the aisle, soliciting with bewitching condescension, the mite of every individual. Should any one hesitate, she pauses---repeats her request in a softened voice, accompanied by a gracious smile. The magic ele-

quence of white teeth---a naked arm, moulded by the loves, and supplicating eyes, remove all difficulty.

Who could resist the appeal?---By heaven, 'tis not in mortal man to be a stoic on such occasions!

The miser's hand, mechanically finds his purse---he makes his offering---the Quetcûse *rewards* him with a graceful curtesy; and presenting herself to the right and left, pursues her pious office.

This, an appeal from beauty to the heart, which all find irresistible.

Perhaps some little vanity attaches to the act itself; as there is much rivalry among these beautiful Queteûse: those, most valuing themselves, who have procured the largest contributions---the end, however is served; and if it be a *weakness*, it is certainly an *amiable weakness.*

Henry, with difficulty, approached the church-door, and placed a bank note on the plate.

Were I to declare the amount, the man of the world might call it ostentation, I therefore leave the decision to the man of benevolence---simply stating, that every action of our hero marked the munificence of his soul.

Margate is, almost exclusively, the retreat of cockneys from the confinement of their smokey houses. In days of yore, a city apprentice wore his worsted stockings, attended church, and scarcely knew his way beyond the stones-end.---It is reported

that a young cub, so habituated, was treated with a walk to a short distance from town, by his father, where they passed the night.

Early next morning, the young cit was awakened by the *crowing* of the cocks, and jumping up in a violent hurry, he exclaimed---"Father, father, do you hear the cocks *neigh* ?"

In these days of refinement, boots and cathers superseded the worsteds behind the counter---and a trip on the water, with a gay milliner's girl to Richmond, qualifies these second-hand bucks to mimic the monkey that had seen the world.

But the frequenters of Margate are made of more substantial stuff. Mrs. Patty hears that Mrs. Dip is going to the sea side---Mrs. Dip has been told that Mrs. Cheshire is already gone; and the spirit of emulation sets every female tongue of the family in motion.

"Why can't I do like other people?---I am sure we owes nobody nothing, though some folks holds their heads higher than some folks. Then what is the use of giving one's girl such genteel idication, if we dont give them no opportunity to shew their talons.---Han't they learnt a whole quarter at Mr. Allen's evening school, for grown ladies and gentlemen; and who goes better dressed to meeting, I wonder, than we does---or who looks more respectabler?

To avoid this constant din, the honest shopkeeper relents---they embark on board the hoy, with band-box upon band-box, not forgetting a hamper, well

stored with eatables.---If the cit is firm---he allows a certain sum for the excursion, and no more---and if he is wise---he encourages them to spend it as fast as possible, that they may return to the shop as little prejudiced, as may be, by the folly and frivolity of a custom " more honoured in the breach than the observance."

The Colonel led our hero to Sayer's bathing rooms, at the fashionable hour-- Miss Wilhelmina Suett, from Clare Market, had just been prevailed upon by the *lovier*, Captain Pullett, of the *wollunteers*, to favour the company with an *Harriette*: and Miss Wilhelmina was buffeting the *piano* with all the *forte* of an enthusiast, accompanied by the Italian graces of Caroline in the prize, just as our party entered.

Miss Pattypan was dying with envy at this public display of a rival's purdiguous accomplishments; and Colonel Juniper, of the St. Giles's corps, was presenting her with *thieves* vinegar; while Miss Theodosia Allspice was endeavouring to evince her contempt, by certain disdainful tossings of her head, and repeated bursts of vacant laughter.

" May I never smell powder," exclaimed the Captain,---" but Miss Vilhellminny is han hangel ---nothing like hit at the Hopera---crucify me."

" Believe not," retorted the Colonel---" monstrous like their hown marrow-bones and cleavers---monstrous like indeed !---smells hof the shop---he! he! he!"

" What can that there feller mean," rejoined the

Captain, swelling like one of his turkey cocks, and advancing with a menacing air---" I'll let you know who I ham, sir!---I'm a gemman---hand han officer---hand vears a sword, sir---hand hall that."

What reply Colonel Juniper---who was a man of *spirit*---would have made, we are unable to ascertain, as a violent fracas at that moment, threw the whole room into confusion.

Mrs. Suett was a little rosy faced woman, about four feet and a half high; Dutch built, but erect as a halbert; her embonpoint tapered to a six inch petticoat below---" small by degrees, and beautifully less." She swept the carpet, in triumph, with a train resembling that of the great queen Dolallolla, when, oh! dire mishap---but such was the will of fate!

An immense Newfoundland dog, dripping from the sea, entered the room and joined the *elegant* throng. The ladies shrieked, and Mrs. Suett, trembling for her japan muslin petticoat, and inspired beyond a woman's fears, boldly made a desperate kick at the rough intruder.

The effort was *powerful*; but the japan was *weak*: an envious rent aspired above her knee, discovering the mottled beauties of a greasy flannel dickey.

Mrs. Suett, at this disaster, uttered a piteous oh! ---and fell prostrate on the carpet.

This scene of confusion was still encreased by violent shriekings from the other end of the room.

Master Jackey Udder---all nerve---fainted at the uproar: his two broad-faced sisters held his pretty

little unclenched hands; vociferating loudly, "that nothing but burnt feathers would restore their dead brother."

The feathers began to smoke---the Amazon sisters pressed eagerly around their jessamy brother---the heir apparent of Milch-hall. Their gipsey hats were removed to admit their more convenient approach, and their THREE RED HEADS grouped most terrifically.

Mrs. Suett, now opening her *azure eyes*, cast a wild look around---the smell from the feathers, with the appearance of the smoke and fiery heads, conveyed to her scarcely awakened mind, a certainty that the room was in flames.

Fire!---fire!---fire!---roared lustily the affrighted dame: and taking to her heels---unmindful of her petticoat, whose extension, happily, accelerated her speed---she ran into the High Street.

Colonel Melmoth followed, giving her the view hollow---the boys pursued---and the day being fine, and the scent strong upon the wind, the delighted raggamuffins fairly hunted Mrs. Suett into cover; where she gladly squatted: her form distilling *sweets* at every pore; as "the Arabian trees their *aromatic* gums.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OSAGE INDIAN CHIEFS.

These Indians arrived at the seat of the American government in October 1805, about the time of the landing of the other barbarian embassy from Tunis. Their appearance differing considerably from other savage tribes, excited much curiosity; while they appeared perfectly indifferent and unmoved at the most curious objects presented to them. They were grave and reserved; a conduct always observed among the higher orders of savages, who consider it beneath the dignity of a warrior to betray emotions of surprise, fear, or joy. For this reason, the most ridiculous object, which would betray an European philosopher into a broad laugh, will barely excite a a smile in an Indian chief. On visiting the navy yard, to which they were attended by the officers, they viewed the frigates, and heard their guns fired without surprize. They conversed with each other on their construction, and appeared gratified with the idea of their usefulness in conveying a great number of people at a time over great waters. Thus they also regarded the military drawn out on the occasion; considering them useful in defence against the enemy. The muskets attracted not the slightest attention; but they fixed their eyes on the bayonets, which they appeared to compare with one of their implements of war.

I was present when they visited the house of representatives.

The approach of the Osage Indians was announced by the jingling of little bells, such as we call hawks' bells. These were fastened to their clothes, as white men wear buttons. They were ornamented with a variety of foxes tails and feathers, bones, ivory trinkets in different shapes, curiously carved shells, and pieces of hard polished wood. From the nose was suspended a small piece of silver; some wore this in the shape of a heart, and the others round, and the size of a sixpence; and from each ear hung a fish bone, a piece of ivory, or some other fanciful ornament. The face of the first chief was painted all over the colour of brick-dust; that of the next in rank was half reddened; another a fourth part; others were half black, and the remainder of the natural colour. A single lock of hair alone hung from the middle of the back of the head, to which was tied an enormous fox's tail, or a bunch of feathers of various colours; the whole forming a most grotesque, yet interesting group.

During the debate, which had begun as they were entering, they betrayed no symptoms of surprize; and seldom made a remark to each other respecting the proceedings of the house. A mission of Creek Indians arrived about the time of those from the Missouri, on a treaty of trade and friendship; and they, in compliment to their far distant brethren, attended at the same time, but each party

took different sides of the gallery. The Creeks are nearly civilized, and, from the dress of the greater number, there is no distinguishing them from the American citizens; some indeed were a little darker than the inhabitants of the southern states.

Having with much apparent attention listened to the business before the house, the chief whispered the next, the purpose of which appeared to be instantly understood, as they rose with one accord, and returned in the order they came, without noticing, or indeed seeming to observe any other person but themselves.

FATAL EFFECTS OF PARENTAL TYRANNY.

YESTERDAY I was strutting, with hasty steps, the environs of the convent; the moon enveloped in a melancholy shade, the cloisters, the trees, and the cemetery; the owl alone interrupted the silence of night with its sepulchral cry. Suddenly, a cross presented itself to my view; it was situated on a rocky eminence, which I climbed. I sat down; I surveyed, for a long time, the firmament; and viewed with delight the evening star, which I had so often beheld from the mansion in which I had resided with *Valeria*. Sighs presently struck my ear; I arose; I observed near the cross, and partly con-

cealed by a tree, a friar; his face was bent towards the earth. His plaintive voice, its affecting accents, seemed as if they feared ascending to the land of peace; the earth absorbed them. My heart beat with emotion; I imagined I beheld the expression of sorrows with which I was but too well acquainted *. I dare not interrupt him, but wept over him, while I forgot my own griefs. His long silence alarmed me. I ventured to approach him; I raised him up. The moon now shone on his pallid countenance: his features, though faded, were yet young; so likewise was his voice. He at first surveyed me with surprise, as if he had just awoke from a dream: he then said to me, "Who art thou? Art thou unhappy too?"—I pressed him to my bosom, and my tears fell on his cheeks. "Thou weepest," said he; "thou then can'st feel for me: I thank thee," added he, in a tranquil tone of voice. His looks alarmed me: his gestures, his agitation struck me, and formed an extraordinary contrast with his voice, which appeared a stranger to his soul, and which seemed to have been changed by excessive grief.

I now asked him who he was. "Who am I!" apparently endeavouring to recal something to his mind. Then, pointing to his habit, "I am an unfortunate being; my history is short—I am called *Felix*. My relations gave me that name, for they

* The speaker is one who in the end, dies of love.

thought my life would be happy: it was in Spain they fancied so; but," continued he, shaking his head, and breathing with difficulty, "they were deceived. Happiness dwells not here; the wicked have exiled it hence, for ever!" and he struck his bosom in a manner which deeply affected me. "What wrong," said I, "have they done you?" "Oh," said he, "I must not speak of it: I must forget it here," continued he, looking at the cross, and clasping his hands together---"I must forget each circumstance of my misfortune here; for I must *forgive!*" He was going to leave me: I held him. "What wouldst thou with me?" said he, "it is late, and when morning comes, I must attend the choir, and before that, must I not take some repose? Thou knowest not, that I am sometimes happy: Oh! supremely happy! It is when I see the plains of Valencia, the sweet pomegranate blossoms of my native province. But that is not all," continued he; "that is not my greatest felicity, (and he whispered in my ear.) I dare not speak to thee of Laura! (he trembled;) She lives in my dreams; it is when I awake that she is dead." He uttered a piercing cry, and then became silent. I clasped him in my arms, mute with excess of pity. I could find no language, no words, worthy of commiserating his sorrows. "Tell no one, I pray you, that I have spoken to thee of Laura: it is here a great sin; each day I endeavour to expiate it; but I love her in spite of myself; and when I should bring the joys of heaven, of paradise before

me, I imagine that Laura is there; and when in the night I wander here; for since I have been---thou knowest what I mean," said he, pressing his hand to his forehead; "they suffer me to do as I choose. I leave the convent by the private door: I have a key, for I fear disturbing the brothers in their slumbers; I weep, but I cannot help it." He paused: "What was I saying?" When you came here at night, Felix, you were saying,--- "Oh--- yes, when at night I visit these wilds; the winds, the trees, this forest, all seem to sound forth her name. I seem to think, that all would appear lovely if she were here; I would press her to my burning bosom; she would not then be cold, and this thick foliage would conceal us from the convent; for I should not dare to think of her within its recesses. I have so often vowed, at the foot of its altars to forget her. "But," added he, sighing deeply, "I cannot!"---"Thou canst not," repeated I, "and my bosom heaved so pensive to his sighs." "Listen!" said he to me: "do not assume the friar's habit; leave this place, go to Spain; but be sure, preserve your heart from love. Religion forbids our doting thus on a single object more than heaven, more than life, more than all the world besides. Farewell; love not: if you could conceive how wretched it has made me!---I was warned against it, but I listened not."

I know not what more he said, my brain became so confused; I only knew, that he returned to his convent, and that the morning found me still at

the foot of the cross. My host has since informed me, that brother Felix was beloved by the whole convent, his disposition was so gentle and harmless, that the superior, a mild and worthy man, permitted him to walk during the night, since his reason had fled him: and that he lost it in consequence of the death of a young Spanish lady he passionately loved. His melancholy had previously driven him to this retreat, not having been able to obtain Laura, whose parents obliged her to take the veil: soon after, he was informed of her death, and his reason entirely left him.

ATTACK OF AN ALLIGATOR IN THE MISSISSIPPI-RIVER.

I was steering down the river in a water extremely deep, and free of all impediments whatever, when, all of a sudden, the boat refused to obey the helm, heeled considerably, and turned her head to the right shore. At the same moment, some ducks, which were confined in a coop, firmly attached to the outside head of the boat, close to the water's edge, made an uncommon noise, and fluttered in the extreme of agitation. Though much alarmed and perplexed, I opposed the helm and one oar to the resistance whatever it might be, but all in vain; the boat wheeled entirely round, and stood down the current stern foremost. Hearing the ducks continue their clamour, I passed to the bow, and stoop-

ing suddenly over, nearly thrust my head into the mouth of a monster, who held on to the boat with one paw, while he was employed in rending off the coop with the other. I started back with precipitation, yet soon recovered, seized a boat-hook, and followed up by two men, attacked the monster before he carried off his prize. I struck him several times without making the smallest impression on his senses, or in any manner injuring his frame. The iron glanced from him as if resisted by polished steel, but on one of the men cleaving the claw with which he sustained himself, he made a dreadful flounce, uttered a tremendous cry, beat in the upper plank of the boat, knocked us all three from our situation, and carried off the coop as the reward of his victory. The whole of this was effected in a manner so instantaneous, that it renders it completely indiscribable.

When recovered from our consternation and fall, I again took the helm, and ordered the men to *back water* with all their might, to afford me an opportunity of seeing the monster that occasioned us so much alarm and difficulties. He soon rose about fifty yards from me, and made into shore, with the coop across his mouth, and his head more than four feet in length, considerably out of water. I steered as nearly as I could with safety after him, and fired several balls, which struck and glanced off his body along the river. He landed, and to appearance, in one crush, mashed the coop in pieces, and gobbled up my favourite ducks, one after ano-

ther, as fast as he could catch them; for, as breaking the coop, I could perceive, that several birds escaped abroad, and even took to the water, out of which he soon drew them. During his repast, I had full leisure to examine him; he was a huge alligator, at least twenty feet long, of proportionate circumference, and with a head containing one-fourth the length of his body.

The author, in another part of his work, when describing New Orleans, has occasion to speak thus further of these horrid animals.

The river swarms with alligators, of extraordinary ferocity and force. The French believe, that they have a decided predilection for negro flesh. This idea prevails so much, that negroes dare not venture into the water; and a fact is now current which gave strength to this prejudice.

Two men, one black and the other white, had occasion to go into the water to endeavour to push off a boat which had got fast on a bar. An alligator attacked the African, and drew him under water by the leg; he extricated himself, rose and rushed to the boat, over the side of which he was clambering, assisted by the white, when the alligator renewed the assault, again drew him off by the leg he had before mangled, and crushed his bones in the presence of the white man, whom he neither attacked nor regarded.

INSTABILITY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Most people tickle themselves with the conceit, that they have principles---that they can reasonably reflect, even from conclusions, that, as they have to-day thought on an affair, so they will also think on the morrow, and such-like vain boasting. But the truth of the matter is, that there is not a single man upon earth, who thinks the same in his fiftieth year as he did in his twentieth. For if he even loves or hates what he did then, yet he loves and hates in quite a different manner, from very different causes. No one ever exactly thought yesterday as he will to-morrow. That he may act according to yesterday's determination, does not overthrow the argument; for, thereto, he may be resolved by some outward motives. Therefore, a man who is called of firm principles, is one whose exterior situation, fortunately agrees with his disposition; but his inward views are by no means still the same, his inclinations or aversions, for or against the action, have encreased or lessened---even after he has slept, or digested well or ill, or conversed with himself, &c. Yet, it is not unfrequently dependent upon very trifling accidents.

Moritz relates in his magazine, *the perception of the minds' intelligence.*---There was once a man, who, suffering under a dejection of mind, took a walk towards evening, in the ramparts of the town, it is

true, backwards or forwards; but always in a certain tract. When he walked forwards, his face fronted the east, where the heavens were hung with black, as was his soul: then his grief pressed doubly heavy upon him: he was hopeless:---but when he turned round, then he had his countenance facing the west, where the setting sun left behind a beautiful evening's red, and his hopes returned again.---Thus he walked backwards and forwards, with, and without hopes, and never thought what he wished; but what the clouds in the east, and the evening red in the west, commanded him to think. That this perception does honour to our minds, will not be asserted.

LURKING LOVE.

When lurking love, in ambush lies,
Under friendship's fair disguise - - -
When he wears an angry mein,
Imitating spite---or spleen:
When, like sorrow, he seduces - - -
When like pleasure he amuses - - -
Still, howe'er, the parts are cast,
'Tis but "LURKING LOVE" at last.

AN INCIDENT IN ST. DOMINGO

" Horror, amazement, and despair appear."
BLACKMORE

The night which rapidly advanced, warned us that it was time to return home. We chose the shortest road, which skirted the sea coast; the two children went running and leaping before us. Very soon we were overtaken by a violent storm; the trees and the shrubs were violently shaken, clouds of dust rose from the earth, and were carried up into the air, while the waves dashed with inconceivable fury against the rocks.

" My children!---My children!" cried Madame Almas, with great emotion. " They must assuredly have reached home by this time," said the Count Janinsky, " for they had much the start of us." " And they were thoroughly acquainted with the road," added the young mother, in order to tranquillize her own feelings.

Such was the extreme fury of the hurricane, that it rendered it very difficult for us to keep our feet. The roaring of the sea progressively increased, while massy branches of trees, torn from their trunks, were every moment falling around us, and making a hideous crash. I felt the earth tremble under my feet, and I believed from the fury of the hurricane, that the whole Island of Saint Domingo was about to be swallowed up and engulphed in the

ocean. "One quarter of an hour more," said Madame Almas, who served as our guide. Her maternal anxiety supplied her with strength and courage, she was always the foremost, directing us in the midst of the darkness and the tempest: we could scarcely keep up with her: we heard her say, in a voice half stifled with fear,—"My children! my children!"

Suddenly she stopped, and exclaimed, ringing her hands. "Alas! alas! we cannot pursue this road by the sea-shore, as the waves often overflow it during high tides and tempestuous weather; let us return. But no, no---return without me---I shall follow you :---I must go till I come to the most dangerous place in the whole way, to ascertain whether my children have happily passed it."

She went on, and we followed, when we came opposite to some rocks, under the shelter of which we had hitherto proceeded, we saw before us the foaming sea, and the billows beating with great fury against the rocks, close to which lay the foot-path.

Leaning upon the arm of Jaminsky, I trembled so, as scarcely to be able to walk on; while Agatha, agitated by the most direful forebodings, wept. Jaminsky* endeavoured, by every means in his power, to afford us consolation.

---

* Jaminsky was a Polish nobleman who had followed Agatha to America, and was now upon the point of marriage with her.

On approaching the intended spot, Madam Almas requested us to stop; but such was the noise of the sea, that we could scarcely hear each other.

"Hush!" cried the trembling Almas:—"do I not hear the cries of a child?"

All of us shuddered with terror—we listened—and conceived we heard something like low groans; but in order to comfort the weeping mother, we sought to persuade her, that it was nothing but the whistling of the wind among the rocks and trees.

"I must still proceed further on," cried this wretched woman in despair, and indicating a determination to rush through a wave, that dashed against the base of the rock, Janinsky laid hold of her, and seizing an opportunity, during the absence of the wave, he conducted her happily through this part of the road to a secure spot: having accomplished this, he immediately returned, and performed the same service for his Agatha and myself.

We found upon the rock, hard by, little Charles, weeping bitterly, while his mother, kneeling by his side, requested him in accents of the deepest sorrow, to inform her what had become of his brother Augustus! "There there," said he sobbing, and pointing to the foaming billows.

"Merciful Heaven!—save my child!" exclaimed she, stretching her arms towards the sea, as if imploring the raging element to yield up its prey. At this moment, the moon emerging from behind a cloud, we distinctly saw poor little Augustus in the water, at a short distance from the shore, holding fast

with his hands by the trunk of a fallen tree : every now and then, a wave passed over his head.

Immediately on his mother perceiving him, without reflecting on her feebleness, she darted into the sea to save her child. The waves quickly overwhelmed and carried her off. It is wholly impossible to describe our feelings on beholding this dreadful spectacle. My senses forsook me and I fell against the rock. Agatha was nearly in the same state. Janinsky alone preserved his presence of mind, and watched the motion of the billows. I had recovered my recollection ; he requested me to be tranquil, and as soon as he perceived the clothes of the wretched mother above the water, he precipitated himself into the sea. Agatha threw her arms around my neck and held me trembling.

She uttered an inarticulate cry, and fell senseless by my side, while I involuntarily pronounced the names of Almas and Janinsky. I beheld the latter successfully combating the raging billows ; I saw him lay hold of Madame Almas's clothes, support her out of the water and bring her ashore. Hope began to reanimate my heart---might not both she and her infant yet be saved ?

At the moment when Janinsky brought Madame Almas safely ashore, her father and her husband, who had been rendered uneasy at our stay, came to meet us, and on hearing my cries, had quickened their pace. On coming up they hastened to assist in restoring Madame Almas, and my Agatha, who was nearly in the same situation.

Janinsky did not yet, however, regard his task as completed: Augustus was still struggling in the water, and with difficulty supported himself by the branches of the trees, which he had grasped, while each wave which passed over his head, threatened to engulph him. Janinsky again threw himself into the sea, and caught the poor child at the very moment when he had quitted his hold of the tree. He endeavoured with him in his arms, to regain the shore, but was driven back by the waves. At last he approached so near as to be able, by a great effort, to throw him into the arms of his father, who stood prepared to receive him. After making this almost incredible exertion, Janinsky was overwhelmed by an immense wave:---once again only we saw his arm out of the water; but, very quickly, he wholly disappeared, and---Oh! Julia!---And we never saw Janinsky more.

TO AVOID EGOTISM IN CONVERSATION.

In conversation you may freely choose,
As suit the range of philologic views---
Save one---which well-bred modesty puts by
On most occasions, call'd---the *mighty I.*
Let not this braggart vaunt what *I* have done,
The long illustrious line from whence *I* sprung;
The jokes *I* told---the fortune *I* possess,
The skill *I* boast in science and address;

The plans *I* schem'd at college, or at school,
With all *my* wond'rous pow'rs to play the fool.
Nor shift your course, and cant in humbler tone,
O'er all the faults peculiarly *your* own.
" As how too blunt, *your* manners will prevail,
" Or how deceiv'd by some concerted tale.
" Madly good natur'd though *your* friend betray,
" But 'tis *your* failing, and *you* must obey."
Ah! would the *Egotist* but fairly state
How he participates another's fate;
How much he heeds another's joys and cares,
---When not commingling with his own affairs---
From kindred feelings he'd confess with shame,
The unavailing boast of selfish fame *.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF BUFFALOES AT THE ONONDARGO LAKE IN NORTH AMERICA.

An old man, one of the first settlers in this country, built his log-house on the immediate borders of a salt-spring. He informed me, that for the

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* Fontenelle in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended, when in company, by a nephew of his, a talkative vain young man, who partook much of this egotistical failing. When any thing remarkable escaped Fontenelle's ear, he used to ask his nephew what was said, who generally answered,—Uncle! I said so and so." To which the philosopher used coolly to reply. " O! did you so. Bah!"

first several seasons, the buffaloes paid him their visits with the utmost regularity: they travelled in single files, always following each other at equal distances, forming droves, on their arrival, of about three hundred each. The first and second years, so unacquainted were these poor brutes with the use of this man's house or with his nature, that in a few hours, they *rubbed* the house completely down; taking delight in turning the logs off with their horns, while he had some difficulty to escape from being trampled under their feet, or crushed to death in his own ruins. At that period he supposed, there could not be less than ten thousand in the neighbourhood of the spring. They sought for no manner of food; but only bathed and drank three or four times a day, and rolled in the earth; or reposed with their flanks distended in the adjacent shades; and on the fifth and sixth days, separated into distant droves, bathed, drank, and departed in single files, according to the exact order of their arrival. They all rolled successively in the same hole; and each thus carried away a coat of mud, to preserve the moisture on their skin; and which, when hardened and baked by the sun, would resist the stings of millions of insects, that otherwise would persecute those peaceful travellers to madness or even death.

In the first and second years, this old man, with some companions, killed from six to seven hundred of these noble creatures, merely for the sake of their skins, which to them were worth only two-

shillings each; and after this, they were obliged to leave the place till the following season, or till the wolves, panthers, eagles, rooks, ravens, &c. had devoured the carcasses, and abandoned the place for other prey. In the two years following, the same persons killed great numbers out of the first droves that arrived, skinned them and left the bodies exposed to the sun and air: but they soon had reason to repent of this; for, the remaining droves, as they came up in succession, stopped, gazed on the mangled and putrified bodies, sorrowfully moaned or furiously lowed aloud, and returned instantly to the wilderness in an unusual run, without tasting their favourite spring, or licking impregnated earth, which was also, once their most agreeable occupation; nor did they, or any of their race, ever revisit the neighbourhood.

THE WAY TO KNOW THE CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

" A strange dissembling sex, we women are:—
Well may we *men*, when we *ourselves* deceive.

SHAKSPEAR.

" ARE you of the erroneous opinion, that a man should know a woman for years---have daily intercourse with her,---to form a proper judgment of her?---Well and good! reprove me for ever with paradoxes---I positively assert the contrary."

" If a maiden fills you with interest---if she has done so with the first look---she often knows it sooner

than you :---then, with respect to you, her character is at an end.---Sit the whole day by her side, converse with her, for hours together---she will constantly stand in arms against you, and, with all that she says and does, the doubt will ever remain with thee,---whether she would absolutely have said and done the same, if you had not been present. On the contrary, to strictly and keenly observe a maiden at the distance of ten, or twenty paces, who does not know you at all, who suspects nothing of the impression she has made on a stranger near her, O *then*, the soul unfolds itself in every insignificant motion, and betrays enough to thee, in half an hour, to form therefrom, a well grounded conclusion.

THE DOOR LOCKED AND THE KEY LOST,

OR ANECDOTES OF LOUIS XIV.

M. De Lauzun and Madame de Monaco.

When M. de Lauzun first began to entertain suspicions, he burst into violent reproaches. But love soon found means to assuage these first expressions of discontent and resentment. Madame de Monaco* melted into tears and protested her innocence. M. de Lauzun, moved by her tears, and deluded by her shew of sorrow, suddenly felt all his

* Madame Monaco was the wife of the M. de Monaco, an Italian Prince, and one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the court of the French Monarch, Louis XIV.

fears vanish. This scene ended in an accommodation equally tender and sincere on one side, as it was false and perfidious on the other. But sentiments played off with the greatest art cannot long deceive. A single moment often suffices to unveil their duplicity and falsehood. Alternate disputes and explanations soon succeeded to the interviews formely so charming, the remembrance of which tended still farther to augment the regret of M. de Lauzun.

In this situation he resolved to obtain an indubitable proof of the infidelity of Madam de Monaco; her connexion appeared to him sufficiently manifest; but how to convince himself of it? Occupied with this idea, while walking towards the evening upon the borders of the grand canal at Versailles, he perceived at a distance, a man glide through the groves: Mechanically he followed him with his eyes, and soon thought he recognized the king *. Anxious to ascertain the truth of this conjecture, he rapidly passed into another walk, and arrived in sufficient time to see the person whom he pursued enter the grove of Metamorphoses. M. de Lauzun concealed himself behind a horn-beam edge, whence he could observe every thing without danger of a discovery. No sooner had he taken his station, than the king, whom by this time he perfectly knew, turned about, opened the gate from the grove,

* Louis the XIV.

placed the key on the outside, and after again shutting it, disappeared under the foliage.

M. de Lauzun no longer doubted, that this nocturnal and mysterious excursion indicated a rendezvous; his agitation was extreme, and while he dreaded, he yet wished for the fatal moment when his perplexity would be removed. While thus distracted by such contrary feelings, it occurred to him to shut up the king in the grove, at the risk of every thing which might befall him. With this intention, he advanced towards the gate, and after double-locking it, took out the key and threw it into a basin of water situated at a little distance. He then returned immediately to the spot where he at first concealed himself. Shortly after, two persons cautiously approached; one of whom, notwithstanding the darkness, he discovered to be Bontemps, the king's valet de chambre, by whose side he distinguished a female wrapped up in a long gauze vale. M. de Lauzun was several times on the point of darting out towards her, in order to tear away the veil which concealed her visage; but the reflection, that he had taken away the key, tranquilized his feelings, and induced him to wait patiently for the moment when the obstacles which had been interposed to her entrance into the grove would enable him to discover her. Astonished at not finding the key, Bontemps very naturally supposed, that his majesty had not yet arrived; but the lady's vanity was wounded, and a few words escaped her which sufficiently shewed her surprise and dissatis-

faction. M. de Lauzun shuddered on hearing a voice which he could not mistake: all his doubts were confirmed; his respiration became difficult, and deep sighs nearly suffocated him. Was it love, anger, hatred or indignation, which agitated him? No---none of those sentiments were distinct, but all were combined in one alone. It was the desire of avenging himself and of punishing a woman who was capable of such consummate perfidy *. While Madame de Monaco trembled lest she should be discovered, Bontemps struck several times loud enough to be heard by the king, who arrived a moment afterwards. On the valet de chambre entreating him to open the door quickly, his majesty replied, that he had put the key on the outside; while Bontemps was looking for it on the ground, the king attempted to push back the bolt, but he found the door double locked. What an embarrassed situation for all three! In vain did the king and Bontemps endeavour to force the lock; it resisted their combined efforts. After a moment's conversation through the door, it became necessary to retire in order to afford means to Bontemps of liberating his master.

In the mean time, M. de Lauzun had rushed from the fatal spot. One of the happiest effects of a great

* Lauzun had first taught her to be perfidious by dishonouring her husband—and he himself betrayed his own amours with her to the king, which was the means of first exciting him to admire her; so that he was justly served.

elevation of sentiment is, that it prevents us from loving the object which we are compelled to despise. "What!" exclaimed he, "shall I still have the infamous imbecility to love her?—Would it not be the height of meanness after the proofs I have had of her perfidy? No, hatred and disdain must succeed to an attachment so unworthily outraged. This resolution, dictated by pride and reason, appeared in his mind alone worthy of him; and as contempt is not a sentiment produced by illusion, but is the result of judgement, his reflections during the night, served but to confirm him in the resolution of breaking finally with Madame Monaco. - - - - - - - - - - - - Too much injured and especially too proud to have recourse to shameful dissimulation, it was not his intention, that she should remain ignorant he had witnessed her intercourse with the king; but refining on vengeance, he determined not to reproach her with perfidy, but on the contrary, by assuming a tone of irony and the most chilling contempt to punish this guilty female.

With the same ardour, and with equal eagerness, as he would the evening before have enjoyed the pleasure of beholding her, did M. de Lauzun now, firm in purposes of vengeance, repair to Saint Cloud.

This was one of those evenings in which Madame *

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* The Princess Henrietta, of England, espoused to monsieur, the brother of Louis.

only received a select party of her particular friends, and on such occasions the time was wholly dedicated to the pleasures of conversation.

This princess was, indeed the first who introduced conversation parties at the French Court. Before her time, their amusement chiefly consisted in attending to the representation of small dramatic pieces.

In the circle which madame attracted around her, much genuine wit was displayed without the least degree of arrogance; the most frivolous things were related with grace and interest: in a word, freedom, politeness and pleasantry, constituted the principal charms of her society.

Under the pretence of relating an extraordinary dream, M. de Lauzun, with equal wit and malice, entertained the company with a tale, in its principal traits nearly resembling the adventures of Madame Monaco with the king. During this recital he occasionally regarded her, and as she appeared agitated or composed, he drew aside more or less of the veil under which he had concealed his personages. But as he wished only to humble, and not wholly unmask her, the moment that he perceived the emotion, of which she was no longer mistress, would betray to the company the hidden meaning of his allegory, he suddenly stopped, saying, one of my friends passing by at the moment, awoke me, and thus dispelled the illusions which had occupied my mind during my slumbers.—

"Were you not then in bed," interrupted the Count de Guiche*?"

"No," replied M. de Lauzun, "I was sleeping on a verdant bank, by the side of the grove of Metamorphoses."

The last speech completely disconcerted M. de Monaco; she clearly saw, that he had witnessed her interview with the king, and had doubtless been the author of the loss of the key. No longer hoping to deceive him, she henceforth considered him in the light of an enemy, who held her in his power, and her confusion, which proceeded from a mingled sensation of shame and anger, was the more remarkable, as she was not in general easily disconcerted.

M. de Lauzun, far from being affected by her distress, appeared on the contrary, to take delight in augmenting it.

In these parties, it was very common to sketch portraits, each giving under a fictitious name, that of the person he must wed. When it came to M. de Lauzun, he said in a very lively, but expressive tone:—the picture I am about to draw, will be very short; but it will exhibit a most striking and accurate resemblance. *She is admired as soon as seen---soon this admiration is converted into love, but when intimately known, she inspires only hatred and contempt.*

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* The count was the brother of Madame de Monaco, and cousin to M. de Lauzun.

Happily, M. de Lauzun stopped, since Madame de Monaco could no longer hear him, having fainted.

M. de Lauzun retired very much gratified with this commencement of his vengeance, and the grief which he beheld Madame de Monaco suffer, obliterated, in some measure, from his mind, the scene in the grove *.

WHAT IS WIT?

But what's this wit which so much power displays,
And draws around it such distinguish'd praise?
Is it a science issuing from the schools,
And taught progressively by settled rules?

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* The Duke of Lauzun, was the greatest favourite of Lewis, although from the impetuosity of his temper he at times fell under the severe displeasure of his royal master. He once broke his sword in the presence of the king, and exclaimed in the haughtiness of passion and disappointment, that he would no longer serve a prince who could not keep his promise. Lewis with great dignity approached the window, threw up the sash and cast his cane, which he held in his hand, into the garden - then turning to Lauzun, he with great coolness said---"I should be sorry to strike a man of quality!" he then immediately retired, leaving the astonished nobleman in a state of despair.---It should be observed, that the king's promise had been conditional, and that Lauzun forfeited it himself by his own imprudence.

Or can --- say, parochially proclaim,
" A local habitation and a name,"
Ah no!---it ranges with the poet's eye,
Now stoops to earth---or now ascends the sky:
Flits through all nature with a boundless wing.
Is every where by turns---and every thing.
Now in a grave impressive strain 'twill shine,
And give a sterling sense to every line;
Now like the lightning's vivid flash 'tis found
Above---below---at every point around.
With plain simplicity 'twill sometimes press,
And now attract with all the lure of dress;
Now in an apologue will best prevail,
And charm its hearers by that artful tale!
Or in a simile their humour hit,
And, by a parallel, elicit wit.
In short, such its changing pow'r,
So form'd---so fitted to the varying hour,
That strove to paint it---by a magic air,
It mocks description---and eludes all care *.

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* Pope defines wit thus:

" True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought—but ne'er so well express'd."

" Which," say Dr. Johnson, in his life of Cowley, " is undoubtedly erroneous, as he depresses wit below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought, to happiness of language."

WRETCHEDNESS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

The poverty of the lower orders of the Irish is equally obvious in its causes, and melancholy in its effects. At certain seasons of the year, the high-roads, and even the main streets, of every town and village of Ireland, are infested with groupes of mendicants, who exhibit to the eye all the sad variety of wretchedness which "flesh is heir to." These are not common beggars, who make it a profession to live at the expence of the community; and who indulge their propensities to idleness and vice by imposing on the unregulated benevolence of those—"whose pity gives, ere charity begins;" they are the necessitous families of the Irish peasants.

When the season of employment is over, when the necessity for human labour is considerably disproportioned to the population of the country, (as is invariably the case in all grazing counties of Ireland,) where no manufactory offers the avocation to the superflux of willing industry; and when the scanty hire of the labourer, during the short season it is paid, affords no little treasure stored to ward off the wants of an inactive season; the Irish peasant quits the spot where he once, "sat him down, the monarch of a shed," quits the family, dearer to his heart from the pang it feels for them; and beckoned by hope, or urged by despair, departs for a distant province, or even a distant land, in search

of that employment, and that reward, which his own impolitick denies.

When the strained eye of sorrowing affection has followed the father and the husband, even till fancy gives what distance snatches from the view, the mother closes the door of her desolate cabin; and when, (as is generally the case) her family are too helpless to relinquish her maternal cares, and enable her to work, followed by her little children, and frequently by an aged parent, beggary is embraced as the only alternative to want and famine.*

Sometimes with an infant on her back, and another in her arms, (while the ablest of her little train is always charged with the tin vessel which carries the sour milk supplied by charity, and another infant wanderer sustains the weight of the blanket, which constitutes the only covering thrown over

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* The authoress here, subjoins the following note:

I this day overtook a mendicant groupe, who were with difficulty creeping on before me: the mother, a delicate looking woman, had a child on her back, another infant in a decay, hung on the shoulder of a girl of twelve years old, and two more little ones followed. I asked the woman what profession her husband was of: she said, "he was a slave;" for it is by this term, that the labouring peasantry of Ireland invariably designate themselves. The woman looked ill; I enquired the cause. She replied, that in those cabins where they gave her a lodging "for God's sake," she had for some nights back laid on wet straw, the rain which had continued for some days having penetrated through the roof of her lodging.

them at night), she commences her sad and solitary wanderings. How frequently, and in what opposite seasons have I beheld these helpless and wre ched groupes straggling along the high-roads, or reposing their wearied limbs beneath the shelter of a dry ditch. I have seen the feet of the heavily laden mother totter through winter snows beneath the tende r burthen; while the frost bitten limb of her infant companions drew tears to their eyes, which in the happy thoughtlessness of childhood had never been shed to the unconscious misery of their situation, had not bodily pain taught them to flow.

I have met them wandering over heaths, which afforded no shelter to their aching brows, amidst the meridian ardour of a summer's day; when violent heat and insupportable fatigue, rendered the stream they stooped to drink, a luxury the most exquisite. I have met them at the door of magisterial power, and seen them spurned from its threshold by him who should have redressed their grievances or relieved their wants; and I have seen them cheerfully received into the cabin of an equally humble, but more fortunate compatriot, where their wants were a recommendation to benevolence, and their number no check to its exertion. For never yet was the door of an Irish cabin closed against the suppliant who appealed to the humanity of its owner *.

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* As soon as a mendicant groupe appears at their door, it receives the accustomed knead-mille-a faltha; the circle round

In Ireland there are no poor laws. In Ireland the reins of magisterial influence are loosely held; and those to whose hands they are consigned, are seldom stimulated to exertion, whose self-interest, or party prejudice, affords no powerful incentive. The ill-conducted police of the country towns of Ireland is a national disgrace, while that countless hordes of wretches are suffered to wander unrelieved, and indeed, unnoticed, is a stain on national humanity. Casual bounty can afford but transient redress: it lies to a certain degree within the jurisdiction of the magistracy, to render that bounty unnecessary by examining into the causes of that wretchedness which so frequently appeals to it; and by either endeavouring to redress the grievance or punish the imposition; which equally fling an odium on the character of that country whose negligent police has so long slumbered over both. The establishment of manufactories in the remote parts of Ireland, would undoubtedly be the most effectual check to the progress of mendicancy; but can there be no medium adopted between the great extremes of idle poverty and affluent industry?

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the fire is enlarged; a fresh supply of potatoes is brought forward; and shelter for the night, and clean straw to repose on, voluntarily offered.

FASHIONABLE NOTIONS OF EDUCATION.

Though these immaculate females wholly disapproved their brother's system of education, who was more anxious to instil noble principles in the mind of the little Ellen, than to *polish* her *address*; yet they suffered five years to elapse before they pointed out the impropriety of the plan he had adopted, and, what was worse, seemed resolved to pursue. Instead of the child's being permitted to partake of those sportive enjoyments, which, by strengthening the body, give vigour to the mind, these accomplished ladies, represented the necessity of her being confined to different studies, which it was impossible for so young a creature to comprehend. The baronet at length, wearied with the ridiculous apprehensions of his sisters, who, upon every annual visit which they made him, foretold the utter *ruin* of his child, in mild, but decided language, intreated them not to interfere in his concerns; "for, Penelope," said he, addressing the one who was most violent against his method, "have I not an undoubted *right* to act as I please?—and I never will have my Ellen's happiness destroyed by compelling her to learn an unintelligible jargon which it is impossible for an infantine understanding to comprehend."

"The child will bring disgrace upon our family, by the barbarous ignorance of her ideas," said Miss Penelope; "it was but yesterday, that I dis-

covered her in familiar conversation with the *gardener*, and desiring him to explain to her, how it was possible that a cherry-tree could spring from a stone; it is really cruel of you to have her bred up in such unpardonable ignorance. You forget, Sir, Raymond, that my niece is now near *seven years* old."

"And if she had applied to *you* instead of the *gardener*, Penelope, how would you have explained the cause of its growth?"—"Comparisons so degrading, are truly odious!" replied the lady, indignantly walking out of the room.

LACHIN-Y-GARR.

Lachin-y-Garr, or, as it is pronounced in the *Erse*, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps in Great-Britain: be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin-y-Garr, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas.

Away, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses:
In you let the minions of luxury rove;

Restore me the rocks, where the snow flake reposes
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits, though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid*.
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale;
Round Lachin-y-Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car,
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

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* This word is erroneously pronounced PLAID: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shewn by the orthography.

Ill starred*, though brave, did no visions fore-
boding,
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden†,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Bræmar‡,
The Pibroch§ resounds, to the pipers loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Lachin-y-Garr; since I left
you;
Years must elapse, ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar,
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep, frowning glories of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

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* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the "Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment to the Stuarts. George, the Second, Earl of Huntly, married the princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James I., of Scotland. By her he left four sons; the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "*pars pro toto.*"

‡ A tract of the Highlands so called: there is also a castle at Bræmar.

§ A bagpipe.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF A TRAVELLER * IN FRANCE.

"In consequence of having been informed the preceding evening that an imperial decree had passed, by which strangers entering the French empire were permitted to bring as much money into it as they chose, but were not suffered to take out of it more than what certain officers appointed for that purpose considered necessary for the prosecution of their journey, the surplus passing in the nature of a forfeiture to the crown, I concealed about thirty ducats, which fell within this description of overplus, in my cravat, and at five o'clock in the morning marched from my hotel to the Bureau des Diligence par Eau, a distance full two English miles, to be searched for this superfluity of cash, previous to my ascending the Rhine. At this house a scene took place which perhaps has not often occurred to travellers, in consequence of the temporary apprehension which it excited, the ridiculous situation in which it placed me, and the

* The traveller alluded to is Sir John Carr.—To explain the adventure, it is necessary to state, that with a view of descrying the beauties of the Rhine, he passed over to France during the restrictions against all communication with England, by assuming the character of an American, and procuring false passports. He was, however, several times on the point of being detected.

retributive chastisement which it inflicted for thus venturing upon an hostile shore. I was introduced into a room looking upon the Rhine; at the bureau sat the director, a man who wore spectacles, with a strongly marked expressive countenance, apparently about fifty years of age; upon my bowing to him he demanded of me, in German, who I was? I requested him to address me in French, which he did, repeating the question. I told him I was an American going to the Frankfort fair, upon which he put down his spectacles, and running up to me, squeezed my hand with a violence of compression infinitely more painful than agreeable, and exclaimed in very good English, "how happy is this day to me! for I too am an American." I was obliged to return the affectionate salutation, and also to express my delight in having, so far from our native home, met with a countryman. He then asked me from what part of America I came? "From Baltimore," was the answer. "Happier and happier!" cried he, renewing his embrace, "for I was born there too." At this moment I wished, for the first time in my life, all the force of the *amor patriæ* at the devil; but there was no time to be lost in meditating upon the peril and awkwardness of my situation. To prevent, as much as possible his interrogating me further about my adopted country, I addressed with all possible fluency, as many questions as I could suggest respecting Cologne, the Rhine, the war; in short, I touched upon every subject but what had

an American tendency. To my observations he bowed, to my questions he gave very brief answers, and continued expressing his delight in seeing me, a delight which was very far from being reciprocal. After ordering his servants to bring breakfast for me, which I did not decline, for fear of offending him, although I had already taken that meal at my hotel, he made many enquiries after some persons whom he named, and mentioned to be of the first consequence in Baltimore. I gave him to understand that I left that city when quite a boy; but upon his assuring me that I must remember or have heard of the persons he had named, I gave him to understand that my recollection of them was very imperfect, but that I believed they had perished by the yellow fever; upon hearing which he expressed great affliction, observing they were the dearest friends he had in Baltimore before he quitted it, about fifteen years since. In this uncomfortable situation I sat vis a-vis with my tormentor, who continued during breakfast, to overload me with expressions of kindness. At last the skipper of the Rhine boat made his appearance, with the welcome information that the boat was ready, upon which the director ordered him to make up a bed for me on board, if I wished it, and to shew me every possible attention; adding, that I was his particular friend and countryman. I now thought the hour of my deliverance was arrived, and that an adventure which promised so adversely would terminate in the display of the civilities I have enumerated;

but it was determined that my correction was not yet sufficient, for as the director looked out of the window, he exclaimed, "here comes my secretary, a very steady young man, who can attend to the office for the day," and then turning round to me, added, "and I can now have the happiness of going half a day's journey with you, which I am resolved to do; yes, I will shew to you how dear my countrymen are to me, by going as far as Bonn with you." Distressed and embarrassed beyond measure at this fresh proof of his provoking and perplexing regard for America and me, I tried in vain to prevail upon him not to think of carrying his politeness so far, and expressed my strong sense of the attentions with which he had already *completely overwhelemed* me: all that I urged appeared only to redouble the warmth of his expressions, and to confirm him in his determination.

"With a heavy heart and a light countenance we walked arm in arm down to the shore, and ascended the boat, over which, as well as all the other Cologne passage boats, it appeared he had complete sovereignty by virtue of his office, and in a minute afterwards the towing horse advanced at the rate of about two English miles and a half in an hour on the French side of the river. The director made me sit next to him in the cabin, telling the passengers, who appeared to be very respectable, that I was an American and his countryman, and that that was the happiest day he had

experienced for fifteen years. In the course of conversation with him, from the gasconade stories which he related of his own exploits, I was induced to entertain suspicions of his character; he told me that he was one of the most conspicuous characters in the French revolution; that General Custine owed all his glory in the field to him; that he had long resided at Berlin, where he had, by his intrigues maintained for some time a complete ascendency in the Prussian cabinet; that he was engaged in a vast literary work, in which all the great events that had agitated the world for the last ten years, would be developed; that he had entered into the service of the French Emperor, solely to promote the interest of the empire. He observed, after engaging my word to keep the matter secret until I reached my own country, that the Emperor was abhorred throughout the empire, that he was a remorseless tyrant, and that *he* could prove him to be a coward.

"To the latter part of this assertion I took care to offer no remark, but under the pretence of wishing to view the city of Cologne at a distance, the river and the country, and also to gain a little respite from such a rapid succession of untoward circumstances, I ascended the top of the cabin, and refreshed myself by making the sketch engraved. The tower, the mighty mass of the unfinished cathedral, the numerous spires, the shores on either side, the rapid motion of the vessels descending the Rhine, the singing of those on board, the clear

brilliancy of the sky, afforded reanimating delight to my mind.

"About ten o'clock my persecutor raised his head through the cabin door, to announce that dinner was ready, and to request my company: upon descending I found some soup, and beef roasted after the German fashion, and that the director had, while I was above, been taken ill, from the occasional agitation of the boat, that to allay his sickness he had asked one of the gentlemen on board for some brandy, and of which he had evidently taken a great deal too much: the spirit rapidly operated upon his head, and a more abominable nuisance in the shape of man I never beheld: incapable of sitting at table with such a miscreant, I resumed my old place, where I had not been seated long before I heard him abusing all the passengers, except myself, for whom he again expressed "the assurance of his high consideration," and threatening to order them all to be thrown overboard, which he seemed perfectly able to do himself, for he was one of the most powerful men I ever beheld: upon which they relinquished the cabin to himself, and, excepting a very pretty French girl, came upon deck. Upon hearing her scream violently, I went below to see what *influence his countryman* could now have over the director: as I was handing her out of the cabin, he forcibly pulled me back, closed the door, and said, in a manner which was perfectly intelligible, though occasionally interrupted by the spasms of intoxica-

tion, "I know you, though you think I do not; you are *no American*, you are an Englishman, and a son of Mr. Erskine the orator; you are here on a secret mission, and your life is in my hands, but I will not betray you." The reply I made was, "I am engaged in no secret mission, my soul would revolt at it, nor can I be the son of my Lord Erskine, for he is now upon the ocean, as ambassador from the court of Great Britain to my country;" to which I added, "that it was in vain for him to attempt to deceive me any longer, for I was satisfied, by his observations respecting America, that he had not been born in that country:" to which, to my no little consternation, he replied, "No, nor have I ever been there; I am a German by birth, I was educated by an Englishman who lived at my father's, and I am now in the service of one of the greatest heroes, and the most illustrious of men."

"I know not whether my life was in peril, but it is certain my liberty was, and to preserve it, I thought that something should be immediately done: accordingly I ascended the top of the cabin, where all the passengers were assembled in a state of considerable uneasiness, from one of whom I borrowed a bottle of brandy and a coffee-cup, with which I returned to the director, and insisted upon drinking his health in some excellent spirits, and raising my hand and the bottle in a manner which, in his state, prevented him from seeing what I poured out, I affected to fill and drink it off; I then gave him a bumper, which I several times

repeated in a similar manner, until the miscreant dropped under the table, where he continued in a state of utter insensibility, and with little appearance of life, until we arrived, which we did in about six hours, at Bonn, when he was taken out of the vessel by some men, conveyed to a house near the banks of the river, and, thank heaven! I saw no more of him."

CHARACTER OF THE LADIES OF NEW ZEALAND.

"The dwellings of the natives are usually about five feet high, the walls of which are wattled, and made close with rushes. The thatch is of strong bladed grass, and generally well applied. The space the hut occupies is generally proportioned to the number of the family; it has usually but one entrance, and is not unlike a bee-hive These are their lodging huts, but a little distance from them are sheds, in which they dress their victuals; the latter are made by fixing four posts in the ground, about five feet high, and covering them over with rushes. The natives of New Zealand, *at least the part of it I visited*, are of a very superior order, both in point of personal appearance, and intellectual endowments. The men are usually from five feet eight inches to six feet high; well proportioned, and exhibit evident marks of great strength. The colour of the natives varies between a dark chesnut,

and the light agreeable tinge of an English brunette. Their countenances are in general open, and although you are not alarmed by any marks of savage ferocity, you clearly discover signs of undaunted courage, and a resolution not easily shaken; but this country is not without its dissemblers, and particularly among those advanced in life, are to be found some who can smile and assent to your opinion, when their natural feelings dictate a frown, and a decided disapprobation of your conduct or sentiments. They have a great aversion for ardent spirits, and are consequently robust, cheerful, and active, and *probably*, in many instances, *live to a great age*. I must say something of the fair part of the creation of the Bay of Islands, and there is no great impropriety in the term, for many of the women were scarcely to be termed brunettes. Their features are regular and pleasing, with long black hair and penetrating eyes. The tattooing of their lips, and the quantity of oil and red earth with which they anoint their persons and hair, would not be very agreeable to the taste of a refined European; but to a New Zealand lover their well-formed figure, the interesting cast of the countenance, and the sweet tone of their voice, must render them very desirable companions to sooth his cares; for savage life has its cares and perplexities as well as that of the polished native of the most enlightened country."

TO A LADY, ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

SEEK not to know what winning form
The God of love triumphant bears;
Whose smiles, like thy own blushes, warm,
Whose every grace like thine appears.

For he will make thy heart his prey,
That never glowed with guilty fire;
Will steal thy bosom's peace away,
And pangs unfelt before inspire.

The conscious throb that shuns the light,
The jealous fear and downcast eye,
The anxious day, and sleepless night,
The frequent tear and stifled sigh.

These shall the tyrant, love, impart,
And prove the triumph of his power,
That reigns in secret o'er thy heart,
And mines thy blooming virgin flower.

Shall bid thee trust to happier days,
And lean on hope's endearing wile,
And mourn that rapture's dream decays,
And weep the falsehood of their smile.

Then seek not, lady, thus to know
What charms the conquering god adorn;
His bosom feels, indeed, the woe,
Who bleeds the victim of thy scorn.

ON THE DIFFERENT MANNER OF EXPRESSING THE PASSIONS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

The inhabitants of various countries have different modes of expressing the same passions, and this difference is often strikingly obvious.

The European, when he would give a mark of respect, takes off his hat; the inhabitant of the east keeps *his head covered*, under the same circumstances. The former expresses the very highest degree of veneration and humility towards an acknowledged superior, by a bend of the head, and a trivial inclination of the back—he rarely bows the knee. The other, in the same predicament, muffles up his visage, and falls prostrate on the earth. The uncovering of the head amongst the Europeans, is by no means a natural expression, but simply a mere allusion to some ancient and arbitrary custom. Probably it alludes to that of the Romans, who never allowed their slaves to carry any covering for the head, till they had been legally franchised; and, for this reason, the bonnet or cap is unto this day the symbol of liberty.

To veil and cover up the face is a natural expression, and carries the idea of respect and veneration to its very climax. It is equally the sign of shame and modesty. In short, it is the most humble mode of avowing the sense of our own unworthiness, when weighed against the superior and more lofty qualifications of another. Shame and

modesty have the same affinity to each other, which subsists between fear and veneration: for this reason, the European, naturally cold, expresses this latter sentiment either by modestly inclining his eyes toward the ground, or by seldom raising them without an appearance of timidity. Let the mind, however, abstract itself from these characteristical shades; let it endeavour to do away the allusion to an ancient custom in the European, and the more exalted enthusiasm of the inhabitant of the oriental countries, and the truly *natural* and *essential* part of the sentiment will yet remain; to wit, the motion of the body. This expression is carried to its highest pitch, when a man extends himself upon the ground, with his face in contact with the earth. The most slight mark of the *same* expression is when he confines himself to a simple motion of the head. I conclude, therefore, that this sign is *natural* and *essential,* because it is *general,* and holds place with all people, with all nations, without distinction of the ranks, their estates, or their conditions; though I grant that it admits of a wide and infinite variety of shades and circumflexions.

I do not know any one country on the face of the earth, any one class of men, who would strive to express esteem, respect or veneration, by lifting up their heads, or seeming to give an additional height to their stature; as, on the contrary, I am inclined to believe, that there is no nation or body of men who do not express pride and contempt by a deportment exactly the reverse; that is to say,

by an exaltation of the head, by a straightening of the back, and sometimes, erecting themselves on their toes, to give an air more commanding and imposing to the general contour of the figure.

If the general character of countries causes a variety in the expression of the passions, this expression is equally modified by the character proper for each sex, and for each age, as well as by the individual qualities of each man in particular. The characteristical determinations of the moral nature and the organization of the body may *vary* the manners, sentiments, and expressions, in a thousand ways, without occasioning any alteration in the grand *essence*. One is impetuous, another is indolent; while the first expresses his irritability, the other remains *immoveable*. Impatience makes the former throw his body into a thousand contortions, while the same sentiment in the latter one displays itself in his physiognomy. That which makes the one man laugh aloud, till his sides ache with the exertion, only raises a smile, hardly visible, on the lip of his opposite.

The same observation holds good with respect to the variety of states. The squeeze of the hand, the kiss, and the embrace, are three different modes of expressing amity and affection. The first is the weakest, because it simply joins two extremities of the human body to each other. The last is the most forcible, because it in a manner draws together and incorporates the object with one's self. The great, with whom *politeness* is now become a species of

virtue, have digested a code of laws of their own, wherein they introduce all these signs of amity into what they are pleased to denominate civility and good breeding. They generally outstep the modesty of nature in these expressions, adapting the strongest of them to the most trifling occasions. They talk of *transport,* when the simple word *pleasure* would signify more than they really feel*; they bow to the ground, when a slight inclination of the head would be adequate to the occasion. They dart into each others arms with rapture, when advancing a few steps would express all the *real* pleasure they can be supposed to experience in their meeting.

The inhabitant of the country, that child, cherished by parent nature, whose heart the manners of large cities has not yet vitiated nor abased, knows also the value of an *embrace;* but he reserves this last token of affection for the period of undissembled transport; till the happy moment when a long absent son returns to his paternal roof. He expresses the common intercourse of friendship by

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* This hyperbolical mode of speech is by no means confined to the fashionable world, but prevails in a great degree, in common life. We hear the words *wonderful, incomparable, glorious, astonished, dying with laughter, dead from fear,* &c. &c. from the lips of persons, whose hearts are bound up in the most frigid indifference to all that passes them.

a simple pressure of the *hand*; but when the heart is really concerned, he is all fire, all energy, all force!

You see that we have here, a general and essential trait---a *tendency to approach* and to *unite* to each other---the natural consequence of intimacy and friendship; all the differences of which, in various classes of society, are solely indicated by the different degrees of intimacy and union, as also by some secondary modifications depending on the polished modes, of rough manners, on the warmth and heat of constitution and a thousand other accidental variations in the passions, sentiments, opinions, and organization of individuals.

THE CONSCRIPT.

"After our repast, as we were drinking some excellent hock, many of the company present communicated the object of their voyage, and amongst the rest an elegant young Frenchman, about nineteen, who had charmed us all the way by his politeness, and inexhaustible flow of spirits, told us, to my no little surprise, that the object of his excursion, would not admit of his returning when he pleased, for he was on his way to join part of the French army at Maynz, or Mayence, as a *Conscript*, for which he had been drawn; and as his father, who was a man of fortune at Aix-la-Cha-

pelle, but was very fond of his money, would not put himself to the expence of paying the substitution money for him, "par consequence," said he, with a smile of good humour, "il me faut aller en personne" He told us he had no hopes of raising himself from the *ranks* but by good conduct, and equally good fortune, although his *uncle was a general in the service*, and commanded that part of the army into which he was soon to be incorporated. Whenever we stopped, he bestowed his money with liberality to beggars and chambermaids, alledging, that as he was about to be a soldier, he ought to live, when he became one, on a soldier's pay, and that to have more till he was promoted, would only make him uncomfortable; adding, that on his arrival at head quarters, he should order a noble dinner, give his cloathes to the waiters, and surrender himself up to the captain of his company. He neither blamed the cruelty of his father, the tyranny of the conscription, nor repined at his unlucky fate, but filling a bumper exclaimed, "Tout ce qu'il me faut maintenant, c'est de devenir bon soldat."—"All that I have to do, is to make myself a good soldier." I never saw a point more easily and comfortably settled in my life. Our young Conscript had all our best wishes for his happiness and speedy promotion. This elastic spirit of vivacity seems to be the common property of every Frenchman, and never did it appear more striking than in the following circumstance: upon an English surgeon, some years since, visiting

an hospital at Paris, he saw in one of the wards three Frenchmen, who had received some very severe contusions, by the fall of a scaffold a few days before, lying in bed; upon approaching them, he found one dead, another dying, and the one in the middle sitting upright in the bed, fiddling to several invalids, who were dancing at the foot of it as well as they were able."

ACCOUNT OF VARIOUS TRIBES OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Carankouas, live on an island, or peninsula, in the bay of St. Bernard, in length about ten miles, and five in breadth; the soil is extremely rich and pleasant; on one side of which there is a high bluff, or mountain of coal, which has been on fire for many years, affording always a light at night, and a strong, thick smoke by day, by which vessels are sometimes deceived and lost on the shoaly coast, which shoals are said to extend nearly out of sight of land. From this burning coal there is emitted a gummy substance the Spaniards call *cheta*, which is thrown on the shore by the surf, and collected by them in considerable quantities, which they are fond of chewing; it has the appearance and consistence of pitch, of a strong aromatic, and not disagreeable smell. These Indians are irreconcilable enemies to the Spaniards, always at war with them, and kill them whenever they can. The

Spaniards call them cannibals, but the French give them a different character, who have always been treated kindly by them since Mons. de Salle and his party were in the neighbourhood. They are said to be five hundred men strong, but I have not been able to estimate their numbers from any very accurate information; in a short time expect to be well informed. They speak the Attakapa language; are friendly and kind to all other Indians, and, I presume, are much like all others, notwithstanding what the Spaniards say of them, for nature is every where the same.

Last summer an old Spaniard came to me from Labahie, a journey of about 500 miles, to have a barbed arrow taken out of his shoulder, that one of these Indians had shot in it. I found it under his shoulder blade, near nine inches, and had to cut a new place to get at the point of it, in order to get it out the contrary way from that which it had entered: it was made of a piece of an iron hoop, with wings like a fluke and an inche.

Canees are a very numerous nation, consisting of a great many different tribes, occupying different parts of the country, from the bay of St. Bernard, cross river Grand, towards La Vera Cruz. They are not friendly to the Spaniards, and generally kill them when they have an opportunity. They are attached to the French; are good hunters, principally using the bow. They are very particular in their dress, which is made of neatly dressed leather; the women wear a long loose robe, re-

sembling that of a Franciscan friar; nothing but their heads and feet are to be seen. The dress of the men is straight leather leggings, resembling pantaloons, and a leather hunting shirt, or frock. No estimate can be made of their number.

Thirty or forty years ago the Spaniards used to make slaves of them when they could take them; a considerable number of them were brought to Natchitoches and sold to the French inhabitants at forty or fifty dollars a head, and a number of them are still living here, but are now free. About twenty years ago an order came from the king of Spain that no more Indians should be made slaves, and that those who were enslaved should be emancipated; after which some of the women who had been servants in good families, and taught spinning, sewing, &c. as well as managing household affairs, married mattifs of the country, and became respectable, well behaved women, and have now growing up decent families of children: have a language peculiar to themselves, and are understood, by signs, by all others. They are in amity with all other Indians except the Hietans.

Tankaways (or Tanks, as the French call them), have no land, nor claim the exclusive right to any, nor have any particular place of abode, but are always moving, alternately occupying the country watered by the Trinity, Braces, and Colerado, towards St. a Fé. Resemble, in their dress, the Cances and Hietans, but all in one horde or tribe. Their number of men are estimated at about two hundred; are good hunters; kill buffaloe and deer

with the bow; have the best breed of horses; are alternately friends and enemies of the Spaniards. An old trader lately informed me that he had received five thousand deer skins from them in one year, exclusive of tallow, rugs, and tongues. They plant nothing, but live upon wild fruits and flesh: are strong athletic people, and excellent horsemen.

Tawakenoes, or Three Canes. They are called by both names indifferently; live on the west side of the Braces, but are often, for some months at a time, lower down than their usual place of residence, in the great prairie at the Tortuga, or Turtle, called so from its being a hill in the prairie, which, at a distance, appears in the form of a turtle, upon which there are some remarkable springs of water. Their usual residence is about two hundred miles to the westward of Nacogdoches, towards St. a Fé. They are estimated at two hundred men: are good hunters; have guns, but hunt principally with the bow: are supplied with goods from Nacogdoches, and pay for them in rugs, tongues, tallow, and skins. They speak the same language of the Panis, or Towiaches, and pretend to have descended from the same ancestors.

Panis, or Towiaches. The French call them Panis, and the Spaniards Towiaches; the latter is the proper Indian name. They live on the south bank of Red river; by the course of the river upwards of eight hundred miles above Natchitoches, and by land, by the nearest path, is estimated

at about three hundred and forty. They have two towns near together; the lower town where the chief lives, is called Niteheta, and the other is called Towaahach. They call their present chief the Great Bear. They are at war with the Spaniards, but friendly to those French and American hunters who have lately been among them. They are likewise at war with the Osages, as are every other nation. For many hundreds of miles round them, the country is rich prairie, covered with luxuriant grass, which is green summer and winter, with skirts of wood on the river bank, by the springs and creeks.

They have many horses and mules. They raise more corn, pumkins, beans, and tobacco, than they want for their own consumption; the surplusage they exchange with the Hietans for buffaloe, rugs, horses, and mules: the pumpkins they cut round in their shreds, and when it is in a state of dryness that it is so tough it will not break, but bend, they plait and work it into large mats, in which state they sell it to the Hietans, who, as they travel, cut off and eat it as they want it. Their tobacco they manufacture and cut as fine as tea, which is put into leather bags of a certain size, and is likewise an article of trade. They have but few guns, and very little ammunition; what they have they keep for war, and hunt with the bow. Their meat is principally buffaloe; seldom kill a deer, though they are so plenty they come into their villages, and about their houses, like a domestic animal: elk, bear,

wolves, antelope, and wild hogs, are likewise plenty in their country, and white rabbits, or hares, as well as the common rabbit: white bears sometimes come down amongst them, and wolves of all colours. The men generally go entirely naked, and the women nearly so, only wearing a small flap of a piece of a skin. They have a number of Spaniards amongst them, of fair complexion, taken from the settlement of St. a Fé, when they were children, who live as they do, and have no knowledge of where they came from. Their language differs from that of any other nation, the Tawakenoes excepted. Their present number of men is estimated at about four hundred. A great number of them, four years ago, were swept off by the small-pox.

Hietans, or Comanches, who are likewise called by both names, have no fixed place of residence; have neither towns nor villages; divided into so many different hordes or tribes, that they have scarcely any knowledge of one another. No estimate of their numbers can well be made. They never remain in the same place more than a few days, but follow the buffaloe, the flesh of which is their principal food. Some of them occasionally purchase of the Panis, corn, beans, and pumkins; but they are so numerous, any quantity of these articles the Panis are able to supply them with, must make but a small proportion of their food. They have tents made of neatly dressed skins fashioned in the form of a cone, sufficiently roomy

for a family of ten or twelve persons; those of the chiefs will contain occasionally fifty or sixty persons. When they stop, their tents are pitched in very exact order, so as to form regular streets and squares, which in a few minutes has the appearance of a town, raised as it were, by enchantment: and they are equally dexterous in striking their tents and preparing for a march when the signal is given; to every tent two horses or mules are allotted, one to carry the tent, and another the poles or sticks, which are neatly made of red cedar; they all travel on horseback. Their horses they never turn loose to graze, but always keep them tied with a long cabras or halter; and every two or three days they are obliged to move on account of all the grass near them being eaten up, they have such numbers of horses. They are good horsemen and have good horses, most of which are bred by themselves, and being accustomed from when very young to be handled, they are remarkably docile and gentle. They sometimes catch wild horses, which are every where amongst them in immense droves. They hunt down the buffaloe on horseback, and kill them either with the bow or a sharp stick like a spear, which they carry in their hands. They are generally at war with the Spaniards, often committing depredations upon the inhabitants of St. a Fé and St. Antoine; but have always been friendly and civil to any French or Americans who have been amongst them. They are strong and athletic, and

the elderly men as fat as though they had lived upon English beef and porter.

It is said the man who kills a buffaloe, catches the blood and drinks it while warm; they likewise eat the liver raw, before it is cold, and use the gaul by way of sauce. They are, for savages, uncommonly cleanly in their persons: the dress of the women is a long, loose robe, that reaches from their chin to the ground, tied round with a fancy sash, or girdle, all made of neatly dressed leather, on which they paint figures of different colours and significations: the dress of the men is, close leather pantaloons, and a hunting shirt, or frock of the same. They never remain long enough in the same place to plant any thing: the small Cayenne pepper grows spontaneously in the country, with which and some wild herbs and fruits, particularly a bean that grows in great plenty on a small tree resembling a willow, called masketo, the women cook their buffaloe beef in a manner that would be grateful to an English 'squire. They alternately occupy the immense space of country from the Trinity and Braces, crossing the Red river, to the heads of Arkansa and Missouri, to river Grand, and beyond it, about St. a Fé, and over the dividing ridge on the waters of the Western ocean, where they say they have seen large peroques, with masts to them; in describing which, they make a drawing of a ship, with all its sails and rigging; and they describe a place where they have seen vessels ascending a river,

over which was a draw-bridge that opened to give them a passage. Their native language of sounds differs from the language of any other nation, and none can either speak or understand it; but they have a language by signs that all Indians understand, and by which they converse much among themselves. They have a number of Spanish men and women among them, who are slaves, and who they made prisoners when young.

An elderly gentleman now living at Natchitoches, who, some years ago, carried on a trade with the Hietans, a few days ago related to me the following story:

About twenty years ago a party of these Indians passed over the river Grand to Chewawa, the residence of the governor-general, of what is called the five internal provinces; lay in ambush for an opportunity, and made prisoner the governor's daughter, a young lady going in her coach to mass, and brought her off. The governor sent a message to him (my informant) with a thousand dollars, for the purpose of recovering his daughter: he immediately dispatched a confidential trader, then in his employ, with the amount of the thousand dollars in merchandise, who repaired to the nation, found her, and purchased her ransom; but to his great surprise, she refused to return with him to her father, and sent by him the following message: that the Indians had disfigured her face by tattooing it according to their fancy and ideas of beauty, and a young man of them had taken her for his wife, by

whom she believed herself pregnant; that she had become reconciled to their mode of life, and was well treated by her husband; and that she should be more unhappy by returning to her father, under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was.---Which message was conveyed to her father, who rewarded the trader by a present of 300 dollars more for his trouble and fidelity; and his daughter is now living with her Indian husband in the nation, by whom she has three children.

ANECDOTE OF MACKLIN THE ACTOR.

THOUGH Miss Macklin, his daughter, was not handsome, she was genteel in her person, and, being highly accomplished, was fashionable in her manners and deportment. She was, beside, a very rising actress, and gave specimens of her singing and dancing in occasional entertainments, which made her a great favourite with the town. Some days previous to her benefit, whilst Macklin was sitting at breakfast, a loud knocking at his door announced the name of a Baronet, at that time as well known on the turf as he has since been in the character of a noble Lord, and great legal practitioner. After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Macklin hoped 'he would do him the honor of breakfasting with him;' which the other frankly accepted, and the conversation became general. The

stage of course formed one of the topics, when the Baronet took this opportunity to praise Miss Macklin in the highest strain of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At first, after a short pause, (arising as Macklin thought from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets) the Baronet began the following curious conversation:—"After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible of her merit. I mean to be her *friend*—not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such *trifling* acts of friendship which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage—I mean to be her *friend* for LIFE."—"What do you allude to, Sir?" says Macklin, roused at this last expression,—"Why," said the other, "I mean as I say, to *make her my friend for life*; and as you are a man of the world, and 'tis fit *you* should be considered in this business, I now make you an *offer* of 400l. per year for your daughter, and 200l. per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates, during your natural life." "I was at that time," said Macklin, "spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the Baronet, I desired him instantly to quit my apartment; telling him, at the same time, I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy in thus attempting the honor of a child, through the medium of her parent. He affected

not to mind me, and was proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprung from my seat, and holding the knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bade him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument *into his heart,* as the due reward of such base and infamous proposals. " Sir," continued the veteran, " I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time. By G—d, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down stairs as if the devil was in him, he ran across the garden in the same manner, thinking I was still at his heels, and so I never spoke to the rascal afterwards."

THE OLD DOMESTIC, AND FAVOURITE SWORD.

PATRICK bowing, touched the offered hand of O'Brien, and wiped away a tear that stood on his sun-burnt cheek; then brightening as he spoke, he said, " I hope Master Charles my dear, your honour will not refuse poor Pat the favour he's going to make bold to *ax.*"

" Whatever your demand may be, my good fellow," cried Charles, " I will grant it, if in my power; therefore say on."

" Heaven bless you for a kind gentleman! Well then, I hope your honour won't go to be angry with your old *sarvant* M'Shane for bringing your honour a bit of a present from over the sea."

"On the contrary, Patrick; I shall accept your present with thanks."

M'Shane now retired, and in a short time re-appeared with a sword in his hand, which O'Brien instantly recognized as the weapon once belonging to his father, and which had often been the object of his admiration in his boyhood.

Patrick presented the sword with a silent gesture, that said more to Charles's heart than the most eloquent speech could have expressed; and he received the offered gift with feelings, which language would vainly have attempted to explain. On enquiry, he found, from the good soldier's unwilling confession, that the sword, on Colonel O'Brien's decease, according to the allowed custom of the camp, had become the perquisite of the serjeant-major of the regiment; who by established usage in the army, has a right to claim the accoutrements of every officer that falls in the field. The sword now bestowed on O'Brien, and which in the estimation of the enthusiastic youth, was a gift above all value, had been redeemed at a considerable price by the generous M'Shane, was too nobly spirited to declare the sum he paid for it; and though the purchase was made by the accumulated gains of long and faithful services, Patrick thought the bargain cheap, as he saw his beloved late master's son considered the treasure invaluable.

Drawing the glittering blade from the scabbard, Charles stood bending over that weapon which had been the companion of his lamented father's dan-

gers, and dropped a tear on it at the remembrance that it had been grasped in his dying parents' hand. As he looked upon the sword in pensive sadness, Erina entered; she had, with filial tenderness, been preparing her mother to see the old honest domestic, whose unexpected presence, after a long absence and the melancholy recent event, she feared might agitate her parent too powerfully. The lovely girl, ever attentive to her widowed mother's feelings, with an anxious solicitude to spare them painful emotion, or too sudden a surprise, had, after the first salutation of Patrick, hastened to announce his arrival, both to her mother and Sir Phelim. The amiable Baronet, rejoicing in the safe return of his deeply regretted son-in-law's faithful attendant, instantly followed Erina to the drawing-room, to welcome M'Shane's arrival, and to acquaint him that his mistress would see him in a few minutes, during which she was summoning fortitude to aid her in the trying interview. M'Shane affected, shed tears at the sight and cordial greetings of the respectable old gentleman, withdrew to salute his fellow-servants, Dennis and Norah; while the grateful Charles, with exulting delight, shewed the valuable gift, that the affectionately attached domestic had presented, and whilst Sir Phelim's eyes overflowed at the tale of sentiment, the beautiful and gentle Erina wept over the sword, which recalled to her mind the last farewell of her deceased and ever lamented father.

FLATTERY.

Flattery displays itself under a variety of different forms; among some, by exaggerated words and actions; while others, more skilful in this art, evince it only by silence, and an attitude of admiration; and such delicate homage is often better received than the most flattering words.

LOVE PUT TO THE PROOF.

"The proverb holds; that to be wise, and love,
Is hardly granted." Dryden.

Dempierre never presumed to make an avowal of his passion; but he sometimes dexterously turned the conversation upon the subject of love; and seldom let slip any opportunity of extolling the exalted and pure sentiments of a man who adored like a divinity, a woman of superior rank to his own, and who strenuously endeavoured, by his virtuous and noble actions, to render himself worthy of being beloved by her. Frequently his allusions were so pointed, that the young Princess became embarrassed, and found herself under the necessity of changing the subject.

During one of their walks, the conversation turned, as usual, on the devotedness of the an-

cient chevaliers to the lady of their choice. Demetrius affirmed, that he regretted those heroic ages, as then, a lover might have proved the sincerity of his attachment by his prompt obedience to the least hint of the beloved object, and by an uniform readiness to sacrifice his life on her account.

While thus conversing, they came to a very lofty bridge, consisting of one bold arch, thrown over a deep and rapid river. Diana, who wished for once to put him to silence, said to him jestingly, with all the inconsiderate rashness of youth, " Yes, yes, these things may read very well in romances ; but they no longer occur in real life. If a lady were, now-a-days, to say to her lover,---' Go, fetch me my glove," (and saying this, she threw her own into the middle of the stream), " no one, I am well assured, would precipitate himself into the water to recover it."---Scarcely had she uttered these words, than Demetrius darted over the parapet of the bridge, and plunged into the river.

Diana, struck with terror, at the consequences of her rash folly, set up a piercing shriek, and remained motionless. Her female attendants likewise shrieked with terror. In a few seconds, Demetrius rose again, seized the glove, which the current had carried away, gained the bank, respectfully kissed the reward of his courage, and disappeared.

The Princess returned home with a heart swelling with emotion, and plunged in a deep reverie. She blushed on again beholding Demetrius, and said

nothing. She believed, that he had risked his life to prove his attachment, and that moment decided her own.

IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF CHEMISTRY.

The following fact will shew the importance of chemical knowledge, more forcibly than a thousand arguments. Having myself* been instrumental in saving a valuable life, I feel great pleasure in relating the circumstance.

About Christmas, 1805, an apothecary in one of the northern countries, having drank some bottled porter, was seized with symptoms which convinced him that he was poisoned; but not knowing what noxious matter he had taken, and being incapable of analysing the remainder, no antidote could be applied, and he gave himself up as lost. A physician had been called in; but neither he nor the patient could get any information by examining the remaining contents of the fatal bottle; though I understand, they are all intelligent men, and in great reputation in their profession. In this dilemma what could be done? At last, one of them

* Mr. Parkinson, author of *a Chemical Catechism*, from which this article is taken; a work that will, on the slightest view, divest the youthful mind of its prejudice against the study of chemistry. It will no longer be thought dry and uninteresting; but delightful, instructive and useful.

recollected, that a neighbouring gentleman had the reputation of being a good chemist. To him the physician and the partner of the patient hastened, to get the dregs analysed, and to learn what ought to be administered. Fortunately, this gentleman had just received Glottling's book of Tests, which I had procured for his brother, and which had been sent to him but a very short time before. By this book, he was enabled to ascertain, that the poison was oxide of antimony: and when the patient was informed of it, he recollected, that antimonial wine had been kept in a similar bottle some years before; and supposed, that the porter must have been bottled without the dregs being properly washed out. When the nature of the poison was thus ascertained, the gentleman had no difficulty in directing the physician to a proper antidote, which was administered immediately, and the life of the unfortunate man was preserved; but, in consequence of the time allowed to elapse previous to its exhibition, the poison had so far taken possession of the system, as to deprive him of the use of a limb.

ON MELODY

"If music be the food of love, play on."

SHAKSPEARE.

MODERN HARMONY seems to have a natural tendency to weaken the force of *melody*, by *dividing*

the attention. In music, as in many other things, excellence and exquisite pleasure depends much upon a high degree of intenseness, with which the attention is fixed upon its object. The mind is thus almost wholly absorbed while composing, or highly relishing a work of genius; and can with difficulty be drawn away to any thing else *. Now there are three ways in which harmony may be heard. The first is, when the principal melody only is attended to; the second, when the attention is occasionally directed to all the parts; and the third, when the unity of melody, which Rousseau recommends, takes place, when all the parts are heard together, as one body of sound, or grand melody. In the first way, if we suppose a strain, which has delighted us as simple melody, formed into a piece, in the modern style, with accompaniments, though little noticed, add a kind of grandeur by their effect to the ear. But this may be produced, perhaps as well, by the the additions of unisons and octaves. It is indeed true, that the chords of harmony, may sometimes assist the expressions of melody; but if really good, and well performed, it does not seem to need assistance †. Thus Dr. Burney says,

---

* Hence the absence of mind, which is frequently observed in men of genius. The objects of some, scarcely drawing the mind from its eager pursuit.

† The object of the writer is to wrest the charms of music, from that chaotic confusion into which art and false taste has thrown it, and to bring it, once more, under the controul of nature. That which is difficult now, and not that which is delight-

" An elegant and graceful melody exquisitely sung by a fine voice, is sure to engage attention, and to create delight without instrumental assistance, and in a solo, composed and performed by a great master, *the less the accompaniment is heard, the better.* Hence, it should seem as if the harmony of accumulated vocal parts, or the tumult of instrumental, was no more than a succedaneum to a mellifluous voice, or single instrument of the first class."

COLLEGE ANECDOTES.

STORY OF FRIAR BACON AND THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARS.

THERE goes a ridiculous story, which, because I find it among the ludicra of an eminent person, remembered by him from other papers about seventy years ago, I shall, therefore, now insert. " Once upon a time, several scholars of Cambridge came to dispute with the scholars of Oxford, with fair promises to themselves of returning conquerors, the which Fryar Bacon hearing, feigned himself a thatcher, and when he was upon a house at Oxford town's end, he, upon the approach of the Cantabrigians, came down to meet, and drawing near to

ful, excites admiration, and he who can in composition, or in performance, shew the greatest eccentricity and deviate most from the sweet simplicity of nature and feeling, is sure to bear the palm of victory. This is to prefer the tricks, antics, and distortions of a merry-andrew, to the grace and dignity of a good dancer. We cordially agree with the author, that *melody is the soul of music.*

them, one of the Cantabrigians said to him, ' Rustice quid quæris?' Bacon the thatcher answered, ' Ut mecum versificeris.' Then quoth another of the Cambridge scholars. ' Versificator tu?' Bacon answered, ' Melior non solis ab ortu!' Whereupon the Cantabrigians seeing that the Oxford thatchers were so good versifiers, and being more afraid of the scholars themselves, returned to Cambridge re infecta*."

STORY OF TWO ITINERANT PRIESTS.

Wood relates a story of two itinerant priests coming, towards night, to a cell of Benedictines near Oxford, where, on supposition of their being mimes or minstrels, they gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, hoping to have been entertained by their buffoonery, and finding them to be nothing more than two indigent ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and being consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monastery†.

DETERMINING BATCHELORS.

It was a custom in old time, for the determining batchelors, every Lent, to chose themselves a captain (whom they commonly styled by the name of Chancellor, and Beadles, or Serjeants, which proved at length, to be so prejudicial to the University, (for great disorders were occasioned by this practice) that the University made a particular statute against

* Wood's Annals. † Ibid.

it, enjoining, that such as were guilty for the future, of creating such officers (which tended so much to the disturbance of the common peace, and to the scandal of the University) should be imprisoned and excommunicated, the imprisonment to continue ten days, which time of imprisonment was likewise allotted for the beadles, if they could be apprehended*."

THE ORPHANS†.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold, the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time, till supper, to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want, and pain, and toil, did rest;
And many a flattering tale I view'd
O'er those, who, once, had wealth possess'd.

* Hearne's Appendix to Hist. Rob de Avesbury.

† This pathetic story has been transmitted to us by a gentleman, whose pieces have often embellished our pages. He modestly informs us, that he has copied it from a very old newspaper; but we are convinced that it is his own composition. We have just inserted it in the Phœnix, and find that it has been received with the fullest approbation.

A faded beach, its shadow brown,
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither was inclin'd to take;
And yet they seem'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread, which many a heart would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
"And if we had we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
"And will not eat, whate'er I say;
"Tho' sure I am, the bread's her own,
"And she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan starv'd, Mary said;
"Till Henry eat, I'll eat no more;
"For, yesterday, I got some bread:—
"He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as tho' deprov'd of speech;
I silent sat upon the grave
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart;
The shivering boy did nearer draw
And thus his infant care impart.

"Before my father went away,
(" Ensnar'd by bad men o'er the sea,)
" Sister and I did naught but play;
" We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.

" And then poor mother, did so cry!
" And look so strang'd, I cannot tell!
" She told us, that she soon should die,
" And bade us love each other well.

" She said, that when the war was o'er,
" Perhaps we might our father see;
" But if we never saw him more
" That God our Father then would be.

" She kiss'd us both—and then she died,
" And we no more a mother have;
" Here, many a-day we've sat and cried
" Together on poor mother's grave.

" But when our father came not here,
" I thought, if we could find the sea,
" We should be sure to meet him there,
" And once again might happy be.

" We, hand in hand, went many a mile,
" And ask'd our way of all we met;
" And some did sigh, and some did smile,
" And we of some did victual get.

" But when we reach'd the sea, and found
" 'Twas one great water round us spread,
" We thought that father must be drown'd,
" And cry'd and wish'd us both were dead.

" So we return'd to mother's grave
" And only long with her to be---
" For, Goody, when this bread she gave,
" Said, father died beyond the sea.

" Then since no parent we have here,
" We'll go and seek for GOD around:---
" Lady, pray can you tell us where,
" That GOD OUR FATHER may be found.

" He lives in Heaven, our mother said;
" And Goody says, that mother's there;
" So, if she knows we want his aid,
" I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried " Come both and live with me,
" I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
" And will a second mother be.

" And GOD will be your FATHER still;
" 'Twas he, in mercy, sent me here,
" To teach you to obey his will,
" Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

" ALMOST all the immense mass of mountains which extend from Bonn to Andernach, (along the Rhine) is composed of the basalt and slate, the former has a more artificial appearance than almost any other mineral production. In the small cavities of these mountains, the martins and swallows find refuge, and in a comfortable state of torpidity, pass through the cold and cheerless weather of winter. The children of the peasantry amuse themselves in discovering their retreats, at an apparent exposure of their lives.

" In an amphitheatre of vast dusky basalt mountains, the sombre gates, towers, and pinnacles of Andernach appeared, in consequence of the river making a long sweep, I landed with an intention of rejoining the boat at a village named by the skipper: a more solemn scene of gloom and grandeur I never

contemplated. The ruins of this town toward Coblentz are of great antiquity. The inhabitants insist upon it, that the remains of the emperor Valentine are deposited in one of their churches, and that Julius Cæsar, when he so victoriously fought against the Suabians, passed over the Rhine at this spot, where Drusus, the General of Augustus, built one of those fifty castles, which are erected on the banks of the Rhine; but the French, who narrowly investigated every part of the river, which their victorious arms enabled them to visit, with great acuteness, and by the aid of history, believe that this celebrated landing was effected a little higher up the river, a short distance from Engers, at a place called the *White Tower* (den Weisse Thurm) the venerable front of which, I saw as I afterwards advanced on our right, in the centre of a sudden recess of the river. This situation is, from a combination of local advantages, peculiarly favourable to the completion of such a passage, and in confirmation of the opinion, a great number of Roman antiquities have been found there. General Hoche, at the head of an immense army, aided by the obscurity of the night, crossed the Rhine at this place in 1797, and astonished the imperial troops the next morning by his presence."

THE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

A SINGULAR CUSTOM AMONG THE AMERICAN SAVAGES BORDERING ON THE GULPH OF MEXICO, &c.

At a funeral, the relations and friends shew their grief for the deceased by getting drunk, singing, and crying: but of all their instances of regard to their deceased friends, none is so striking as what they call the feast of the dead, or the feast of souls. The day for this ceremony is appointed in the council of their chiefs, who give orders for every thing which may enable them to celebrate it with pomp and magnificence. The riches of the nation are exhausted on this occasion, and all their ingenuity displayed. The neighbouring people are invited to partake of the feast, and to be witness of the solemnity. At this time, all who have died since the last solemn feast of that kind, are taken out of their graves. Those who have been interred at the greatest distance from the villages, are diligently sought for, and brought to this great rendezvous of carcases. It is not difficult to conceive the horror of this general disinterment. Some appear dry and withered; others have a sort of parchment upon their bones; some look as if they were baked and smoaked, without any appearance of rottenness; some are just turning towards the point of putrefaction; whilst others are all swarming with worms, and drowned in corruption. I know not which ought to strike us most, the horror of so shocking

a sight, or the tender piety and affection of these poor people towards their departed friends; for nothing deserves our admiration more, than that eager diligence and attention with which they discharge this melancholy duty of their tenderness; gathering up carefully even the smallest bones; handling the carcases, disgustful as they are, with every thing loathsome; cleansing them from the worms, and carrying them upon their shoulders, through tiresome journeys of several days, without being discouraged by their insupportable stench, and without suffering any other emotions to arise than those of regret for having lost persons who were so dear to them in their lives, and so lamented in their death.

A FRAGMENT.

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman?"

OTWAY.

"ROMOALDO, with the impetuosity of the hunter pursuing his prey, darted after the female figure, which swiftly fled through the long-vaulted passages of Abbruzzo: twice he thought to detain it in his grasp, but twice did the form elude his attempt.

It now entered the chapel; Romoaldo was following, when the folding portals were closed with a thundering noise, that loudly reverberated through the castello; hastily he endeavoured to push them open; but they resisted all his strength.

"Good heavens!" said he, "this is the most extraordinary event that ever occurred. Twice has this form entered my chamber, and twice have I been foiled in my attempts to discover who, or what it was."

He was proceeding in his ruminations, when the notes of the organ in the chapel stopped him. What heavenly ravishing strains entranced his ears? the soul-subduing harmony wafted his mind far above all sublunary ideas: lost in ecstatic delight, he listened to the rapturous sounds, till he became unconscious where he was, or of the object that brought him there. A voice, whose silver tones made his heart flutter with unspeakable sensations, now accompanied the organ, and Romualdo distinguished the following words:

Sad and lonely while I stray,
O'er distant hills and verdant plains,
Through the tedious hours of day,
I strive to soothe my heartfelt pains:
Would you the author of them know,
'Tis---ah! 'tis Romualdo.

But not my lute's most dulcet sounds,
Nor hope's gay visions ease my breast;
They cannot cure love's sharpest wounds,
Or give my heart one moment's rest.
Would you the author of them know,
'Tis---ah! 'tis Romualdo.

The voice now ceased; still, however, the sound

existed in Romoaldo's ravished ear. "Harmonious angel, I am thine---only thine!" he suddenly exclaimed. The notes now again resounded through the chapel, and the voice repeated these lines:

Swear to be mine---thyself and soul.
From this give up to my control:
Each circling year shall bring to thee,
New bliss and new felicity;
The hours shall gaily dance along,
And clust'ring joys thy moments throng.

"I swear to be thine---thine only!" said the infatuated Romoaldo. "Give me then the delight of seeing the possessor of my soul---my heart---the idol of my existence." The chapel doors now receded to his touch; he entered; all was dark and silent.---"Good heaven!" said he, "is this a dream, or a delusion of the imagination?" After having waited there some time, in hopes of seeing the mysterious and enchanting harmonist, he departed from the place, greatly wondering at the extraordinary occurrences of the night.

Gaining his own chamber, he threw himself on the couch, and reflected on the captivating tones of his mistresses voice. He was surprised at her conduct: he had complied with her request, and yet she shunned his sight. He, however, comforted himself with the hope that the next night would conduct her to his arms. Under this idea, he blamed the tardy approach of day, which now began to break from the eastern horizon. The sun

seemed to be stationed in the high arch of heaven, and to promise an everlasting day to the world below. At last, however, he watched with delight the lengthening shadows; and not the port to the shipwrecked mariner, nor his native vale to the weary pilgrim was more grateful to their eyes, than the sight of the sun sinking below the horizon, was to Romoaldo.

The sable banner of night was now unfurled from the battlements of heaven; and a deep gloom enveloped the earth; which at times was penetrated by the forked flashes of electric matter that was lodged in the womb of the lowering clouds; peals of thunder rolled awfully through the dark arch of heaven, and the rising gale howled mournfully over the embattled turrets of Abbruzzo.

A chilling horror shook the soul of Romoaldo as he saw the lightning, and listened to the thunder and the wind as it moaned through the corridores of the castello. "Why do you tremble, Romoaldo?" said a female voice, which he well recollected to be that of the enchanting songstress; and looking round, beheld a form whose fascinating beauties deprived him of all power but to gaze with adoration.

Angelic blue languishing eyes; coral lips, in which played a thousand smiles: ivory teeth, beautifully formed; a neck whiter than the Parian marble; the breasts swelling beneath the transparent gauze; a zone of diamonds encircled the waist, which was joined by a golden clasp, studded

with rich brilliants; auburn hair fancifully braided, and confined by strings of pearls, while a few ringlets sported over the neck and curled over the forehead, where it was parted to display the polished skin and arched eyebrows; dimpling cheeks, blushed like the rose, when first it unfolds its beauties to the rising sun; and a stature somewhat above the common height.

Such was the luxuriant form which now stood before Romoaldo, whose fevered passions it excited to a pitch of phrenzy. "Celestial visitant!" at length he uttered, "let me fall at thy feet---let me adore the ground that bears thy enchanting form." "Dear Romoaldo," uttered the female, "rather let me worship thee, thou sovereign lord of my affections." She was now going to kneel, when the enraptured Romoaldo caught her in his arms. Oh! what extacies thrilled through every vein, as he joined his lips to her's, inhaled her balmy breath, and felt the quick throbbing of her heart. At length the lovely female started away. "Romoaldo, this must not be: attend me to the altar, and there repeat the words that you uttered last night: then ---then, dear Romoaldo, I am all---all your's!"

Romoaldo started up:—"This instant let us go, divine object of my heart's adoration. What can I refuse you?---would I had a thousand souls to lay at your feet."

Taking up the lamp, he walked by the side of the sweet object of his tumultuous desires through the long corridores that led to the chapel. Loud

bursts of thunder shook the massy walls of the castello: blue lightnings darted through the vast aerial expanse, and the wind rushed in sighing murmurs over the plain. But, in vain rolled the thunder, in vain the lightning burst from the black bosom of the low-hung clouds; and in vain moaned the blast through the leafy tenants of the forest.---Romoaldo heeded them not. All his senses, all his desires, his hopes, and his fears, were wrapt up in the possession of the beauteous female.

At length they reached the chapel gates---Romoaldo opened them; at that instant a furious blast of wind rushed through the aisle, and drove them back again. With much difficulty he prevented the lamp from being extinguished; he now gave it to the female, who seemed to tremble with affright; vexed at this, he exerted his strength---the doors receded to his efforts, and he advanced along the centre aisle to the altar.

When he had arrived within a few paces of it, a thunderbolt tore away part of the roof, and darting down between Romoaldo and the altar, rived asunder the earth, and a dark hideous chasm appeared.

Romoaldo started back; terror seized his soul; the female, however, seemed to smile at his fears.---"Courage, dear Romoaldo!---what has happened is the effect of chance. When the cannons of heaven explode, whatever is beneath, feels their dreadful power: how fortunate it is that we have escaped; 'tis an assurance that our design is approved of."

Somewhat heartened by this, Romoaldo advanced to the edge of the frightful chasm; he looked on his companion; expressions of love and tenderness beamed in her eyes; she smiled on him, and pressed his hand; her touch dispelled all his fears, and, raising his hands, he kneeled down, and solemnly devoted his soul and body to her.---"'Tis sufficient, Romoaldo---thou art now mine," said a voice, harsh as the grating of a thousand gates on their rusting hinges.

Romoaldo, seized with affright, turned round and beheld the angelic blue eyes turned to flames of fire; the coral lips, on which the graces sat, were now distorted into a scornful sneer; a black hairy breast like the wool on the rugged mountain goat, instead of the Parian whiteness it had assumed: in the place of the diamond zone, a snake hanging out his deadly forked tongue, encircled her waist with its scaly folds; hair matted and clogged with dirt; bristled over the immense head; the cheeks were dark as the gloom of midnight; and the gigantic stature was supported by a massy iron club.

Such was the dreadful soul-appalling form, which, in an instant, banished from the breast of Romoaldo, all the sensations of ecstatic bliss he had expected to enjoy. He spoke not; but gazed on the terrific demon, who thus addressed him, while his voice echoed through the chapel and shook it to its deep foundations.

" Know, then, slave, that I am Lucifer, on earth known by the name of the Fallen Angel; in hell, by that of Sovereign Master:---thousands there fall down to adore me; but my ambition is never sated. I want more subjects, more votaries to the pleasures of vice: to gain them, I tempt such as I hope, from their vicious habits will become an easy prey. Thou knowest now I have succeeded with thee. In the form of a woman, I have made thee swear to be mine:---thy eternal soul hast thou devoted to me; and thus, I treat my credulous prey." Saying these words, he seized hold of the trembling Romoaldo, and fixing deep in his sides, his sharp talons, darted into the yawning chasms before him, and was bearing him with resistless force to the regions of eternal night and horror; but, happily, for Romoaldo, the tenacious gripe of the fiend, so pained his poor body, that he *awoke* on this side of hell, and rejoiced to find it was *only a dream* *."

OF THE EFFECTS OF INTENSE COLD.

In Iceland and Germany, the thermometer frequently falls to *Zero*, which is 32 degrees below the

* The author, we trust, will pardon us for this little deviation; but we thought, as poor Romoaldo could with justice, plead *an error of judgment*, his final commitment ought to be postponed.

freezing point. At Hudson's Bay, it has been known to sink even to 50 degrees lower. When stones and metals which have been exposed to such degrees of cold, are touched by the tongue, or the softer parts of the human body, they absorb the heat from those parts with such rapidity, that the flesh becomes instantly frozen and mortified, and the principles of life in them is extinguished.

Some French academicians, who made a journey to the northern end of the Baltic, and wintered under the polar circle, found it necessary to use all possible precaution to secure themselves from the dreadful cold which prevailed. They prevented, as much as possible, the entrance of the external air into their apartments; and if at any time they had occasion to open a window or a door, the humidity of their breath, confined in the air of the house, was condensed and frozen into a shower of snow; their lungs, when they ventured to breathe the cold air, felt as if they were torn asunder; and they often heard the rendings of the timber around them by the expansive power of the frost on the fluid in its pores. In this terrible cold the thermometer fell to 33° below Zero. The most intense cold ever [illegible] in the neighbourhood of London, was on December 25, 1796, when the thermometer indicated 10 below Zero.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Come on, old Time!---nay, that is stuff;---
Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!
But, tell me Sand-man! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
So thick to make me stupid;---

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!---but no;
Hear thou *my* speech;---I will not grow
Irrev'rent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
Thy forelock fills me with such dread,
I---*never take thee by it.*

List then, old *Is,---Was,---and---To-be!*
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:---
Thou gavs't me, first, the measles;
With teething wouldst have ta'en me off.
Then, mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,
Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon, now,
That Jenner combats on a cow;)
And then, some seeds of knowledge;
Grains of grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains, with sloe-juice port,
  And lectures out of number:
There Freshman Folly quails, and sings,
While graduate Dulness clogs thy wings
  With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)
  I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me, from the schools, to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
  A dapper Temple student.

Then, much in dramas did I look;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord COKE;
  CONGREVE beat BLACKSTONE hollow;
SHAKSPEARE made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had HALE,
  To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time! those raging heats I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind:
  How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store;
  An autumn of reflection!

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,---
  Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A when *versus* B?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
  To pleading John Bull's causes?

But, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
  Some ragged muse has netted,---
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee,---(and, faith, to *others*, too!)
  I'm very much indebted:

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inured me to each day that's rough,
  In hopes of calm to-morrow;---
And when, old Mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
  Some FEW *dear friends* will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose or rhime,
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
  Pray bid the Stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,
  '*Thank Time for all his favours!*'

ANSWER

TO MR. COLMAN'S SPIRITED LINES ENTITLED
"A RECKONING WITH TIME."

The gay, the sparkling Colman too,
Railing at Time, like me or you,
In melancholy numbers!——
How!---does Sol's favourite son lament,
That he has followed Nature's bent,
And *cut* with *legal lumber*?

When he of measles, too, complains,
And sloe-juice, racking his hot brains,
He sure-forgets those days,
Which gave, in childhood, thoughtless mirth,
In youth, gave generous feeling birth,
And frolic, joy's full blaze!

He 'plains too, of the pedant's flail,
Which much afflicted his sore tail,
('Bout a poor noun or two;)
But vengeance he hath surely had,
For, with poetic birch, the lad,
Their backs hath tickled too!

Knowledge, he owns, with flogging came,
Which smoothed his path to deathless fame,
And fame is no bad thing!
'Though solid beef 'twill not produce
Nor eke a partridge, or a goose,
As prudent poets sing!

My Lord Chief Justice now he sees,
With deep regret,---and thinks of fees,
Whose chink out-rattles praise;---
But, had he chosen law's dull state,
Tired with unmeaning, verbose prate,---
He'd sigh'd,---and wished for bays!

In short, we poor, weak bits of clay,
Although "we fret our hour away,"
Ought *all* to bid engravers
(Considering well the goods we feel)
Trace on our Tombs, with grateful steel,
"*Thank Time for all his favours?*"

THE SACRIFICE TO MOLOCH.

——— MOLOCH, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens' cries unheard, that pass through fire
To his grim idol." MILTON.

A MOUNT there was, with olives thickly cloath'd,
And from the town divided by the vale
Of Cedron, and its gently murmuring brook,
To this inviting solitude they came,
To seek concealment and repose. The sun
Had reach'd his western goal; the distant hills
Were tinted with his last retiring beams:
Silent was all around him; nature's self
Sunk to repose, as o'er the darken'd scene
Night's solemn shades in slow gradation stole.

Here, whilst outstretch'd upon the mossy turf
The way-worn travellers invited sleep,
Sudden and loud from forth a neighb'ring grove
Shrieks as of tortur'd wretches, mixt with shouts
Of barbarous exultation, and strange peals
Of laughter, such as maniacs make in their fits,
Raving are heard to vent, burst on the ear.
Rous'd from their lair they started, and beheld,
By the red glare of torches wav'd on high,
A savage multitude, headed by some,
Who, in the garb of priests, in chorus hoarse
And dissonant were chaunting forth their hymns,
Which none but demons might endure to hear.
Rooted with fear the recreant ten remain'd,
Whilst Joshua with his ever-faithful friend *,
Curious to spy their impious rites, went forth
To a remoter corner of the wood,
There, in a secret glade, encompass'd round
With thick embowering oaks, an altar, rear'd
With stones enormous, form'd the massy base,
Whereon the statue of grim Moloch stood,
Of giant-like proportion: all below
Was in the garb and fashion of a man,
Whilst from his neck a bull's enormous head
Stretch'd forward, with expanded jaws and throat
Wide-opening to disclose the dreadful gulph,
Which deep within the cavern'd idol ran.

---

* Caleb.

The monstrous image was of brass compos'd,
Which, heated by the fires that blaz'd around,
From head to foot seemed one transparent mass
Of glowing metal: when (all gracious heav'n)
Behold a priest with rapid step advanc'd;
His rolling eye-balls glar'd, his teeth were clench'd,
Whilst in his hellish grasp a babe he bore,
And tow'rds the blazing idol fiercely strode,
Regardless of its infant innocence
And pity moving cry: when from the wood,
A frantic female rush'd, and quick as thought
The hoary ruffian follow'd: on her knees,
With desperate hands entwin'd about his robe—
" Spare him, ah spare my child!" she cried, and fell
Exhausted at his feet *.

He nothing mov'd.
By the keen agony that shook her frame,
Disdainfully survey'd her.---

Woman hence!
Fiercely he cried---our God must be appeas'd.
Dar'st thou complain, that his propitious choice
Falls on thy offspring, honour'd as thou art,
And blest, that with the firstling of thy womb
His sacred rage is stay'd?---Away; no more
Our awful rites impede. Hark! Moloch calls,

* A fine exemplification this of the force of Nature over superstition. Had the woman been merely a spectator, she might have been struck with awe; but she would have joined in the idolatrous devotion.

And thus his dread commandment we obey."---
With that he forward rush'd, and with full aim
Into the brazen mouth his victim cast.---
It sunk and perish'd.

ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN TEMPLE AT MAIL COTAY.

The temple itself is alledged to be of wonderful antiquity, and to have been not only built by a god, but to be dedicated to Krishna on the very spot where that Avatára performed some of his great works. Although the image represents Krishna, it is commonly called Chillapulia Ráya, or the darling prince; for Chillapulla is a term of endearment which mothers give to their infants, somewhat like our word darling. The reason of such an uncommon appellation being given to a mighty warrior, is said to be as follows: on Ráma Anuja's going to Mail Cotay, to perform his devotions at that celebrated shrine, he was informed that the place had been attacked by the Ture (a Tartar) king of Dehli, who had carried away the idol. The Bráhman immediately set out for that capital; and on his arrival he found that the king had made a present of the image to his daughter; for it is said to be very handsome, and she asked for it as a plaything. All the day the princess played with the image; at night the god assumed his own beautiful form, and enjoyed her bed; for Krishna is addicted to such kinds

of adventures. This had continued for some time when Rama Anuja arrived, and called on the image repeating at the same time some powerful Mantrams [prayers]; on which the idol immediately placed itself on the Brâman's knee. Having clasped it in his arms, he called it his Chillapulla, and they were both instantaneously conveyed to Mail Cotay. The princess, quite disconsolate for the loss of her image, mounted a horse, and followed as fast as she was able. She no sooner came near the idol than she disappeared, and is supposed to have been taken into its immediate substance; which, in this country, is a common way of the gods disposing of their favourites. A monument was built for the princess; but as she was a Turc, it would have been improper to place this building within the walls of the holy place; it has therefore been erected at the foot of the hill, under the most abrupt part of the rock *.

The people in this part of the country consider the ox as a living god, who gives them their bread; and in every village there are one or two bulls, to whom weekly or monthly worship is performed, and when one of these bulls die, he is buried with great ceremony. These objects of worship are by no means Sennyásis [those which devote every thing to God], but serve to propagate the species. When

* This temple is immensely rich in jewels, of which it appears the English captors did not plunder it.

a woman of the sacred cast has not a child so soon as she could wish, she purchases a young bull, carries him to the temple, where some ceremonies are performed; and ever afterwards he is allowed to range about at pleasure, and becomes one of these village gods. The Bráhmans, however, abstain from the absurd worship of these animals, although they are considered as possessed of a Bráhman's soul.---On the north side of the Cavery this superstition is not prevalent. The bull is there considered as merely respectable, on account of Iswara's having chosen one of them for his steed, and as the animal is occupied by the soul of a Bráhman in a state of purgation.

The Soligas [a tribe of mountaineers] speak a bad or old dialect of the Karnáta language; but have features a good deal resembling those of the rude tribes of Chittagong, to whom in many respects they are inferior in knowledge. They have scarcely any clothing, and sleep round a fire, lying on a few plantain leaves, and covering themselves with others. They live chiefly on the summits of the mountains, where the tigers do not frequent; but where their naked bodies are exposed to a disagreeable cold. Their huts are most wretched, and consist of bamboos with both ends stuck in the ground, so as to form an arch, which is covered with plantain leaves. The men supply the farmers with timber and bamboos; and they gather various esculent leaves, and wild yams (Dioscoreas.) They also collect honey, which they immediately eat. They

possess no domestic animals, and have not the art of killing game. They would willingly eat meat, but cannot get it. They are ignorant of the art of distilling, or fermenting any grain or liquor, and refuse to drink any thing that will intoxicate. They have hereditary chiefs, who manage the business of the tribe with the officers of government; these settle all disputes among their clients, and give good advice to those who are not disposed to observe the rules of cast; but they never fine, whip, nor excommunicate any offender. Every man takes as many wives as he can persuade to live with him after they have arrived at the age of puberty. Widows are permitted to marry again. When a girl consents to marry, the man runs away with her to some neighbouring village, and they live there until the honey-moon is over. They then return home, and give a feast to the people of their village.--- Among their women adultery is unknown. The sons remain in their father's house until they are married. They then build a hut for themselves, and each contributes a share toward the support of their aged parents. The dead are buried; and all the rags, ornaments, and implements of the deceased are placed in his grave. On this occasion the family, if they are able, give a feast. Once a year each family celebrates a feast in commemoration of their deceased parents. If this be omitted, the parent becomes a Déva, or devil of low degree, and torments the undutiful children until they perform the proper ceremonies. The Soligas pray to Vishnu,

under the name of Ranga Swámi; and on festivals they give some plantains to the priests at his temples. They are too poor to have either Gury, or Puróhita."

ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHERN AND MIDDLE DISTRICTS OF MALABAR.

"The Nair, or in the plural the Naimar, are the pure Sudras of Malayala, and all pretend to be born soldiers; but they are of various ranks and professions. The highest in rank are the Kirum, or Kirit Nairs. On all public occasions these act as cooks, which among Hindus is a sure mark of transcendent rank: for every person can eat the food prepared by a person of higher birth than himself. In all disputes among the inferior orders, an assembly of four Kirums, with some of the lower orders, endeavour to adjust the business. If they cannot accomplish this good end, the matter ought to be referred to the Namburis. The Kirit Naimar support themselves by agriculture, or by acting as officers of government, or accomptants. They never marry a woman of any of the lower Nairs, except those of the Sudras or Charnadu, and these very rarely. The second rank of the Nairs are called Sudra, although the whole are allowed, and acknowledge themselves to be of pure Sudra origin. These Sudra Nairs are farmers, officers of govern-

ment, and accomptants. They never marry any girls but those of their own rank; but their women may cohabit with any of the low people without losing cast, or the children being disgraced. The third rank of Nairs are the Charnadu, who follow the same professions with their superiors. The fourth are the Villium, or Villiit Naimar, who carry the palanquins of the Rajas, and of the persons on whom these chiefs have bestowed the privilege of using this kind of conveyance: they are also farmers. The fifth rank of Nairs are the Wattacata, or oil-makers, who are likewise farmers. The sixth rank called Atticourchis, are rather a low class of people. When a Nair dies, his relations, as usual among the Hindus, are for fifteen days considered unclean, and no one approaches them but the Attacourchis, who come on the fifth, tenth, and fifteenth days, and purify them by pouring over their heads a mixture of water, milk, and cow's urine; the Attacourchis are also cultivators. The seventh in rank are the Wullacutra, who are properly barbers; but some of these also cultivate the ground. The eighth rank are the Wullaterata, or washermen, of whom a few are farmers. The ninth rank is formed of Tunar Naimar, or tailors. The tenth are the Andora, or pot-makers. The eleventh and lowest rank are the Taragon, or weavers; and their title to be considered as Naimar is doubtful: even a pot-maker is obliged to wash his head, and purify himself by prayer, if he be touched by a weaver.

" The men of the three higher classes are allowed to eat in company; but their women, and both sexes of all the lower ranks, must eat only with those of their own rank.

" Among the two highest classes are certain persons of a superior dignity called *Nambirs*. These were originally the head men of Désams, or villages, who received this title from an Assembly of Namburis and Tamburans, or of priests and princes; but all the children of *Nambirs* sisters are called by that title, and are considered as of a rank higher than common.

" The whole of these Nairs formed the militia of Malayala, directed by the *Namburis*, and governed by the Rájás. Their chief delight is in arms; but they are more inclined to use them for assassination, or surprise, than in the open field. Their submission to their superiors was great; but they exacted deference from those under them with a cruelty and arrogance, rarely practised, but among *Hindus*, in their state of independence. A Nair was expected instantly to cut down a *Tiar*, or Mucua, who presumed to defile him by touching his person; and a similar fate awaited a slave, who did not turn out of the road as a Nair passed.

" The Nairs have no Puróhitas; but at all their ceremonies the Elleadu, or lowest of the *Namburis*, attend for charity (Dharma), although on such occasions they do not read prayers (Mantrams), nor portions of Scripture (Sástrams). The Namburi Bráhmans are the Patteris or Gurus of the Naimar, and

bestow on them holy water, and ashes, and receive the Dána, and other kinds of charity.

" The proper deity of the Naimar cast is Vishnu; but they wear on their foreheads the mark of Siva. They offer frequent bloody sacrifices to Marima, and the other Saktis, in whose temples the Namburis disdain not to act as priests (Púgaris); but they perform no part of the sacrifices, and decline being present at the shedding of blood. The Nairs can very generally read and write. They never presume to read portions of the writings held sacred (Sástrams); but have several legends in the vulgar language. They burn the dead, and suppose that good men after death go to heaven, while bad men will suffer transmigration. Those, who have been charitable, that is to say, have given money to religious mendicants, will be born men; while those, who have neglected this greatest of Hindu virtues, will be born as lower animals. The proper road to heaven they describe as follows. The votary must go to Kási, and then perform the ceremony in commemoration of his ancestors at Gya. He is then to take up some water from the Bhágírathi or Ganges, and pour it on the image of Siva at Raméswara.—After this he must visit the principal Kshétras and Tirthas, or places of pilgrimage, such as Jagarnat and Tripathi, and there he must wash in the Puscarunny, or pool of water that sprung forth at the actual presence of the god. He must always speak truth, and give much charity to learned and poor Brahmans. He must have no carnal knowledge of

any woman but his wife, which with a Nair confines him to a total abstinence from the sex. And lastly, in order to obtain a place in heaven, the votary must very frequently fast and pray.

" The Nairs marry before they are ten years of age, in order that the girl may not be defloured by the regular operations of nature; but the husband never afterwards cohabits with his wife. Such a circumstance, indeed, would be considered as very indecent. He allows her oil, clothing, ornaments, and food; but she lives in her mother's house, or, after her parents' death, with her brothers, and cohabits with any persons that she chooses of an equal or higher rank than her own. If detected in bestowing her favours on any low man, she becomes an outcast. It is no kind of reflection on a woman's character to say, that she has formed the closest intimacy with many persons; on the contrary, the Nair women are proud of reckoning among her favoured lovers many Bráhmans, Rájás, or other persons of high birth: it would not appear, however, that this want of restraint has been injurious to population. When a lover receives admission into a house, he commonly gives his mistress some ornaments, and her mother a piece of cloth; but these presents are never of such value, as to give room for supposing that the women bestow their favours from mercenary motives. To this extraordinary manner of conducting the intercourse between the sexes in Malayala, may perhaps be attributed the total want, among its inhabitants, of that penurious

disposition so common among other Hindus. All the young people vie with each other, who shall look best, and who shall secure the greatest share of favour from the other sex; and an extraordinary thoughtlessness concerning the future means of subsistence is very prevalent. A Nair man, who is detected in fornication with a Shanar woman, is put to death, and the woman is sold to the Moplays. If he have connection with a slave girl, both are put to death; a most shocking injustice to the female, who, in case of refusal to her lord, would be subject to all the violence of an enraged and despised master.

"In consequence of this strange manner of propagating the species, no Nair knows his father; and every man looks upon his sisters' children as his heirs. He, indeed, looks upon them with the same fondness that fathers in other parts of the world have for their own children; and he would be considered as an unnatural monster, were he to show such signs of grief at the death of a child, which, from long cohabitation and love with its mother, he might suppose to be his own, as he did at the death of a child of his sister. A man's mother manages his family; and after her death his eldest sister assumes the direction. Brothers almost always live under the same roof; but, if one of the family separates from the rest, he is always accompanied by his favourite sister. Even cousins, to the most remote degree of kindred, in the female line, generally live together in great harmony; for in this

part of the country, love, jealousy, or disgust, never can disturb the peace of a Nair family. A man's moveable property, after his death, is divided equally among the sons and daughters of all his sisters. His landed estate is managed by the eldest male of the family; but each individual has a right to a share of the income. In case the eldest male being unable, from infirmity or incapacity, to manage the affairs of the family, the next in rank does it in the name of the senior.

"The Naimar are excessively addicted to intoxicating liquors, and are permitted to eat venison, goats, fowls, and fish."

"Malabar province may be divided into two portions. By far the most extensive part consists of low hills, separated by narrow vallies; and from the Ghats this always extends a considerable distance to the westward, and sometimes even to the sea. These hills, when cleared, are called Parum, or Parumba; and when covered with trees, which are only cut down once in ten or twelve years, they are called Ponna or Ponnum. They are seldom of any considerable height, but in general have steep sides and level summits. The sides possess the best soil; and in Parum land, in order to prevent the soil from being washed away by the rain, are formed into terraces. The summits in many places are bare; and, especially towards the north, expose to the view large surfaces of naked rock. The vallies, called Candum or Paddum land, contain in general rivulets that convey away the super-

fluous water: but in some places the level is not sufficient; and in the rainy season the grouuds are much overflowed. The soil in these vallies is extremely fertile.

" The other portion of Malabar consists of a poor sandy soil, and is confined to the plains on the sea coast, seldom above three miles wide, and in general not so much. Near the low hills these plains are in general the most level, and best fitted for the cultivation of rice. Nearer the sea, they are more unequal in their surface, and rise into low downs, which form a kind of Parum land admirably adapted for the cocoa-nut palm. This division of the country is wonderfully intersected by inlets from the sea, which often run for great lengths parallel to the coast, receiving the various mountain streams, and communicating with the ocean by different narrow and shallow openings. In other places, where there are none of these salt inlets, the low land within the downs on the coast, is in the rainy season totally overflowed; for the fresh water has then no vent, and must therefore stagnate, until it is gradually evaporated. As it dries up, it leaves the ground fit for some particular kinds of rice; and it is probably owing to this cultivation, that these stagnant waters do not impair the salubrity of the air. All Malabar may indeed be considered as a healthy country, and one upon which nature has bestowed uncommon advantages."

POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF EAST-SHEEN, FOUNDED BY HENRY V.

SACRED to Heav'n, that, o'er the anointed head
Its adamantine shield in battle spread;
In SHEEN a stately fabric met the sight,
Of old, the hoary anchorite's delight!
And near, amid the groves for ever green,
Richly endow'd, a costly fane was seen.
In antique grandeur rose the spacious pile,
And richest sculptures deck'd each cloister'd isle;
On the proud roofs, in air sublimely rais'd,
The eye with pain, yet still with rapture, gaz'd.
High tower'd the Gothic arch; and, through the dome,
Dark clustering columns shed a twilight gloom;
Save when yon fervid orb's pervading rays
Lighted the pictur'd window's crimson blaze—
While from the lofty walls, suspended, wave
The spoils of war, and banners of the brave!
Statues of saints for suffering worth renown'd,
In massy silver seem'd to breathe around;
Unbounded wealth the gorgeous shrine o'erflow'd,
That with the richest gems of Asia glow'd;
For many a pilgrim, from its distant shore,
To that fam'd shrine his hoarded treasure bore.

Refulgent shone the storied roofs---array'd
In all the blended pomp of light and shade;

While gold and azure charm'd the wond'ring eyes,
And cherubs floated in cerulean skies!
A master's hand had sketch'd the bold design,
The fire of genius mark'd each glowing line;
Devotion's brightest symbols flam'd above,
The dazzling wonders of Redeeming Love;
The star whose light, by eastern seers ador'd,
Its hallow'd blaze on humble Bethlem pour'd;
The dove, resplendent with the silver wings,
That, hovering, paus'd o'er Jordan's sacred springs;
And settling on the Saviour's lowly head,
Bright as a thousand suns, its glories shed;
All that in faith transports, in virtue charms,
All that in guilt the shudd'ring soul alarms;
Heaven's radiant visions, bursting on the sight,
The dark, drear horrors of Cimmerian night;
Extatic raptures---agonizing woe---
By fancy's daring pencil taught to flow,
On the proud roofs, in brilliant tints pourtray'd,
Or on the breathing walls, the eye survey'd;
While from the rich-illumin'd windows beam'd,
As the meridian blaze unbounded stream'd,
With all the rainbow's varied beauty bright,
Flow'd the rich torrent of reflected light---
Full on the altar flam'd the fervid ray,
And ope'd a gleam of heaven's eternal day.
With transport warm'd, with sacred awe oppress'd,
Alternate passions heav'd the throbbing breast."

A RULE WHEREBY TO AVOID OFFENCE IN CONVERSATION.

'Ere conversation takes a general line,
And various minds in social freedom join;
Explore with care the several ranks and names,
Of all around, professions, tastes, and claims.
Possess'd of these we gain the readier cue,
To pay respect, where'er respect is due.

Impress'd with these—our feelings turn aside
From all that wounds, misfortune, faults, or pride.
Who would on green-eyed jealousy declaim,
Before the husband injured in his fame?
Who would recount the pangs which spendthrifts feel
Near him who lavish'd with imprudent zeal?
On fortune claim?—or vaunt of courtly grace,
To him who lost his law-suit, or his place?
Who talk thus idly—tho' they aim no blow,
Nor urge by wanton cruelty, a foe;
Nor rage—nor malice stimulate their breast,
The deed's chance-medley mischief at the best.

WEST-INDIAN MISTRESSES.

When an European arrives in the West Indies and gets settled, or set down for any length of time, he finds it necessary to provide himself with a house-keeper or mistress. The choice he has an opportunity of making is various, a black, a tawney, a mulatto, or a mestee; one of which can be purchased for 100*l.* or 150*l.* sterling, fully competent

to fulfil all the duties of her station. Some of them are so much educated, as to be able to read or write. They are tasty and extravagant in their dress; but when once an attachment takes place, it is inviolable; the strictest scrutiny of their conduct, in general, cannot glean one particle of impropriety by which their fidelity or constancy can be brought into question. They embrace all the duties of a wife, except presiding at table; so far decorum is maintained, and a distinction made. They employ themselves in needle-work and other domestic affairs; their usefulness in preserving the arts and diffusing the habits of cleanliness, is felt and allowed by all, there being a lack of civilized European women. If a young progeny of coloured children is brought forth, these are emancipated and mostly sent, by those fathers who can afford it, at the age of three or four years, to be educated in England. Some remain in the country as free subjects, and preserve the stock for a future generation. In these colonies, where the population of females of this description is so small, and the demand for them so great, the common method of supplying the deficiency, or the wants of individuals, is to send orders to Barbadoes and other fully-peopled islands, for ladies, who are always to be procured, either by purchase, or by inducing those who are free, to come and settle among the Demerarians. Indeed, there are coloured women residing in Stalerake, who have of late years, made a traffic of feminine importation, and receive a premium for whatever

ladies they introduce, besides the expences from the gentlemen with whom they afterwards cohabit. The French islands of Martinique and Grenada, have not contributed a little towards populating these infant colonies, with free women of colour.

A LADY WITHOUT VANITY!!!*

You will now expect to hear my opinion respecting what is most interesting in female life—*love*. I have passed the flower of my youth and beauty, which alone gives us a right to occupy ourselves with this passion. Several females of my own age still believe me to be in possession of both; not being willing to admit that they themselves are in a situation similar. As for me, I found greater pleasure in renouncing them, ere compelled to it by necessity, since it only gave me trouble to obtain uncertain conquests, of which any beautiful girl of fifteen could easily deprive me, by merely shewing herself. But, even in my younger days, I never found realised the idea I had formed to myself of love, when in the days of chivalry, a female could, by a single glance, direct the greatest enterprises, which all originated from her, or on her account, and when she was the sole mover of heroic actions. When she fought by the side of her lover,

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* Surely a character so perfectly novel, must be worthy of *superlative admiration*.

or at least, when her image inflamed his courage, and rendered him equal to the greatest and most arduous undertakings; and when a single smile was considered as the most enviable recompence. Then, indeed, love was of some value.

This golden age has, however, passed away these several hundred centuries; but the age of silver which immediately followed, was not wholly destitute of charms. Then the polite lady, who concealed from all eyes, the passion which had taken possession of her mind, limited the enjoyment of love to the secret triumph she obtained over her own heart, which was the more ardent and delightful, when, in spite of the rigour of her conduct, she yet continued to be adored, and when her lover required no other reward for his attachment and fidelity, but permission to remain devoted to her who was the sole object of his adoration.

But such men exist no longer. If we wish still to be loved, and to ascertain the power we possess over our lover, we must have recourse to secret and dangerous intrigues, and to the arts of coquetry. But these amusements of my youth have ceased to afford me pleasure, and I only value the remains of my charms, as they tend to ensure the success of more important enterprises.

GENERAL LIST

OF THE

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